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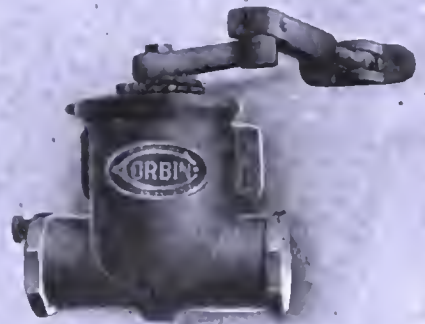
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ANNEX

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CATHOLIC QUARTERLY
REVIEW

Under the Direction of
MOST REV. EDMOND F. PRENDERGAST, D. D.
RIGHT REV. MGR. JAMES P. TURNER, D. D., ASSOCIATE EDITOR,

*Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum
veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive
confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii. AD PASCENT.*

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(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

VOL. XXXIX.—JANUARY, 1914—No. 153

THE PROTESTANT NOTE OF TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

THE Gospel of Christ tells us that from the summit of a high mountain Satan showed Him the kingdoms of the world and tempted Him with the promise, "To Thee will I give all this power and the glory of them, for to me they are delivered, and to whom I will I give them, if Thou therefore wilt adore me, all shall be Thine," and that, later, when arraigned before the judgment seat of the world-power for claiming sovereignty, Christ answered: "My kingdom is not of this world." He had warned His disciples also that so far from looking for the world's favors as a note of the truth of the gospel which He had given them to preach, on the contrary: "If the world hate you, know that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. . . . If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." Likewise for Christians everywhere and in every age the precept and warning are recorded: "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth. . . . But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven. . . . No man can serve two masters. . . . You cannot serve God and Mammon." Such, then, is the teaching of the Divine Founder of Christianity, who, moreover, in estimating the value of this present world with its treasures and temporal prosperity, showed that not for a moment could these be weighed in the balance with the value of one single soul: "What

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shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Popular Protestantism nevertheless proclaims quite another principle. Blind to the fact that a nation may, as indeed has often happened, have great temporal prosperity and yet be pagan or godless and immoral, it asserts that temporal prosperity is a note, or, rather, the note of the true religion; that this prosperity, as likewise its reverse, are due to the fact of religion; that the test therefore of the true religion is the temporal prosperity that accompanies it. And from such premises it proceeds to argue that since the true religion bestows temporal prosperity upon a nation, and Catholic nations are not prosperous precisely for the reason that they are Catholic, while Protestant nations are prosperous because they are Protestant, therefore the Catholic religion is false, and Protestantism is true.

To make good its contention, popular Protestantism proceeds to an arbitrary and quite unreal division of Christian nations into Catholic and Protestant Powers. It asserts that there are three great first-class Powers, Britain, Germany and the United States of America, all of them by religion Protestant; that Austria, France and Italy, though among the great European Powers, are inferior because Catholic, whilst Spain, although formerly the greatest Power in Europe, is now decadent. Of Catholic Belgium, the most flourishing country in Europe, it takes no account, presumably as being but small. Nor, on the other hand, does it notice Protestant Denmark, Scandinavia, Switzerland, all of them inferior to the aforesaid Catholic Powers. Nor, again, does it make any account of Russia, which, though Catholic only in her own estimation, is not Protestant as Protestants understand the term. Moreover, in Russia there are some fourteen million Catholics, and, in addition to these, incalculable multitudes who, while Catholic in heart and will, are forcibly by the State registered "Orthodox."

In matter of fact, there is no first-class Power that can claim to be religiously Protestant, nor is there any that can be designated simply Catholic.

Britain glories in liberty to all religions; she has in her United Kingdom nigh upon six million Catholics—a number that would be much larger but for cruel depopulation in Ireland—and in her Empire thirteen and a half millions. She admits to her chambers of Government members of any religion and of none; her established Church of England is very far indeed from being coextensive with the population of even the home country; and while her Protestantism in all its various forms is admittedly everywhere declining, her Catholicism is steadily, if slowly, everywhere increasing.

Germany has more than twenty-three million Catholics—a proportion exceeding a third of her population and rapidly growing. Her present greatness, moreover, is due, not to Lutheranism, whether past or present, but to Bismarck's unification of the German States into the great German Empire, the most prosperous of her provinces being meanwhile Catholic, and two of her four kingdoms governed by Catholic sovereigns.

The United States of America embrace peoples of various nationalities and profess no one form of religion in particular. Catholics, however, are far more numerous there than are the adherents of any other form of religion, and, likewise as in Germany, are rapidly increasing in numbers. They number at the present time in the United States and possessions of the Pacific considerably more than twenty-four millions. And here, it may be observed in passing, that in Catholic South America's population of fifty millions there are but some two hundred thousand Protestants of all denominations. America has never known a Protestant Reformation; her temporal prosperity can in no sense be claimed as due to Protestantism; it is due to her extraordinary and abundant supplies of natural elements conducive to wealth and to the talents and experience of her various nationalities in administering and profiting by them. Nor can her millionaires, capitalists and wealthy classes be said to be much influenced by so-called Protestant principles. If they are not Catholic, it is for the most part because they manifest no very great zeal for religion of any definite kind.

And, on the other hand, if such Powers as are commonly quoted as Catholic may so be designated, this is due to the fact that the masses of their populations have remained Catholic despite the hostility of their anti-Catholic Governments. Take France, for example, with its Freemason Republic's Satanic hatred of the very name of Christ, its warfare against Catholicism as being the dominant form of the Christianity which it abhors in every form and shape, its spoliation of church property, law of separation, suppression of religious orders and of religious education; Italy, with its anti-Papal Government, Freemason and other secret societies; and now Portugal, with its atheistical Republic and savage persecution of Catholics.

In every country, indeed, however deeply laid the foundations of Christian civilization, and however faithful to the Catholic Church the masses of the people may have remained through the centuries, the old story of Cæsar against Christ has at one time or another been exemplified. Everywhere the civil power has manifested jealousy of ecclesiastical authority, even though the latter has been exercised strictly within the domain of religion; Church properties

have everywhere been plundered, religious orders suppressed and the faithful persecuted, the freedom and action of the Church fettered, and her rights, notably in relation to education and the divine law of marriage, usurped. The history of the world, rebellious and perverse from its commencement, has everywhere been a history of that warfare against its Maker, concerning which the Divine Founder of Christianity reminded and warned us—a history of God's gifts, goodness and patience on the one side, and of man's stupidity and sin on the other.

Unlike Protestantism, which arose only in the sixteenth century and was introduced by the civil power into the countries in which it lingers,¹ the Catholic Church has accompanied human society from the birth of Christianity down the centuries of the world's changes, and has proved herself independent of them all—independent alike of the world's favor and disfavor, evil report and good report, prosperity and adversity, enriching and despoiling; independent of secular governments, whether pagan or Christian, of their conquests, commercial enterprises, colonizations. For "she comes not of earth, she holds not of earth, she is no servant of man," who in the long story of struggle with his Maker has so signally failed whether to enslave or destroy her. She depends not, as do human religions, on time, place, circumstances, for her existence; her source is *Divine*.

She transcends nationalities; she has her populations in every country, whether Latin or Teutonic, and gathers of all the races of mankind, Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, into her world-wide visible empire. Hers is a "kingdom not of this world," though in it—a kingdom more extensive and incomparably stronger than the kingdoms of the world, outlasting them all, and invincible, because maintained, "not with an army, nor by might, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of hosts"—a kingdom never so strong as when recognized by the world as being not of itself and by the world-power persecuted accordingly.

Therefore we look not to the kingdoms of this world for their patronage and support of the Catholic Church, nor do we gauge her truth and triumphs by the Protestant note of temporal prosperity. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

Christianity was established in the world not to endow the nations with wealth, material prosperity, large armaments, power and extensive possessions, but "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captives and sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach

¹ See Jurlen, *Hist. of the Thirty Years' War*, Book I., quoted in Alzog's *Univ. Ch. Hist.*, Vol. III., pp. 390-1.

the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward," supernatural and eternal. If, then, Protestants aim at temporal prosperity, and have obtained it by means, as they claim, of their religion, this does but serve to show that their religion, being devoted to the service of Mammon from Mammon, "they have received their reward."

And are they satisfied with the reward of which they boast? It would appear so, since, while we hear much about the material prosperity of Protestant countries, we hear little or nothing of their *moral* prosperity. The reason, doubtless, is that in matter of fact Protestant populations compare very badly with Catholic in this respect. Spain, whose Armada was provoked by British Protestant depredations on her possessions, has, for example, as we learn from the *Statistical Society's Journal*, but one criminal in ten thousand of her population, while in England and Wales they number one in every one hundred and ninety. In Spain Sir Hiram Maxim has a gun factory, the doors of whose every compartment are left unlocked night and day. He has another factory near London, the doors of which have to be scoured each night lest the factory should be gutted the very first night it was left unlocked. Being asked by a Protestant proselytizing agent to subscribe to "Spanish missions," he promptly refused, and added that he was prepared instead to subscribe to any movement to make the morals of England like those of Spain.² To take other examples, Great Britain as a whole has from three to four times more illegitimates than Catholic Ireland, and in Ireland the proportion would be still less but for the Protestant populations that were so iniquitously planted there. Catholic Connaught, for instance, has but five illegitimates per thousand of its population, while Protestant Ulster has no less than fifty per thousand, and Belfast has twice the percentage of Dublin. Similar results are obtained by comparisons of the Catholic with the Lutheran provinces of Germany and the Catholic with the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. In whatever countries the examination be made, the result will be found always the same, as indeed the Anglican Baring Gould showed some years since in his "Golden Gate." The vice to which such statistics point prevails in much larger measure amongst Protestant than amongst Catholic populations; and responsible in additional measure for it is the hateful law of divorce, which abrogates, with such disastrous results in Protestant countries, the Christian law of marriage handed down the centuries and resolutely maintained by the Catholic Church. To make but one comparison, the Protestantism claimed for America destroys one family in every fourteen, while in Catho-

² See Rev. Father Graham's "Prosperity Catholic and Protestant," Sands & Co., 1912, for this and much of the following information.

lic Ireland there is but one divorce in every four thousand four hundred and thirty-eight marriages. As regards the effects of this law in Great Britain, the House of Convocation of York, in its report some years since, summarized them as "disintegration of family life, laxity of ideas as to the marriage bond, a growing appetite for greater facilities for breaking that bond, perjury, lying collusions and increasing temptations to unfaithful conduct." Meanwhile, the proceedings in the divorce court show that the curse affects all classes of society, though much of the vicious leaven is hidden, since the poor, on whose behalf increased facilities have recently been advocated, have not hitherto been able to afford the expenses of the court.

And next, as to religious knowledge and attendance at religious worship, since to their religion Protestants point as being the source of their temporal prosperity.

In 1880 the Anglican Bishop of Rochester (*Good Words*) wrote: "To hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen Almighty God is practically an unknown being, except as the substance of a hideous oath; Jesus Christ, in His redeeming love and human sympathy, as distant as a fixed star;" and Mr. Lester, an American Protestant, in his "Glory and Shame of England," says: "They know no more about Jesus Christ than about Mahomet or Confucius. I therefore say that there is no population to be found on the earth who live so near Christianity that know so little about it." In relation to the matter of the illiteracy of which some Catholic countries are accused, Mr. Benjamin Hoare, in his "Catholicism and Crime," with reference to Protestant ignorance, observes: "No illiteracy ever conceived of in Italy and Spain can equal this state of more than pagan ignorance. Many Spanish peasants are unable to read and write, but all are instructed in Christian doctrine;" and Aubrey de Vere had occasion to write to an English member of Parliament: "In Irish hovels you meet with a worship which you condemn; it is in English manufacturing districts that you are confronted by multitudes who have never heard of the existence of God or named that Name at which the nations bow."

With reference to the attendance at religious worship among Protestant populations, it may be observed that a census taken in London some years since revealed the disconcerting fact that seventy-five per cent. of its citizens attended neither church nor chapel, and but for Catholics, whose attendance at divine worship has admittedly by far the largest percentage amongst religious bodies, and who were included in the census, this seventy-five percentage would have been higher still. If we turn to Germany, we learn from the Berlin correspondent of the *Protestant Christian World* that of the

two million Protestants of that city it was revealed by a census taken there on Trinity Sunday last that only eleven thousand two hundred and fifty-two attended public worship, whilst at Chemnitz, in Protestant Saxony, on that same Sunday, only two thousand two hundred and forty-eight out of a Protestant population of three hundred thousand attended places of religious worship.

The law of May, 1878, introduced and passed in Germany with a view to facilitate apostasy from the Catholic Church, has, moreover, recoiled upon the heads of those who framed it; it has been used, and is being used, not by Catholics, as was vainly hoped, but by Protestants. So popular indeed amongst Protestants has the law become, and so rapidly is the movement of secession from the Lutheran State Church assuming large proportions and spreading, that the Government now contemplates raising the fee charged for declaration of a change of creed. During the last four years eight thousand Protestants in Berlin alone have contracted themselves out of the State Church, and there is now a rush to "get out" before the fees become too expensive. Meanwhile secession from the Lutheran Church is being advocated by a secession committee, which pays the expenses, amongst the reasons for secession stated being the unbelief of the educated classes, and indeed of the Lutheran parsons themselves, who while they do not, as is alleged, believe what they preach, are likewise hostile to the toilers' demands for social improvements.

Furthermore, since Protestants claim that their temporal prosperity results from their religion, we are led to inquire into the *nature* of this temporal prosperity. To be truly Christian, it should surely be of such a nature as to secure the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number, a reasonable distribution, therefore, of its wealth, decency of living for the poor, insistence on the law of nature that no one shall starve, and encouragement in accordance with the supernatural law to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice," with assurance of the needful "things added."

What, then, are the facts? Take, for example, Britain, commonly considered the most prosperous and powerful of the Protestant Powers. "Never before in our history," wrote Joseph Chamberlain a generation since, "were wealth and the evidences of wealth more abundant; never before was luxurious living so general and so wanton in its display; and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless or more degraded. . . . England has a million paupers, and millions more on the verge" of pauperism. "It is unfortunately only too plain," say Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their "Prevention of Destitution," "that the United Kingdom contains at all times be-

tween three and four millions of persons, of either sex and of all ages, who are (except in so far as the public provision or private charity may temporarily rescue them) demonstrably suffering in body and mind, in physique and in character, from a lack of the necessities of life." And how does the unhappy aspect of things in this relation strike the foreign visitor to Britain? "The extreme poverty of the inhabitants of these islands," wrote Madame Sorgue in the *Review of Reviews*, November, 1911, "is a never-failing source of wonder to those of us who have studied 'the vice of the poor' in the other countries of Europe;" and she describes the degrading conditions of their extreme poverty as being such as "should shame 'Bible-loving' England into action," and as having "hardly a parallel to them in Europe." Since, then, we are challenged to a comparison of Protestant Britain's temporal prosperity with that of Catholic countries, we turn to the pages of *The Statesman's Year Book* and learn, for example, in relation to the matter of pauperism, that while in Great Britain and Ireland there is one pauper to every thirty-nine inhabitants, in Austria there is but one to every one hundred and forty-five, and in Belgium only one to every one thousand three hundred and twenty-one.

It is estimated, indeed, that in Great Britain from ten to twelve millions of the population have less than £1 a week per household on which to exist, while in relation to the housing of the British poor Cardinal Vaughan might with sad truth have spoken of it in much stronger terms when he said: "Millions of human beings are housed worse than the cattle or horses of many a lord or squire." "Massed in mean streets," observes Mr. Webb, "working in the sweating-dens or picking up a precarious livelihood by casual jobs; living by day and by night in crowded one-room tenements, through months of chronic unemployment or persistent under-employment; infants and children, boys and girls, men and women, together find themselves subjected . . . to unspeakable temptations to which it is practically inevitable that they should in different degrees succumb;" and he describes the "moral malaria which undermines the spiritual vitality of those subjected to its baleful influence, and gradually submerges the mass of each generation, as it grows up, in coarseness and bestiality, apathy and cynical skepticism of every kind." To have no home of any kind may be considered a better lot than to have a home such as is here described; and that there are, indeed, from three to four thousand persons in London who are thus homeless appears to be the case, judging by an estimate made by some officials of the London County Council, who one night a few years since searched the streets for the purpose.

The evil grows, and over against this growth of destitution and

degradation, with an ever widening and deepening gulf between, is the growth of superfluous wealth, selfish commercialism, capitalism, materialism, passion for pleasure, luxurious living, wanton display, contempt for religion and its calls to works of mercy, and an ascendancy of a vulgar moneyocracy, courted in large measure by an aristocracy which, while despising, readily enough unites with it in the worship of the Golden Calf, and is not ashamed to scorn and shun the poor of its own class.

Meanwhile it is significant, both as indicating the misery and despair attendant upon the social and economic conditions produced by Protestant prosperity and the failure of Protestantism as a deterrent from vice, that in the matter of suicides England has a percentage from three to four times larger than is to be found among Catholic populations. In Catholic Ireland, for example, where centuries of cruel despoiling, persecution and oppression, might have been expected to incite so sensitive and impulsive a people to the sin, suicide has notwithstanding scarcely ever been committed. This sin indeed is admittedly much more common among Protestant than among Catholic populations; and where the populations are of mixed religions, it prevails in larger or less measure, according as Protestants are more or fewer in numbers.

Space forbids a more detailed account of the evils attendant upon so-called Protestant prosperity. Enough, however, has been said to show that while a nation may be powerful by reason of large armaments, conquests and colonizations, as indeed even the Turks for centuries were, and may claim to be prosperous by reason of an extensive commerce, a wealthy moneyocracy and many millionaires, yet its prosperity cannot but be said to be of a very undesirable nature, while over against it, with an ever-widening gulf between rich and poor, we find millions of paupers, sweated labor, unspeakable misery, unmentionable degradation, and on both sides of the gulf religion decadent, unbelief spreading and vice rampant. Nor can the national prosperity, apart from such accompaniments, be regarded as the product of Protestantism, since these accompaniments are found wherever Protestant ideals prevail. Nor, again, is it too much to suggest that the rising tide of Socialism in Europe will on examination be seen to be a revolt not so much against religion as it was, and the results produced when Europe was Catholic, as against what has been brought about since the introduction of Protestantism. This suggestion finds support, moreover, in what has already been noticed concerning the attitude and action of Socialism in relation to the State Lutheranism of Germany.

Socialism, which regards temporal prosperity as man's sole, or chief, good, as though, forsooth, he had no life beyond death and

was a fool to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice" and to treat things temporal as but "things added"—such Socialism may be said, indeed, to be the logical consequence of the Protestant worship of Mammon, since it sees that so far from religion being naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by temporal prosperity, first the pagan nations were prosperous, next the Catholic, then the Protestant, and that the present-day paganism into which Protestantism is fast drifting is now completing the circle. It means, therefore, to take in hand, independently of religion altogether, not only man's temporal well-being, but likewise the fearful forces of his degenerate will and passions, and to effect by material means and changed conditions that which can in truth be effected only by a religious change of the heart. Failed by Protestantism, it is deprived of sense to see, as Napoleon, taught by Catholicism, saw, despite his sin and worldly ambition, that since man is compounded of soul as well as body, and is thus a spiritual being with an eternal destiny to be determined by his Creator in accordance with his service, or refusal to serve, in this present life, it is but common sense to treat him as such and seek the aid of religion for the purpose.

Socialists, however, there are, as, for example, Mr. Keir Hardy in his "From Serfdom to Socialism," who regard the social and economic conditions produced by the mediæval system of Catholic days as most nearly approaching the ideals they have in view on behalf of the toiling masses. "The golden age, taking Europe as a whole," says this writer, "lasted from two hundred to three hundred years; and there were neither millionaires nor paupers in those days, but a rude abundance for all;" and he complains that the Protestant Reformation, by despoiling the monasteries of their lands, the one refuge to which the needy worker could fly for succor, also told heavily against the poor, whilst the new gospel of individual salvation lent the sanction of religion to the selfish creed of 'each for himself,' which was then just beginning to assert itself as the dominant principle in business. Under its baneful influence old customs and habits and the old communal traditional life of the people in town and country were ruthlessly broken and destroyed, and that era of desolation and barren humanity entered upon from which we are only just now beginning to emerge."

He is in agreement with William Corbett, who considers that the Protestant Reformation was a "devastation of England, which was, at the time when this event took place, the happiest country, perhaps, that the world had ever seen." "At the Reformation," says Mr. George Milligan, "commercialism succeeded Catholic principles, and instead of the workingman being properly treated, the guilds were destroyed, and he was crushed by the new power of

plutocracy." And Mr. H. W. Lee, in his "First of May," declares that prior to the Reformation "the economic condition of the wage earners was, relatively to the general conditions of the time, far and away better and higher than it has ever since been."

England in Catholic days was "Merrie England;" her happiness was bestowed and secured, her life brightened and sanctified, her labor sweetened by Mass and Sacrament and the constant round of religious observance, fairs and pageants, pilgrimages and processions, the Church being the centre around which her life revolved in every city and town, village, hamlet and homestead, and her guilds religious bonds of union in things both spiritual and temporal. And thus, "when all, so far as religious faith is concerned, thought the same," as Abbot Gasquet observes in his "Eve of the Reformation," "and when all, so far as religious observance did the same, the very atmosphere of unity was productive of that common brotherhood which appears so plainly in the records of the period preceding the religious changes of the sixteenth century." Protestantism attacked this unity of faith and worship, broke its brotherhood, introduced a multitude of conflicting sects, despoiled the monasteries endowed by the faithful rich on behalf of their poorer brothers, flooded the land with want, distress and degradation, and then resorted to cruel torture under scandalous vagrancy laws, with vain endeavors to make an end of the pauperism it had itself produced. And the present-day poorhouse, worked on cold, hard business lines in place of Christian principles of charity, detested and shunned by the poor in consequence, is the best substitute it can produce in place of the Catholic provision which in the name of religion it so irreligiously and violently destroyed.

And not only was England "Merrie England" in Catholic days; she was likewise great among the nations and a first-class power. The foundations of her greatness were laid and their building consolidated during a thousand years of Catholic prosperity; and, as in Germany, of old, part of the Holy Roman Empire with sovereigns the most powerful in Europe, so in England Protestants have but profited by what they found and seized upon. Ireland, too, was prosperous when England was Catholic. It is to English Protestant persecution, despoiling, cruel depopulation and prolonged oppression that she owes her past centuries of unspeakable woe.

And, lastly, if religion is the source of Protestant England's temporal prosperity, how comes it that she has not been at pains to introduce this so beneficent a means of happiness among the heathen of her colonies? As some one has observed, she "has not

Christianized or civilized a single barbarian or pagan people; she has been more occupied in preying on them than in praying for them;" she has been content to leave them undisturbed in their paganism, provided they yielded up their treasures and paid the taxes levied on them. Would England, as a Catholic power, have abandoned the vast populations of India to their horrible idolatries as Protestant England has done? Had Spain, when the greatest power in Catholic Europe, so little thought for the religion of the population of South America and the Philippines? And if it be answered that there are Christian missions in British colonial possessions, it has to be admitted, and is affirmed by unprejudiced men of the world who have traveled and have had opportunities of observing, that not Church of Englandism, nor any of the other numerous forms of British Protestantism, but that Catholicism is the one missionary factor that really counts in each and all of them. In short, while Catholicism accounts but little of this present world and its wealth, and is intent instead upon extending the kingdom of Christ, British Protestantism scorns the supernatural, glorifies temporal prosperity and boasts the extent of the British Empire.

And Catholicism, in its zeal for the extension of that visible kingdom, which though in this world is not of it, has now in view more hopefully than hitherto, the conversion of the vast Eastern world so long delayed. The Western world has long enjoyed its day of grace and is fast bartering it away in the interests of temporal prosperity. Exulting in its wealth, materialism and marvels of scientific advance and invention, as though itself were master of earth and sea and sky, it presumes, in its vaunted progress, pride and stupidity, to proclaim independence of the Divine author and giver of all good things. Meanwhile there are not wanting signs that in the Eastern world a conviction prevails that behind all the marvels of the age there is a divine, omnipotent and beneficent Being, as yet not sufficiently known, and along with this conviction is a growing desire to know Him. In both China and Japan Catholicism is spreading. Even before the change in the attitude of their respective governments towards the Catholic Church the increase was continuous. Now that freedom and, indeed, encouragement and support are given to Catholic missions, the increase promises to bring many millions more into the Catholic fold. In view of China's enormous population we cannot but pray and hope, in response to the urgent requests for our prayers recently received from thence, that the kingdom of Christ may be extended into her vast empire. History repeats itself, and should the face of Europe again be changed, as when barbarian hordes of old invaded and overthrew the mighty empire of the Cæsars and in due course were converted

and became loyal subjects and most zealous sons of the Catholic Church—should the East, in the providence of God, be allowed to invade the West, as well for the latter's reconversion as for its own further enlightenment, Catholics could not but return thanks for the extension they had prayed for of that kingdom which is not of this world, even should such extension involve the loss to Britain of her Protestant Note of Temporal Prosperity.

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MEXICO, THE LAND OF REVOLUTIONS, AND ITS PRESIDENTS.

ALTHOUGH the most important republic on this Western continent (except our own) stretches along our southern frontier from gulf to ocean, few, even of our more educated people, could name the Presidents who have guarded its fortunes (or disregarded them) in its existence of scarcely more than three-quarters of a century. To most people the fair land of Mexico lives only in its past, the period made vivid by the genius of Prescott. The later annals are but a series of rebellions, insurrections, revolutions, from Miguel Hidalgo down to Huerta, all terminating in sanguinary executions, when no services to the State—not even the grand struggle for the liberation of Mexico from the Spanish yoke—avail to save the defeated chieftain from a felon's death.

Unfortunately, the history of the country, when we attempt to peruse its pages, would seem to confirm the common impression. During the first forty-seven years that Mexico was recognized by the civilized world as an independent State the form of government was changed ten times, and more than fifty men succeeded one another as Presidents, Dictators or Emperors. The two who wore the imperial diadem were shot—Iturbide, at Padilla, July 19, 1824; Maximilian of Austria, at Queretaro, June 19, 1867. The sympathy roused for the latter victim and the outspoken condemnation by the civilized world of the Mexican system of butchery seem to have produced some effect since then, for the first time in Mexican annals, Presidents have served their term of office and peacefully handed the reins of power to their successors. Porfirio Diaz was an exception to this rule, and though he succeeded himself a number of times, he found safety in exile before the expiration of his last term as President.

According to the calculation of some students of Mexican history,

three hundred pronunciamientos have been issued. In less than half a century the Presidents, real or shadowy, rival in numbers the Spanish rulers of three centuries, for between 1535 and 1821 only sixty-four Spanish viceroys ruled over Mexico, with more or less absolute authority, and not always with the greatest regard *pro bono publico*. Injustice never fails to breed discontent, and discontent soon finds expression in reactionary movements. The deposition of King Ferdinand of Spain by Napoleon and the placing of his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, upon the Spanish throne afforded Mexican leaders an opportunity to call into action the long-suppressed discontents that were only waiting for a chance to manifest themselves. This culminated in open revolt, in 1810, at Guanajuato, under the leadership of Don Miguel Hidalgo. For nine years one uprising followed another, until February 24, 1821, when Mexican independence was proclaimed and Don Juan O'Donoju, the last of the Spanish viceroys, surrendered the City of Mexico to Don Agustin Iturbide. On the 27th the victorious general, followed by 10,000 men and bearing the banner of the Three Guarantees—Religion, Union and Independence—entered the capital amid the greatest rejoicing on the part of the people.

Among the most prominent leaders of the revolution, and the first to take up arms against the mother country, was Don Miguel Hidalgo y Gallaga, *cura*, or parish priest of the town of Dolores. He was born on the Rancho of San Vicente, on May 8, 1753, educated at the College of San Nicolas de Valladolid, and in due time became its rector. In 1779 he went to the City of Mexico, where he was ordained priest and received the degree of doctor of divinity. After having exercised the duties of parish priest in several places, he was appointed to the charge at Dolores, in succession to Don Joaquin Hidalgo, his brother, who had just died. Here, by his affability and simplicity of life, he endeared himself to his people, whose condition he was always anxious to ameliorate. He was a man of learning and quite a linguist, a rare accomplishment in those times. He also possessed a knowledge of the industrial arts. He taught his people how to plant vineyards and how to cultivate the silk worm, and established a factory for the manufacture of earthenware.

The troubles that involved Spain as well as most of Europe, together with the utter disregard of the rights of the Mexican people by the Spanish viceroys, greatly diminished the prestige of Spanish authority, and notions of a form of government independent of the mother country began to fill the minds of the leading Mexicans. This feeling grew, and gradually a general impatience to shake off the yoke of foreign domination became manifest through-

out the entire country. The little town of Dolores was the scene of the first popular outbreak, and it was the *cura*, Don Miguel Hidalgo, who first raised the standard of revolt for the defense of religion and the redress of grievances. Orders had arrived from the capital prohibiting the inhabitants from making wine; this reduced them to great distress, as they derived a large portion of their sustenance from the cultivation of the vine. As leaders in the proposed movement, Hidalgo won over one of the officers of a neighboring garrison, Don Ignacio Allende, a captain of the Queen's Dragoons, and two others, Aldama and Abasolo, and some ten or twelve of his own parishioners. They called the people to arms on the morning of September 16, 1810. Hidalgo seized and imprisoned seven Spaniards, whose property, in accordance with Spanish usage, he distributed among the hosts that had flocked to his standard.

The news of this revolutionary act spread with rapidity, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Before three days had elapsed San Felipe and San Miguel had fallen into the hands of the insurgents. Passing through Atotonilco, Hidalgo stepped into a church, and seeing a banner with a picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe upon it, he fastened it to the end of a lance and had it carried at the head of his troops as his standard. On September 29 his army, which had grown to 20,000 men, chiefly Indians, and poorly armed at that, attacked the city of Guanajuato. The Spaniards, under the command of Riano, gathered their treasures together in the Granaditas Castle, and there determined to defend them. The Mexicans assailed the castle, but were repulsed. At last a brave boy named Pepito, with a torch in his hand and a shield over his back, crept on hands and knees, unperceived by the enemy, reached the castle gate and set the building on fire. The insurgents now poured into the castle and killed or disabled all who opposed their progress. The inhabitants fled in disorder, and the city was for a time given up to plunder. Hidalgo soon restored order, visited severe punishment on disturbers of the peace, appointed a city council, established a factory for casting cannon and a mint, and set to work to furnish himself with arms, supplies and money. It is estimated by some historians that his military chest received an accession of \$5,000,000. On October 17 his forces, now amounting to nearly 50,000 men, entered Valladolid without resistance. Here his army was greatly increased by additional Indian forces and several companies of well-armed provincial militia. His greatest acquisition, however, was the patriotic priest, Morelos, who subsequently became one of the most distinguished men of the revolution.

Hidalgo, after giving the civil jurisdiction of the city into the hands of Don Jose Maria Anzorena and furnishing his own forces with necessary supplies, resumed his campaign. Passing through Acambaro, Maravatio and Toluca, he arrived with his large army at Las Cruces some time between the 27th and the 29th of October. Here he was met, on the 30th, by a well-armed and well-equipped army of 3,000 men, under General Trujillo. The Spanish general was a wily leader, and by pretending to fall back, drew Hidalgo after him, until he reached an eligible position, when he opened his artillery with terrible effect upon the insurgents. The latter rallied, however, and by their superior numbers finally triumphed over the Spaniards, who were nearly annihilated. Trujillo saved his life only through the speed of his horse. Had Hidalgo followed up this advantage, he would most assuredly have entered the capital, which was in a defenseless condition. Instead of doing this, he remained virtually inactive in camp until November 2, when he began an inexplicable retreat toward Queretaro. Some of his men deserted; others followed him to Aculco, where he was unexpectedly confronted and routed by the royalist General Calleja. It is estimated that 10,000 Indians perished in this battle. Calleja entered Guanaxuato, where he distinguished himself by the most revolting barbarities, cutting the throats of the defenseless inhabitants until the principal fountain in the city literally ran with human blood. A brave and patriotic Franciscan, Padre Balaunzaran, afterwards Bishop of Nuevo Leon, confronted this bloody chieftain, and seizing the bridle of his horse, commanded him to put a stop to the carnage. Calleja restrained his troops, but not long afterwards ordered the arrest of fifty Mexicans, whom he sentenced to be shot.

The subsequent career of Hidalgo was a series of disasters. He retreated to Valladolid and thence to Guadalajara, where he is accused of atrocities upon Spaniards equal only to those perpetrated upon Mexicans by Calleja.

On January 17 following, having reorganized his troops, Hidalgo attacked Calleja at the Bridge of Calderon. Both armies fought with desperate valor. It was a contest between numbers on the one side and discipline on the other. Thrice did victory seem to favor Hidalgo's numbers, but at last the Mexicans broke and scattered in all directions, leaving the field in possession of the royal troops. Hidalgo, with several of his officers, moved northward towards the United States, where it was their intention to purchase arms and military stores. On the road they were surprised and captured. Hidalgo was tried at Chihuahua, degraded of his clerical orders, and, with Allende, Aldama and Juarez, was shot on or about July 30, 1811. These men were decapitated after

death and their heads taken to Guanajuato, where they were exposed in iron cages on the four corners of the Castle of Granaditas.

After the fall of Hidalgo, his confidential secretary, Rayon, a young lawyer, attempted to collect his scattered forces, but his following was confined to his own men. Every province of Mexico now swarmed with insurgent forces, but, unfortunately, there was no concerted action among the leaders, and the principal cities were firmly held by the royalists. Morelos meanwhile had gone with a few followers to raise the standard of revolution in the southwest, and was by this time beginning to attract public attention.

Don Jose Maria Morelos y Pavon was born in the city of Valladolid (now called Morelia, in his honor) on September 30, 1765. His parents, Manuel Morelos and Juana Pavon, were in very humble circumstances, and not having the means of educating their son, found employment for him attending cattle and horses. He followed this occupation until he was thirty years of age. Having a fondness for study and feeling called to a higher sphere, he managed to enter the College of San Nicolas as a day scholar. The rector of the college was the unfortunate Hidalgo, whose successor in the cause of Mexican freedom the aspiring Morelos was destined to become.

Once in college, Morelos made rapid progress. In due time he was ordained a priest, and was alternately pastor of Churumuco and Huacana. It was while thus absorbed in his studies and in his pastoral duties that the revolution of 1810 broke out and led him to take up the sword for independence.

On the fall of Hidalgo the valiant Morelos, with a handful of men, was conducting operations in the northwest. On reaching the coast numerous bands of slaves, anxious to obtain their freedom upon the battlefield, flocked around the standard of Morelos. Arms were very scarce, and when good fortune brought him to a village where he found some twenty muskets he felt that an almost invaluable acquisition had been made to his stores. When his army had increased to 1,000 men he moved on Acapulco. Hearing that the commandant of the district was coming to meet him with a large force of well-disciplined men, he surprised him by a night attack, routed him and secured 800 muskets and five pieces of artillery, a quantity of ammunition and a considerable amount of money. Besides this, he took 700 prisoners and treated them with great humanity. From this time Morelos gained victory after victory over the royalists with astonishing rapidity. It is a source of gratification to be able to say that his successes were never tarnished with wanton cruelties. By February, 1812, his forces were within twenty miles of the Mexican capital. The Spaniards, alarmed at

the approach of so successful a leader, prepared to meet him, and Calleja, with the army with which he had triumphed at Aculco and at the Bridge of Calderon, was summoned to defend the City of Mexico. He fell upon Morelos at the town of Cuautla, where, after a severe contest, he was repulsed and compelled to retire, leaving 500 of his men dead upon the field of battle. Strengthened by additional forces, Calleja returned and laid siege in form. The besieged held their own with great spirit and determination, until famine and disease came upon them. Indeed, to such straits were they reduced that a cat sold for six dollars, a lizard for two and rats were a dollar apiece. Morelos so inspired his men that they bore their sufferings without a murmur, and it was only after all hope of obtaining supplies had vanished that they determined to evacuate. This they did on the night of May 2, without the loss of a man and without the knowledge of the enemy. Associated with Morelos in this heroic defense of Cuautla were two young officers—Guadalupe Victoria and Nicolas Bravo—who were destined to figure in the pages of the Mexican struggle for independence, while in the successful defense of a neighboring town the youthful Guerrero began his long and dangerous career.

Not discouraged by his sufferings at Cuautla, in the following month Morelos fell upon the enemy at Palmas, or the Grove of Palms. The fighting lasted for three days. The Spaniards retired to a village nearby, where their works were stormed by General Bravo, who captured 300 prisoners. At this time the father of General Bravo was a prisoner, under sentence of death, in the hands of the Viceroy Venegas. The 300 men just captured were offered for his ransom. Venegas refused, and ordered the elder Bravo to be shot immediately. The noble-hearted son felt the cruel loss of his father most keenly, and instead of retaliating upon the prisoners in his possession, ordered them set at liberty at once. "I desire," he said, "to put it out of my power to avenge on them the death of my father, lest in the first moments of grief the temptation should prove irresistible."

Morelos was indefatigable in his pursuit of the enemy. In November he attacked Oaxaca, and carried it by storm, although defended by a strong royalist garrison; and in August, 1813, he compelled the strongly fortified city of Acapulco to surrender after a siege of six months.

On November 8 Morelos appeared before Valladolid with 7,000 men. He was met by a formidable force, under Colonel Iturbide. Elated by his former success, Morelos, without giving his weary troops time to rest, advanced upon the town, and was repulsed with heavy losses. On the following day Iturbide sallied from the

city and attacked Morelos while his men were drawn up for review on the plains. Unfortunately for Morelos, a large body of Mexican cavalry came upon the scene to help him, but mistaking him for the enemy, charged furiously upon his flanks. Iturbide took advantage of the blunder, and put the insurgents to flight, with a loss of their artillery. On January 6, 1814, Morelos was again repulsed by Iturbide, and from that time success seemed to desert him. He continued to fight with desperation, but lost action after action. until, in November, 1815, while escorting the Congressional Deputies to a place of safety, with a feeble detachment, he was suddenly attacked by a large body of royalists. He immediately ordered General Bravo to continue the march, adding that his life was of little consequence, provided the Congress could be saved. He then endeavored, with scarcely fifty men, to prevent the advance of the victorious royalists. He succeeded in gaining time, until at last only one man was left fighting by his side, and he was taken prisoner. His captors treated him with great brutality, stripped him of his clothing, and carried him in chains to a Spanish garrison. When Don Jose de la Concha, who was in command, saw him, he received him with the respect due to a fallen enemy and treated him with a humanity unusual in those times. Morelos was hastily tried and condemned to death. He was taken to Mexico, and thence to San Cristobal Ecatepec, where he was shot on the afternoon of December 21, 1815. On the day of his execution Morelos dined with General Concha, whom he thanked for his kindness to him during his imprisonment. He then sent for a priest, made his confession and walked with perfect serenity to the place of execution. Here, turning his eyes towards heaven, he uttered this simple but affecting prayer: "Lord, if I have done well, Thou knowest it; if ill, to Thy infinite mercy I commend my soul." He then tied a handkerchief over his eyes and gave the signal to the firing squad.

With the fall of Morelos, who was no less generous than brave, the most brilliant period of the revolution passed away. The principal insurgents remaining at this time were: Don Manuel de Mier y Terran, Don Vicente Guerrero, Don Ramon Rayon, Don Nicolas Bravo and Guadalupe Victoria. These chiefs were scattered over different parts of the country, and although they fought bravely, want of united action operated against them, and in a short time Terran, Rayon and Bravo were successively captured by the royalists.

Don Felix Fernandez is known in the history of the Mexican war of independence as Guadalupe Victoria. He adopted these names in honor of the patron saint of Mexico and of the successes which attended him in many contests with the Spaniards. While

other leaders had been operating in different quarters, Victoria, with a force of 2,000 men, occupied (1818) the important Province of Vera Cruz, where, for a time, he was the source of great uneasiness to the Viceroy. For over two years Victoria held out bravely against the several thousand troops sent by Spain to subdue him. Lack of resources, however, operated against him as much as disciplined troops, and gradually he was driven from one stronghold to another. Most of his soldiers fell on the battlefield, and the remainder received so little encouragement from the people for whom they were fighting that desertions became frequent. In a little while Victoria found himself alone. Proffers of rank and large rewards came to him from the royalists, but they were indignantly spurned. He sent his few remaining companions to seek for safety as best they could, while he, accompanied by two attendants, sought an asylum in the solitude of the mountains and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. For a few weeks he received a little food from the Indians, who all knew and respected him; but when the Viceroy, Apodaca, sent out 1,000 men to hunt him down and capture him, they were seized with terror. Every village that had harbored the fugitives was burned to the ground, and such vigorous measures were used against the poor Indians that at the very sight of Victoria they fled or closed their doors against him. For more than six months was this unfortunate chieftain followed by his pursuers, sometimes surrounded and in imminent danger of capture and death, and yet he succeeded in eluding them. At last, wearying of their efforts, his pursuers pretended that a body had been found and recognized as that of Victoria, and the search was abandoned.

But the trials of the heroic Victoria did not end here. On one occasion, when attacked by a fever, he lay for eleven days at the entrance of a cavern, without food and in hourly expectation of death. Indeed, so near was he to death that the vultures were constantly hovering around him, waiting to pounce upon him the moment life was extinct. One of these creatures, more hungry than the rest, approached to feast upon his half-closed eyes. Summoning the little strength left him, he seized it, strangled it and drank its warm blood. This nourishment gave him strength enough to crawl to a spring nearby and slake his devouring thirst. His body was lacerated and worn to a skeleton and his clothes were hanging in rags about him. In summer his food consisted of roots and berries; in winter he was glad to gnaw the bones of dead animals that he happened to find in the woods. For two years and a half he neither tasted bread nor spoke to a human being, and yet he lingered on, hoping for the day of deliverance.

Three years had passed away since the unfortunate Victoria had been abandoned by his friends, in 1818. The last to part with him had been the two faithful Indians who had proven their devotion to him. Before returning to their home they asked him where they might look for him should some change take place in favor of the revolutionists. Pointing to a rugged and almost inaccessible mountain nearby, he said: "Up there you may find my bones."

The poor Indians remembered his words, and as soon as the revolution was known to them they set out to find Victoria. For six weeks they scoured the woods upon that mountain, and meeting with no success, were about to return to their village for more provisions, when one of them, in crossing a ravine, discovered the print of a white man's foot. For two whole days did this faithful Indian wait near this spot without food, and seeing nothing of his friend, he suspended four little maize cakes—all he had—to the branches of a tree and departed for his village in quest of more food. He hoped that if Victoria should pass that way the cakes would attract his attention and lead him to realize that friends were looking for his deliverance.

Two days later the half-famished Victoria, who had been several days without food, crossed the ravine in search of water. The cakes attracted his attention, and without stopping to think how they got there, devoured them with avidity. Convinced that whoever put them there would return in a short time, and not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he concealed himself near the place to watch for the stranger. The Indian soon returned, and as Victoria recognized his old adherent, he hastened to welcome him; but the Indian, terrified at the sight of so ghostly a figure coming, sword in hand, from the bushes, turned and fled, and could be induced to stop only when he heard his name called repeatedly by the voice of his old general. Tears sprang to his eyes as he contemplated the plight in which he found him, and he lost no time in conducting him to the village. Here the long-lost Victoria was received with great enthusiasm. His most immediate wants were quickly supplied, and the news of the "resurrection" of the great leader spread throughout the province. At first it was discredited, but as the truth dawned upon the people and they realized that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed alive and ready to wield the sword once more in the cause of Mexican independence, the old insurgents gladly rallied around him.

While Victoria had been in the mountains the most unexpected events had occurred. The independents had rallied from time to time, until, in 1819, they had defeated the Spaniards in twenty engagements. In the following year, much to their surprise, the

Spanish chieftain, Iturbide, one of their most energetic foes, abandoned his former companions and espoused the cause of the Mexicans.

In 1824 Guadalupe Victoria became the first President of Mexico under the Constitution. The first two years of his administration was not marked by any very stirring events, but the two following years were marred by conspiracies and the trouble brought about by the plan proposed by Don Manuel Montano, which demanded (1) the expulsion of the Spaniards; (2) the expulsion of Mr. Poinset, the American Minister; (3) the extinction of the Freemasons; (4) the removal of General Pedraza from the War Department. The Government displayed great activity, and finally General Bravo, Vice President of the Republic, and Berragan were sent into exile. Thus ended a revolution which is said to have extended over the entire country, and shortly afterwards Victoria's term of office expired. In 1828 his successor was elected in the person of Don Manuel Gomez Pedraza. He was a man identified with the Scotch Masons, and had been Minister of War. He was elected by a majority of only two votes over his competitor, General Guerrero, the candidate of the Yorkinos, or Masons of the York Rite. No sooner was Pedraza in power than the opposition claimed that the election had been carried by bribery. Santa Ana headed a movement against him, and Pedraza, anxious to avoid bloodshed, formally resigned the Presidency and quit the territories of the Republic. Congress, which assembled on January 1, 1829, declared Guerrero to be duly elected President, he having, next to Pedraza, the largest number of votes. Bustamente, a Yorkino leader, was made Vice President.

Don Agustin Iturbide was born in the Mexican city of Valladolid—now called Morelia, in honor of Morelos—September 27, 1783. His father was Don Joaquin Iturbide, a native of Pamplona, and his mother, Dona Ana Aramburu. At the age of sixteen Don Agustin was already an officer in the provincial regiment of his native city. When the struggle for Mexican independence began, in 1808, he opposed it with all his might. He served the cause of Spain in different parts of the country and always distinguished himself by his courage and energy. From a lieutenant he rose to the rank of colonel, and was entrusted with important commands at Guanajuato and at Valladolid. In 1820 Spain established a constitutional government, but, instead of creating confidence in Mexico by liberal institutions, it aroused a desire for a complete separation from the mother country. Iturbide, who was then at the capital, determined to crush out this idea. He obtained from the Viceroy the command of the troops that were to make the

southern campaign against Guerrero, and on the 16th of November he left Mexico and with 2,500 men took up his quarters at Teloloapan. He then entered into correspondence with Guerrero. This led to an interview at Acatempan, on January 10, 1821. The result of these negotiations was most unexpected. Iturbide, who had been sent by the Viceroy to subdue rebels, resolved to espouse the cause of national independence. Guerrero, as brave as he was generous, yielded the command of the united forces to Iturbide, and thus secured the happy results which followed. The plan of independence, drawn up by the celebrated Don Jose Espinosa de los Monteros, was proclaimed at Iguala, on February 21, 1821. By this sudden turn in the state of affairs the position of the royalists became far from reassuring. Santa Ana was in Vera Cruz, Negrete in Guadalajara, Cortazar in the interior, Filisola at Toluca and Bravo and Victoria were pressing upon them in other quarters. In July the Viceroy, Apodaca, was recalled, and Don Juan O'Donoju arrived as his successor. He soon realized the impossibility of reconquering the country for Spain, and saw that it was too late to win the Mexicans by concessions. Iturbide met him at Cordoba, and they signed an agreement, known as the Treaty of Cordoba, which was afterwards rejected by the Spanish Government, less clear-sighted than O'Donoju. Iturbide and the other chieftains, on hearing that this treaty had been pronounced null and void, determined to move upon the capital. On September 27, 1821, they made their triumphal entry, amid the booming of artillery and the general rejoicing of the people who had succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Spain and in establishing their independence.

After the occupation of the capital by the army of the Three Guarantees a regency was established. It consisted of Don Agustin Iturbide, the Viceroy O'Donoju, Don Manuel de la Barcena, Don Jose Isidro Yanez and Don Manuel Velasquez de Leon. The country was at this time known as the Mexican Empire, and it extended from Texas to Guatemala and from New Mexico to California. The most notable event that occurred during the four months of the regency was the establishment of the Freemasons and their influence in the political affairs of the country. At first all Masons belonged to the Scotch Rite, and were known as Escoseses; but some years later Mr. Poinsett, at that time American Minister to Mexico, established lodges connected with the United States, and there arose a rival body, the Yorkinos, or Masons of the York Rite. The former, composed of large proprietors, were aristocrats in opinion and favored the establishment of a strong government. They were suspected of leaning towards a constitutional monarchy, with a king chosen from the Bourbon family.

The Yorkinos, on the other hand, opposed a royal government and favored the expulsion of all Spanish residents. Their struggles for power became the bane of the country. One party criminated the other, and each was charged with the design of overturning the established institutions of the country. In the meantime Congress assembled on the 24th of February, 1822, just one year from the promulgation of the Plan of Iguala. The Iturbidists and the Republicans were the leading parties, and violent controversies followed. Finally, on the night of May 18, there was a pronunciamiento in the capital, headed by Pio Marcha, a sergeant in the First Regiment, and seconded by Don Epitacio Sanchez, a colonel of mounted grenadiers. These troops, together with a crowd of people from the outer wards, principally from Salto del Agua, assembled before the house of Iturbide and proclaimed him as Emperor, and on June 21, 1822, he was solemnly crowned in the Cathedral under the title of Agustin I. But unfortunately for the new Emperor, his crown was not a crown of roses, nor was his policy marked by the wisdom which should have governed the ruler of a people who had just shaken off the yoke of a foreign power, and who had begun to realize the blessings of freedom and independence.

Iturbide antagonized the National Congress, from which he demanded powers that it regarded as arbitrary. Scarcely had two months elapsed since his coronation when he imprisoned the Deputies who were opposed to his policy. On October 30 he disagreed with the Congress and ordered its dissolution, and three days later convened a junta in its stead. Dissensions and dissatisfaction were now growing throughout the empire. On December 6 General Santa Ana proclaimed the Republic, at Vera Cruz, and formed a plan called the Plan of Casa-Mata, which was approved by Victoria, Bravo, Guerrero and other leaders. Iturbide, finding that there was a general feeling against him, and anxious to avoid bloodshed, laid down his crown on March 20, after a reign of thirteen months, and lest his presence should lead to further entanglements, went to Vera Cruz, where, on May 11, he embarked on an English vessel for Leghorn, proposing to spend the rest of his life abroad. Congress in the meantime had assigned him a yearly income of \$25,000 for his support. From Italy he went to London, and in a short time began to make preparations to return to Mexico. Congress, on learning this determination, passed a decree of outlawry against him on April 28, 1824. On the 14th of July following Iturbide, in disguise, landed at Soto la Marina, and was immediately arrested by General Garza, and the Congress of Tamaulipas, at an extra session, decreed that he be shot. The sentence was carried

out near the church, in the town of Padilla, on June 19, 1824. Thus passed away the Spanish Lieutenant, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Three Guarantees, who had driven the Spaniards out of Mexico; the Regent and first European Emperor of Mexico, Agustin I.

We have already spoken of Victoria, who joined Santa Ana in his efforts to overthrow the Empire and establish the Republic. Associated with him was a brave officer who deserves a few words of introduction at our hands. Don Vicente Guerrero was born in the city of Tixtla, some time about 1782 or 1783. His origin was humble, indeed, but he rose to distinction by his own indomitable perseverance and valor. Like his great predecessor, Morelos, his early life was spent in caring for horses, and it was while he was thus engaged that the war of independence broke out. In October, 1810, he enlisted under the banner of his country, and early in 1811 he became a follower of Morelos. By 1812 Guerrero's name was on every lip as a leader famed for his valor, his clemency to the conquered and his untiring energy in the field. In battle he was sometimes the victor and sometimes vanquished, but his resolution always remained unshaken. His body was covered with wounds, but he always returned to the front before they were thoroughly healed, and the number of his followers was never considered in the face of the enemy. When the chances of war were against his party and leaders of renown were paroled or pardoned, Guerrero refused all the offers and inducements held out to him by the enemy to wean him from his loyalty to his country, and he withdrew to the mountains of the south, where he gained many victories over his enemies. On March 6, 1818, Fort Jaujilla fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and the Mexican Junta, which was in session then, and which then represented the civil government of Mexico, was obliged to disperse. In September Guerrero routed the sanguinary Armijo and gained another victory over the Spanish forces at Tzirandaro, and in October he was in position to reassemble and protect the Junta at Jaujilla and to restore the national government. When Iturbide joined the patriots in 1820 Guerrero fought by his side in the struggle for independence.

Guerrero took his seat in the insecure Presidential chair on April 1. During the early days of his administration a Spanish expedition for the invasion of Mexico landed at Tampico. Guerrero was invested with the powers of Dictator, to meet the exigencies of the times, but when the Spaniards were driven out of the country he was loath to lay down these extraordinary powers. Santa Ana again took the field and headed a movement against the President whom he had raised to office. Guerrero was overthrown and fled to

the mountains. He returned, however, in September, 1830, and made an unsuccessful attempt to regain supreme power. He was obliged to flee to Acapulco, where he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. Pittaluga, a Genoese, who commanded the brigantine Colombo, received \$60,000 from the Government for his capture. Guerrero was invited to dine on board the vessel. He accepted the invitation, and after dinner was informed that he was a prisoner. He was taken to Cuilapa, where he was tried by a court-martial for bearing arms against his country, condemned and executed on February 15, 1831.

Anastasio Bustamante was born in 1782, and in his youth and early manhood took part in the civil wars which devastated the country. In 1830 he became President of the Republic, on the deposition of Guerrero. His administration was largely controlled by Don Lucas Alaman, one of his Ministers. His attention was directed towards a better administration of the laws, but it was not long before the chronic disease of the country broke out again. General Codallos published a "plan" demanding the restoration of civil authority. Other leaders joined in the movement against Bustamante, who distinguished himself by a sanguinary and proscriptive policy. After a struggle for nearly a year, attended with the usual proportion of anarchy and bloodshed, Bustamante proposed an armistice, which terminated in his retirement from the government in favor of Pedraza, who after a short administration of three months was succeeded by Santa Ana. The new President began his administration by banishing Bustamante from the country.

Nicolas Bravo was born at Chilpanzingo about the year 1790. At the age of twenty he took part in the revolution of 1810 and served with courage and distinction in all actions until 1814. Later on, in 1817, he joined the forces under the brave and brilliant General Mina, after whose overthrow he remained for a long time a prisoner in the capital. He became an ardent supporter of the Emperor Iturbide, and, as we have already seen, was a member of the Regency in 1822. When the Emperor became unpopular, Bravo contributed to his deposition in 1823, and in the following year became a member of the Provisional Government. Three years later we find him Vice President of the Republic and heading a revolt against General Bustamante, who was then President. In 1830 he opposed the insurgents under Guerrero, whom he captured and ordered to be executed on February 15, 1831. In 1839 he became President of the Council, and for a few months (1842-3) he acted as President of the Republic during the absence of Santa Ana. He became temporary President a second time, in 1846 (from July 29 to August 4), when he was deposed by a revolution. During

the war with the United States he took part in the battle of Cerro Gordo. In 1853, owing to disagreements with Santa Ana, he retired into private life and died suddenly in his native city of Chilpanzingo, April 23, 1854, under somewhat suspicious circumstances.

In 1837 Bustamente was again elected President, having recently returned from France, where he had resided for some years. His administration was soon disturbed by demonstrations in favor of federation and clamors for the election as President of Gomez Farias, who was then in prison; but these disturbances were easily quelled by the Government. In 1838 France demanded satisfaction from Mexico for outrages committed upon her citizens, and a fleet blockaded several Mexican ports. In July, 1840, an insurrection broke out, headed by Generals Urrea and Gomez Farias, of the Federalist party. The President himself fell into their hands, and after a conflict of twelve days, in which many lives were sacrificed, a convention of general amnesty was agreed upon by the contending parties, and peace appeared to be restored. But poor Bustamente did not long enjoy this peace. In August, 1841, Paredes, who was at Guadalajara, declared against the Government. The declaration was echoed in the capital and taken up at Vera Cruz by the ever-turbulent Santa Ana. The capital was bombarded and the revolution closed with the downfall of Bustamente and the return to power of Santa Ana. Bustamente went to Europe, where he resided for some years, after which he returned to Mexico. He lived in retirement for the remainder of his days, and died a natural death at San Miguel de Allende, in 1853.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana was one of the most remarkable characters in the annals of republican Mexico. He was born at Jalapa, in Mexico, on February 21, 1798. He was a man of genius and courage, full of ambition, and it is to be regretted that his life was stained by deeds of unnecessary cruelty. His early training prepared him for a military life, and in 1823 we find him fighting by the side of Victoria against the imperial and arbitrary rule of Iturbide. He figured in most of the turbulent periods of the revolution, and when, in 1828, the Scotch Masonic party unexpectedly brought forward General Pedraza as their candidate for the Presidency against General Guerrero, the York Rite candidate, and finally secured his election by a majority of only two votes, Santa Ana claimed that this result did not show the will of the people. With a following of 500 men, he took possession of the Castle of Perote and issued an address declaring the election of Pedraza a fraud upon the people, and asserting Guerrero to be the legal President. But he was not left unmolested. Pedraza declared against him; he was besieged at Perote, and after a heated action

made his escape, but was finally captured on December 14. While his pursuers had been hunting him down, important events had taken place at the capital, and by one of those turns in affairs incomprehensible outside of Mexico the captive general, within twenty-four hours after his capture, was enabled to assume command of the very army by which he had been taken prisoner. The Yorkino party triumphed; Congress had declared Guerrero duly elected President; General Bustamante, another Yorkino leader, was elected Vice President, and Santa Ana, who had "deserved well of his country," was named Minister of War. On the 10th of September following Santa Ana forced a Spanish army of invasion of 4,000 men to surrender. Soon after Santa Ana joined Bustamante in a movement against Guerrero. Bustamante became President, and after a brief administration of scarcely more than a year Santa Ana, alarmed at the "arbitrary encroachments" of Bustamante, took command of the garrison at Vera Cruz and called for a reorganization of the Ministry. After a contest of nearly a year Bustamante proposed an armistice to Santa Ana, and it was finally agreed that Bustamante should resign the Government in favor of Pedraza (a Scotch Rite Mason), who had been elected by the vote of the States in 1828. Pedraza returned from his exile to serve out the three months of his unexpired term, and in assuming his new position pronounced an extravagant eulogium on Santa Ana, his former enemy, but now his faithful friend, to whom he referred as his successor. His prophecy was not an idle one, for at the next election Santa Ana was chosen President and Gomez Farias the Vice President. On May 15, 1833, the new President entered the capital, and on the following day assumed the duties of his office. Two weeks later General Duran promulgated the "Plan of San Agustin de las Cruces," and Santa Ana became supreme Dictator of the nation.

When the Texans revolted against his rule, in 1836, Santa Ana set out with an army to subdue them. He gained a number of battles over the Texans, some of which, like the Alamo and Goliad, were marked with scenes of unprovoked cruelty, bloodshed and broken faith which will forever cast a stain over his memory. On April 26, after suffering a defeat at San Jacinto, Santa Ana was captured on the banks of Buffalo Bayou and taken to General Sam Houston, who was in command of the Texans. Being disguised and alone when taken, his captors were ignorant of the identity of their prisoner. At the request of General Houston he took a seat on a box, and having composed himself, said to him: "You were born to no ordinary destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West."

Although his death was loudly called for, in return for the many lives he had needlessly sacrificed, Santa Ana was released in 1837.

The French operations against Mexico gave Santa Ana an opportunity to repair his tarnished reputation, and he took command of the army. Shortly before the French retired from Mexico a body of their troops surprised Santa Ana at his own house, where he was with General Arista. Santa Ana, however, managed to escape, and, collecting together a few troops, pursued the French. On reaching the wharf at Vera Cruz, a cannonball from one of the vessels in the harbor shattered one of his legs, and amputation became necessary.

In 1841 Santa Ana again rose to power, but was banished in 1845, only to return in 1846, to become once more Commander-in-Chief of the army. Such things would be impossible in any other country, but in Mexico everything is possible during civil wars. Men rose to power, fought, laid waste the entire country, demoralized the people, swallowed up the fruits of their labor and, failing in the realization of their ambition, retired to their estates or went to Europe, only to return at the first opportunity and seize the reins of government or be raised to power by their partisans, and not unfrequently by the very party that secured their banishment and exile. This accounts for the continued change of Presidents and the different times at which the same person exercised the supreme authority. In an especial manner does this apply to Santa Ana. On February 23, 1847, we find him fighting the battle of Buena Vista, and then falling back upon San Luis. On April 18 he was defeated by General Scott at Cerro Gordo, and again on August 20 at Churubusco. In the battles before the City of Mexico Santa Ana took a prominent part, and although always defeated, was never wanting in personal courage. During part of the Mexican war with the United States Santa Ana was President of the Republic. In September, 1847, he went into exile. (It was during this exile that the writer of this article met him, with Colonel May, at his father's table in Havana.) In 1853 Santa Ana returned to Mexico, was elected President for the sixth time and entered upon the discharge of his duties on April 20. His ambition and his spirit of retaliation against all who opposed his rule led him to increase and reorganize the army, to enact oppressive laws which he was powerless to execute, and it was not long before he had another revolution on his hands. He then proclaimed himself Dictator for life. After a despotic rule of nearly two years, during which Don Ignacio Comonfort and all the leaders in the land declared against him and routed him on every battlefield, he returned to the capital and attempted to organize a more liberal Ministry, with Don

Mariano Yanez at its head; but it was too late. His day was over, and on August 19, 1855, at 3 o'clock in the morning, he left the capital for Vera Cruz, whence he sailed for Havana. While living in exile he made repeated futile attempts to take part in Mexican affairs. In 1867, after the death of Maximilian, Santa Ana returned to Mexico and made an attempt against the Republic, which proved unsuccessful. He was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz and condemned to death. President Juarez pardoned him, on condition that he would leave Mexico for ever. On the death of Juarez his banishment was remitted, and he was permitted to return. The remainder of his days were passed in seclusion in the City of Mexico, where he died on June 22, 1877, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

During the various periods of Santa Ana's rule he was in the habit, from time to time, either of retiring to his hacienda or taking personal command of the army, and it became necessary to appoint some one to act in his place. The choice fell upon Nicolas Bravo and Valentin Canalizo. These gentlemen went out when Santa Ana came in and returned when he was pleased to absent himself from the capital. On December 6, 1844, a popular movement broke out against the Government of Santa Ana and Canalizo, which resulted in the downfall of the Government and the imprisonment of Canalizo and his Ministers. On the following day Congress assembled. General Herrera, the leader of the Constitutional party, was appointed Provisional President of the Republic, and a new Ministry was formed.

Jose Joaquin Herrera was born towards the close of the eighteenth century. He participated in the civil wars of his country, rose through several military grades until he became a general of the army and a prominent Constitutionalist. In 1844 he was elected President of the Republic, but was deposed at the end of a year. Among the principal events of his administration may be mentioned the fact that Congress decreed the degradation of Santa Ana. The tragedy of "Brutus, or Rome Made Free," was performed at the theatres in honor of the success of the revolutionists, and everything connected with Santa Ana—his trophies, statues, pictures—were destroyed by the populace. Even his amputated leg, which had been embalmed and buried with military honors, was disinterred, dragged through the streets, torn to pieces and treated with every mark of contempt. The war with the United States and the difficulty with France, to which reference has already been made, were also important events in his administration. But General Paredes, who had been working up a new plan, "proclaimed" it at San Luis, where he was backed up by an army organized to fight General Taylor, who had landed in the vicinity of Matamoras. Herrera

was deposed and Paredes became President in January, 1846. Six months later he was, in turn, deposed by Bravo, who was succeeded at the end of a month—by Santa Ana, who again loomed up.

The country now seemed to have devoted itself to Presidential elections. Pedro Maria Anaya followed Santa Ana, and at the end of two months Santa Ana followed him. He was in power from June, 1847, until September, when he was succeeded by Don Manuel de la Pena y Pena. On November 12 Congress named Anaya as President *ad interim*. On January 7, 1848, De la Pena returned to the supreme power, only to be followed on June 3 following by General Herrera. From this period, the war with the United States being over, peace—Mexican peace—prevailed throughout the land, and Herrera was enabled to serve until January 15, 1851, when he turned the reins of government over to his successor, and for the first time in the history of Mexico a change of administration was effected without violence. It must, or at least, may have been a surprise to the nation; it certainly was to the nations of the world.

The new President was Don Mariano Arista, who was born in 1802. Having served in the usual civil wars, he became a general of brigade in 1833, and in 1841 he was in command of a division. In 1846 he was defeated at Palo Alto by General Taylor. In 1851 he became President of the Republic and devoted himself to improving the condition of the army and to the economical government of the country. He succeeded in reducing the expenses of garrisoning the City of Mexico to \$6,000 a day. His administration and that of General Herrera are pointed out by Mexican historians as models of honesty, order and economy. But so long as Santa Ana lived it seemed impossible for any government to exist in peace. Trouble arose in different parts of the country; troops were sent out to suppress them; Caliacan was sacked and disorder reigned supreme; and when on January 2, 1853, the pronunciamiento of Orizaba occurred, Arista resolved to rid the country of his presence. He refused to dissolve Congress and continue a war of bloodshed, and leaving the capital secretly, retired to his farm, near San Martin. Shortly afterwards he went to Lisbon, where he died in such poverty that his personal property barely sufficed to pay his debts.

The next President after Santa Ana's fifth term was Don Juan Alvarez, born in 1790. He was distinguished for energy and boldness. He took part in an insurrection against Santa Ana in 1854, and in September, 1855, became President of Mexico. During his administration he abolished the *fueros*, or privileges of the clergy. He appointed Don Ignacio Comonfort as his Minister of War.

The latter repaired to the capital and began reorganizing the army, which Santa Ana had scattered all over the country. Alvarez, with the troops from the South, reached the capital about the same time, and as he detected signs of division in the Liberal party itself, determined to put an end to it by resigning in favor of Comonfort.

Don Ignacio Comonfort was born at Puebla in 1810, served in the various civil wars and was elected to Congress in 1842. Six years later he was elected to the Senate. In 1854 he joined Alvarez against Santa Ana, and on December 12, 1855, he became President on the resignation of Alvarez. In 1856 he confiscated the property of the Church, and in 1857 was declared Constitutional President, after suppressing a number of revolutionary movements of more or less importance. Claiming that the country could not be governed by the Constitution, and judging this to be the sentiment of his party, he inaugurated a *coup d'état* and dissolved Congress on December 11. Some States sided with him, while he met with opposition in others. He was not long in discovering his mistake and in retracing his steps. On January 11 he released Juarez, whom he had kept confined in his palace, joined the Liberals and National Guards that were at the capital, and for some days valiantly opposed the rebel troops, until Osollo and Miramon entered the city to aid Zuloaga, and took possession of the palace and of the city. On January 21, 1858, Comonfort went into exile. In 1863 he again appeared and commanded an army against the French. In the same year he was murdered by bandits.

Don Benito Juarez was born in the village of San Pablo in 1806. He was a pure Indian, and at the age of twelve could neither read nor write, nor could he speak a word of Spanish. In 1818 he went to Oaxaca, where he found a protector in Don Antonio Salanueva. In 1821 he began the studies of Latin, philosophy and theology at the Institute of Oaxaca. In 1824 he completed his law studies and was admitted to practice; in 1832 he went to the Legislature, and in 1842 became a civil judge. Two years later he was Secretary to the Government, and in 1847 was elected Governor. He was subsequently banished by Santa Ana, and resided in poverty in New Orleans until 1855. On his return from exile Comonfort made him Governor of Oaxaca, and soon raised him to the Ministry. In 1857, the time of the *coup d'état*, he was President of the Court of Justice, and, resuming the command, left the capital, when Zuloaga, Parra, Osollo and Miramon were in possession, and retired to the interior of the country, establishing his government at Vera Cruz until his triumphal return to Mexico in 1861. The three leading incidents of his administration were the suppression of religious orders, the confiscation of Church property and the sus-

pension for two years of all payment on public debts of every kind. This latter measure was made an excuse for the French occupation and the Maximilian Empire. Juarez maintained an obstinate resistance to the rule of the foreigner, which resulted in final success. In 1867 Maximilian was captured at Queretaro and shot, and in August of the same year Juarez was again elected President. His administration was far from peaceful. Discontented generals stirred up ceaseless revolts and insurrections, and although Juarez held his own and was reëlected President in 1871, his popularity seemed to wane. He died of apoplexy in the City of Mexico in 1872, and was succeeded by Lerdo de Tejada.

Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada was born at Jalapa, April 25, 1825, and was from his early youth intended for the bar. He made his preparatory studies at Jalapa and his Latin and philosophy in Puebla. His law studies were made at the College of San Idelfonso, in the City of Mexico, and he was admitted to the bar in 1851. In the following year he became rector of the college, and remained in that capacity until 1855, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench. From 1861 to 1864 he was a member of Congress. On the death of Juarez in 1872 Lerdo de Tejada took up the reigns of government and managed to keep the revolutionists quiet during his first term of four years. In 1877 he visited New York. On his reëlection in 1878 the revolutionists broke out again, and Lerdo and his Cabinet were banished, and General Porfirio Diaz, leader of the insurgents, became President.

Don Porfirio Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca on September 15, 1830. His parents intended him for the bar, and he began his course of studies in the College of Oaxaca, but his leaning being towards a military life, he entered the service of Captain Jose Maria Herrera in 1854. At the close of his first campaign he resumed his studies, but having still a yearning for the army, he took part in the War of Reform and in the War of Intervention, where he soon distinguished himself by his courage and activity. Escaping from the disaster at Puebla, the indefatigable Diaz, now a general, collected together new troops and war materials, and going with his brother to Oaxaca, succeeded in placing that city in a position of defense. Bazaine sent General d'Hurbal to dislodge him, but the latter not being able to do so, Bazaine was obliged to undertake the siege himself. The city capitulated on February 9, 1865, and Diaz was taken to Puebla and confined in the Fortress of Loreto. He was taken thence to Concepcion, and thence to Compania, from which he made his escape on September 25, 1866, by lowering himself from the tower by means of a rope. In a few days he was again in the face of the enemy with his army

and did good service to the end of the war. During the administration of President Lerdo he worked with the revolutionists against him, and, as we have seen, became President of the Republic from March 5, 1877, to November 30, 1880. Revolutionary movements were inaugurated from time to time during this administration, but they were promptly suppressed.

General Manuel Gonzalez was elected President of Mexico on December 1, 1880, and reelected in 1884. This year Diaz again peacefully resumed his seat, having been reelected to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. The events of his administration since that time are of too recent a date to require mention here.

The history of the "continuous" revolutions related above is one which could hardly be repeated in any other country. As we look out upon the Valley of Mexico the mind is filled with strange memories. It is not only an object of natural sublimity, but also a scene of historical events that made and unmade empires.

What dramas, what tragedies and, in modern times, what comedies of liberty and despotism have been enacted here! What successions of systems and dynasties! Toltec subduing aboriginal barbarism; Aztec subduing his Toltec teacher; Spain subduing and ruining Aztec; Spaniard revengefully overthrown by mixed races; Mexicans vanquished by the arms of the great North American Republic, but relinquished with the hope of progressive nationality; Mexican fighting Mexican in constant civil war; the *soi-disant* Republic attacked by Europe, subdued by France and forced to receive an Austrian emperor, and, finally, the Indian Juarez revindicating his race and American rule by the execution of the emperor whose race three centuries ago destroyed the Aztec.

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SOME SEANACHIE TALES OF IRELAND.

STORY-TELLING is, in most countries, a matter of pen-and-ink or typewriter keys-and-ribbon, of linotype machines, of "galley proofs" and "page proofs." The magazine editor and the publisher act as intermediaries between the "reading public" and "the author." Writing has become a vocation rather than an avocation; oral story-telling is a lost art. So it is in the rest of the world, but not among the cabin homes of Ireland. Yet, even in Dublin, the small group of patriots, pen-men loyal and aggressive in the support of Ireland, are already thoroughly modernized. This modernization in literature chills burning words to the cold black and white in even the finest letter-press, and though retaining the salient features, destroys incidentals that are none the less pleasing. The spell of the spoken word, the enchantment of the evening hour, the sympathy and common interest of fellow-listeners, the warmth of a glowing enthusiasm, the delicate voice shadings and intonations—these, all these, are foreign to the printed page.

Greece had its singers of hero-tales, Rome its musicians and poets, the Scandinavian peoples their reciters of sagas, France its troubadours, Scotland its minstrels, England its *scops* and ancient Ireland its bards. And to this day in America, in the secluded villages of the Hoosier State, in little old-fashioned New England towns and in many another placid and remote nook and corner of the continent there is real story-telling. Around the big hot stove in the general store the country folk gather, to discuss the news and to "argue."

In Ireland, in chimney corners, before the evening fire, in the smoke of burning turf, there are many story-tellers famous through the countryside. These, the *seanachies*, tell their tales in every corner of the hills and in every valley of Ireland. It is they who have kept alive—"through love of country and love of story-telling only," as one of them has said—the fine ancient tales of the Irish race, from age to age and from generation to generation. Himself of their number, Mr. Seumas MacManus explains:

"Tales as old as the curlew's call are to-day listened to around the hearths of Donegal with the same keen and credulous eagerness with which they were hearkened to hundreds of years ago. Of a people whose only wealth is spiritual and mental, the thousand such tales are not the least significant heritage.

"The man who brings his shaggy pony to the forge 'reharses a rale oul' tale' for the boys whilst he lazily works the bellows for Dan.

"As she spins in the glow of the fire-blaze on the long winter

nights, the old white-capped woman, with her hair like a streak of lint, holds the fireside circle spellbound with such tales as these.

"When at Taig, the tailor's, on a Saturday night, an exasperated man clamors angrily for the long-promised coat, Taig says, 'Arrah, Conal, man, have sense, and be quate, and sit down till ye hear a wondherful story of anshint happenin's.' And the magic of the tale restores Conal to a Christian frame of mind, and sends him home forgetful of the great procrastinator's deceit."

Like generations of his people, one particular barefoot boy, being himself enchanted with them, longed to transmit their charm to others, and spent many, many delightful hours acquiring fresh ones and recounting old ones to groups the most skeptical of whom more than half believed, like himself, in their literal truth. To a wider world and more cultured, he would fain tell them now. He would wish that this world might hear of the wonderful happenings with his ears and see them with his eyes and consent to experience for a few hours the charmed delight with which the simple, kindly people, at the feet of their own seanachies, hearken to them. He would wish that this world might for a few hours give him their credence and trust, consent to forget temporarily that life is hard and joyless, be foolish, simple children once more, and bring to the entertainment the fresh and loving hearts they possessed ere the world's wisdom came to them.

"And if they return to the world's wise ways with a lurking delight in their hearts, the seanachy will again feel rejoiced and proud for the triumph of the grand old tales."

Greek mythology has contributed no small amount of material to our own collections of hero-tales, the gods and warriors of the Scandinavian and Germanic races still more. And there is also a vast store of as yet ungarnered—if garnered, at least unpopularized—legends of the Celts of old times. Aside from the hero-tales of the Irish people, the Cuchulain saga and the rest, collections of which many know the names, but few the content, there are a large number of pieces which must be classed very distinctly as folklore. Some of these are merely "fairy stories" in the accepted sense of the term, others are completely of an Irish character. Then still others are combinations of both.

Mr. MacManus wishes to see the Irish folklore and fairy tales established in the books of our children on an equal footing with the classical and the Norse heroes. He has issued in book form "Donegal Fairy Stories," "In Chimney Corners," "The Bewitched Fiddle"¹ and "Through the Turf Smoke,"² each of these being

¹ American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co.

² At present out of print.

a collection of folk-lore and fairy tales which "one particular barefoot boy" heard by Donegal hearth fires and with which the same barefoot boy, when he later played the rôle of *seanachie*, charmed the older folk and other eager, listening barefoot boys, to this kind of an audience he now presents his books. He writes them for Irish lads and lasses who had left home to push their fortunes among strangers in "Amerikay" he writes—that they be minded of the days when they were "childre" and be stirred anew with their old-time love for Ireland. To boys and girls in the foreign land he presents stories that pleased his own youthful imagination, thus to open new stores of inspiration for young hearts of America and to reveal treasures enjoyed *only* by past generations of Ireland.

His first purpose is a very commendable one. Irish life is very hard and pay is very small. When the young man—and the young woman, too—come to full stature, they often leave their old country to seek more remunerative employment across the water. A sorrowful hour it is in any home when farewells have to be said, and a glad time it is when one of the far-venturers sends a moneyed letter back across the water or when the "come-home Yankee" returns to his own town. But when they come not, at Rosary time in many an humble dwelling there is a prayer for one in the foreign land. Many are the sons and daughters that are over seas and yet, in the words of Lionel Johnson—

Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
To thee, and, on the swift winds blown,
Send thee the homage of their hearts.

Mr. MacManus does a great work if in any measure, however small, he strengthens or renews the bonds which tie the wanderers to their home country. To keep the hopes of Ireland fresh in their minds and to throb their pulsing blood with thoughts of the dear green sod—it is a noble aim, an aim no less praiseworthy than that of the fervent Dublin writers of the Young Ireland movement. One of Mr. MacManus' books is dedicated to "Our Brave Boys and Girls, who have fared forth from their homes." To those loyal hearts he has said:

"Some of them come back again.

"Some of them do not find their fortune. They never come. Their mothers in Ireland still cry. The door is open and the hearth bright. If this book happens into the hands of any of these, their tears will moisten its merriest page, for—they shall remember—they shall remember.

"Mary Mother, smoothe their rugged road, strengthen their failing hearts, and soften to them the heart of the stranger."

The second purpose, that of adding to our collection of tales from the vast Irish storehouse, also merits approval. Yet the tales which he has given us in his published books constitute only a few of the many thousand which the hill-country seanachies relate.

Most forcibly the reader of these collections is struck with the similarity of them to our fairy tales. Yet there is a difference, and the difference is due to the essentially Irish characteristics. Fairies are not merely the vague and indefinite people that they are to us, appearing on extraordinary occasions to work wonders of various sorts. In Ireland the status of the fairy is very precisely established. The fairies are the Gentle People who refrain entirely from taking sides in the struggle between God and Lucifer, and so, at the downfall of the latter, they were neither punished with banishment into hell nor rewarded with residence in heaven. They fell out of heaven—some into the sea, where they became mermaids, and some on dry land, where they became fairies. And in Ireland, the land likeliest to heaven, they hang like a silver mist by every glen, hill and bit of running water. Still, in hopes of redemption at the last judgment, they like to keep man on their side, so they do much to help him.

Jauntily riding down the Crooked Park,
I saw them yeast'reen 'twixt the day and the dark.
There were fifty score maidens and men fifty score,
And each had a little swift steed to the fore.

'Twas down in the hollow, beneath the sclog bush,
They halted, and each tied his steed to a rush;
A piper climbed into a Mayflower's cup,
And, squeezing the chanter, struck the drone up.

Then fifty fair maidens, all kirtled in white,
Advancing and curtseying to left and to right,
Took fifty bold partners and linked them along,
And tripped a gay measure to music and song.

These are the folk who move through all the tales, and it is by their supernatural assistance that the heroes surmount their difficulties.

A great many of the narratives are merely plots to which Irish characters have been added. Many, though, deal with Irish lands, Irish ways, Irish places, as well as Irish people. There is a tale of scheming Manis the Miller and his wife and how they were outwitted by a sharper man. The story of how the widow's son Jack sold his three cows for a bee, a harp, a mouse and a bum clock, and, by their irresistible spell, found the king's daughter, induced her to laugh, and so won her hand in marriage, and another of the outwitting of Rory the Robber—these are all of Irish wit and cleverness, and there is little of the supernatural in them. Then, too, several of the pieces end with charming sentences which bear all the marks of oral relation. One, for instance:

"And all the others slunk from home, right heartily ashamed of themselves, for the whole world was laughing at them. Nancy, she went east, and Rory, he went west, and neither one of them was ever heard of more. As for Shamus, he went home to his own little cabin and lived all alone, happy and contented, for the rest of his life, and may you and I do the same."

Another story ends:

"I got brogues of *brochan* and slippers of bread, a piece of pie for telling a lie, and then came slithering home on my head."

Conscious art always becomes conventionalized with time. Thus the Anglo-Saxon poetry of early times became laden with certain stock phrases, and there were a number of invariable accompaniments of particular incidents or occasions, as, for instance, the raven and the gray wolf always lurked about a field of battle previous to the clash of combat. This formalization and conventionalization came only with age. Constant development and rearrangement and repetition of plots and situations resulted in the development of customary terms, in the recognition of certain forms to gain certain effects—in short, in a conscious art. So in Ireland, by a careful study of the stories themselves, we learn that story-telling is an art handed down from old. It is not naive; it is conscious artistry, carefully developed, deliberate and studied. Evidences of a set phraseology and set accompaniments of certain incidents are very numerous. And the set forms of this Irish folklore may be taken as a mark of the truth of its claim as a traditional heritage of the people.

Reading through the series of stories, we find tales evincing in many points marked similarity to Bluebeard and the Blue Closet and to the Sleeping Beauty of our own childhood days. Mr. Brander Matthews has often been pleased to note instances of coincident situations in different modern works of fiction. It is a well-known fact that certain identical plots appear with variant details in the epics and in the folklore tales of many peoples, and it is but natural that these tales should bear these characteristic traces.

Enchanted castles, redoubtable heroes and magic incantations weave about our youth a spell of wonder and mystery.

Oh! grown-ups cannot understand,
And grown-ups never will,
How short's the way to fairyland
Across the purple hill.

The tales of the *seanachies* of Ireland are told for old and for young. In the shadows of chimney corners and before the flickering glow of cottage fires much delight is given to imaginative minds. Mr. Seumas MacManus once told tales among Donegal cabins

before he turned the key in the schoolhouse door where he was *masther* and came over the hills and away to America. Now in a few books he grants us the privilege of sitting within his charmed, attentive circles. He comes, his heart and mind filled with the spirit and legend of his race, to be *seanachie* to the New World.

And we, if we only will, may sit by our own cottage hearth, may watch the curling turf smoke and the glowing fire and may gain an endowment which it is not possible to lose. The mystic beauty and tender pathos of a nation of story-tellers, poetry and enchantment—all these are offered us to love and appreciate, a spiritual impulse and largening of the soul that will be inspiration for many a harvest day to come.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York, N. Y.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

II.

WITH feelings somewhat akin to those of Childe Harold, when the fleeting shores of Albion were receding from his view, Veuillot shook the dust of France from off his feet, with a malediction upon a land he cared not if he never saw again—a land given up to folly and incredulity, where it was impossible to love, believe or respect anything; where young hearts were prematurely blighted, like trees that bear only faded leaves and where an atmosphere of doubt and derision rendered sterile the place where faith should germinate; hastening to seek a spot of earth where he would no longer hear language that had been the instrument of his spiritual ruin, but accents that would never be employed to blaspheme what he wished to cherish, and where his eyes would rest on books whence he could not imbibe the poison of sophistry. "I was not born," he exclaims, "to doubt, to hate, to fold my arms in the clashing of ideas that divide the world, without knowing to what flag to bear my sword. I had a conscience to discern good from evil, a heart to love, a soul to believe and all for self-oblation."

He had been only four days in Rome when he already felt its influence upon his train of thought. He and Ollivier lodged with M. and Mme. Féburier, friends of the latter. Together they visited the Church of Ara Cœli, where Veuillot at first was somewhat embarrassed, not being accustomed to pray, but he eventually knelt

along with the rest of the congregation. The next day he had the same experience at St. Peter's. Then, having heard talk of Père Rosaven, he evinced a wish to see and hear a Jesuit. An introduction led, in a couple of days, to three conversations, whereupon, at once "troubled and charmed," he said to himself: "It seems to me I am proceeding rather quickly." On the first night, before they retired, Mme. Féburier gently suggested that they should pray together. Veuillot, visibly ruffled, hesitated and thought of withdrawing; then, with rather a bad grace, he knelt. He was soon soothed and touched by the prayer, said aloud by Mme. Féburier. Three other days were thus passed. That was all that had occurred when, writing to his brother, he says: "I shall tell you something rather grave and serious is taking place interiorly since my arrival in Rome. I have seen a very superior man whose words have greatly moved me—he's a French Jesuit, one of the highest personages in his order, called Père Rosaven. We've had long conferences; we'll have more. I don't know what will be the result. In any case, I hope to get out of this uncertainty, and it will be a great point gained, for I am cruelly tormented for a year, not by Gustave, who leaves me alone, but by myself. . . . Do you know a friend of Gustave's named Féburier? We have found him here with his wife, who is young and charming and of solid piety.¹ We all live together. Féburier is a Christian, like Gustave, with less enthusiasm and as much solidity. His example contributes much to make me wish for a change in myself."² Professor Lecigne knows nothing more beautiful in the history of souls than the dénouement of this interior drama, as related in "Rome and Loretta;" no indiscreet self-exposure; not a trace of those confessions à la Jean Jacques, the strange penitent who makes his *culpa* on the breast of mankind and who, after stirring up the lowest receptacle in his heart, still finds a way of raising himself to the altars. Struggles and hesitations, prayers and tears, melancholy glances towards the past, sometimes a slight doubt—a last doubt, like those clouds that float across the horizon at sunrise—and then the serene joy of broad daylight—the joy of pardon!

After a trip to Naples and its environs they returned to Rome for Holy Week. Mme. Féburier having proposed on the Monday night a pious reading, her husband selected Bourdaloue and handed Veuillot the volume containing the sermon on delaying repentance. The young journalist read for everybody, for himself specially, but at first without paying much attention. The book gradually grasped

¹ Long afterwards, when she was a widow, she joined, at fifty-eight, the Little Sisters of the Poor.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 44.

him; he applied to himself personally the forcible and pathetic entreaties with which Bourdaloue urges sinners not to defer repentance. He felt moved to the depths of his soul and conscience. "Every word I read," he says, "went straight to the mark, pulverized my pretexts, baffled my artifices, convinced me of my unreasonableness, proclaimed my folly." He was conquered; he made up his mind to surrender the next day; but before doing so his manner disclosed the fact that the spiritual combat was not yet ended; the will was not yet in complete accord with the intellect. Seeing Féburier's solicitude, he said to him: "It would then afford you pleasure if I became converted?" Féburier replied by shedding a tear and exchanging a glance with his wife. Veuillot no longer resisted. Père Rosaven received his submission and heard his confession. "When, raising his hand over my head," he relates, "the minister of the Lord pronounced in a calm, grave voice the sacramental words of mercy and pardon, I bent lower, trembling with joy; I adored the inexpressible secret of the divine clemency and understood that God could forgive me." The next day, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, accompanied by his three friends, he made what he calls his real First Communion. "He came from it," says his brother Eugene, "full of joy and confidence, believing that he had entered forever into peace."³ But peace, permanent peace, had to be purchased at the price of more interior struggles. His self-revealings on this phase of his life remind one of some well-known passages in the "Confessions of St. Augustin." "Whatever be the issue of the struggle," he wrote, "I protest beforehand against the cowardice that would make me succumb; if evil triumphs, it is not that religion is not good; it is that I am too bad." But he did not succumb; his will power, corresponding with grace, completed the self-conquest; power was made perfect in infirmity. His conversion was an entire self-surrender; not like that of some half-converts, who chaffer with God and the Church and while they outwardly submit, interiorly dissent from something that clashes, or seems to clash, with their private judgment. "One thing in the letters and works of Louis Veuillot which date from this epoch,"⁴ says Professor Legigne, "strikes one at once; it is the absolute purity of his Catholicism. He who comes from the piscina is not a half-cured cripple or paralytic who leans to the right or left and introduces into his gait those pendulous, isochronous oscillations by which the Liberals and Modernists of all time are recognized. He is a Catholic—nothing but that, and all that. The truth which he has

³ "Louis Veuillot," par Eugene Veuillot, Vol. I., p. 132.

⁴ 1838.

embraced and swears to defend is that which he defines to his brother 'the true, clear, authentic truth, free from all suspicion.' He neither retrenches nor adds; he takes it such as it is in the Gospel, such as the Church interprets it, such as the tradition of ages has transmitted and consecrated it."⁸

When his friends in Perigueux were made aware of the step he had taken they were astounded. "Ah! poor fellow!" said Romien, the prefect, to Eugene Veuillot. "Make your mind easy, your brother is too intelligent to retain such ideas; it's good enough for a fool like his Gustave; he'll come back to us." Some one advised that his parents should be told of the strange and baneful taste for devotion he had contracted. Reproaches and counsels reached him from his mother. He justified himself with a respectful and tender firmness. "I have seen with pain," he wrote, "that they have made you uneasy on the subject of my resolutions. I hope that is all over now. I have done what I ought, and I have done well. Be persuaded that for having a little religion, I shall not be a worse brother nor bad son. My friend Gustave has rendered me, and you also, a great service. As to those who pretend the contrary, let them talk; they are speaking in their own interest; I am acting in yours and mine; you'll have proof of it one day."

After an audience with Pope Gregory XVI., who congratulated, encouraged and blessed him, and after visiting Loretto, Ancona, Florence and Venice, he returned by Switzerland, stopping at Fribourg to make a retreat with the Jesuits. For a moment he thought of becoming a religious, but was advised to repair to Paris. Resuming his journey, he passed through Bâle and Strasbourg, rejoicing at the prospect of rejoining his family, but somewhat depressed by the apprehension of being obliged to reënter the administrative or literary circle, from which he had become estranged.

His first letters to French correspondents during the return journey contained only vague allusions to his changed views on the religious question. As he declared afterwards, he was afraid of "provoking useless discussions in the tranquilly incredulous *milieu* 'of Perigueux' and 'wished to be more sure of himself.'" When he was freed from all uncertainty, when the charity that casteth out fear had taken complete possession of him, he pours out his whole soul in gratitude, in language as glowing as the love that warmed his heart, the triple love of God, the Church and humanity. "This happiness is mine," he exclaims; "it is quite new in my life, and I have never known anything comparable to it. To love without reproach and admixture of hatred is a thrilling, noble, continual,

⁸ *Op. cit.*, pp. 46-47.

immense joy, and yet this joy is nothing, absolutely nothing, alongside another Christian joy which suddenly revealed itself to me like an enchanted world, like an ocean of delights into which I plunge, wherein I float, where I am inebriated with such transports that, sometimes, my eyes bathed in tears, I asked myself if it is really I who taste such raptures." In the first fervors of his conversion he thought of writing a religious romance on the beauty of the Christian soul, to be entitled "*Frère Christophe, l'ami du peuple*," but he only composed the preface, which thus ends: "I have seen Rome, the miracle of human genius; the mountains of Switzerland have enabled me to admire the splendors of nature, but I have seen nothing so beautiful and so miraculously admirably as a heart inflamed with the love of God."

I must refer the reader to "*Rome and Lorette*," a work that often recalls the imperishable volume in which the great Bishop of Hippo has bequeathed to future ages the record of his conversion, for a more detailed narrative of the succession of interior struggles and exterior distractions that marked the varying phases of Veuillot's toilsome ascent from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, covered with mists or darkness, to the sunlit summit of the Mount of God and the tranquil splendors of faith. It is not so much the portrait of an individual as the picture of a soul, typical of many, and was written, not from a puerile desire to speak of himself, but at the instance of many unquiet minds, many hearts tormented as his was. Putting aside all personal preoccupation and yielding to the Christian desire of being useful to others, he resolved to relate the whole thing simply, without pretense or dogmatism, like a friendly chat by the fireside—the longings, the attempts, the failures, resolutions, triumphs, as they came to mind; to give, in a word, the beginning of the intellectual history of which he had only thought of writing the conclusion. He entered Rome on the 15th of March, 1838, a rationalistic Frenchman who saw in the Church only an intelligent invention, like the laws of Lycurgus or the Republic of Plato, to quit it a fervent Catholic, nobly proud of all the glories of the Christian religion, discovering family titles in the aureolas of its saints, the wounds of its martyrs and the wood and nails of the Cross, feeling that his soul could never soar so high as to embrace all the horizon of beauty and splendor faith had revealed to his enraptured gaze.

Rome had captured him, a willing captive; it did more, it captivated him. All his thoughts and affections, all his hopes for the present and for the future were centred in that City of the Soul, which was to him the visible, concrete symbol of all that its hallowed associations represented. No one loved the Church with a more

whole-hearted devotion. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed; "I am one of those stricken with the old death wound, Rome has raised up. Its luminous hand has transported me to divine heights, its maternal hand has steeped me in a divine atmosphere, its holy hand has fed me with Divine food. I have received from her life, I give her love." Again: "The Church has given me light and peace. I owe it my reason and my heart. It is by it that I know, that I admire, that I love, that I live. When one attacks it I feel the emotions of a son who sees his mother struck."⁶ In 1866 he wrote: "I have loved the Church, which is supreme justice, and hated impiety, which is the supreme iniquity—social iniquity. For six years I have undergone a regular proscription, exiled from political life for this cause and for none other."⁷ And replying to the taunts of the revolutionary press he said: "I am nothing, I aspire to nothing, I have nothing, I want nothing. I belong to no party; I am not self-deluded as to any party; I cherish no chimera; except towards the Church I am bound by no gratitude, no affection. The Church is my mother and my queen. It is to her I owe everything; to her, above all, the knowledge of the truth; it is her I love; through her I believe, to her alone I hope for all I wish to hope for; as man, the divine mercy; as citizen, the salvation of my country."

Everything in Rome appealed to his religious sentiments and his historic imagination. A tuft of grass, in the midst of which was what seemed a blood stain, brought vividly before his mind's eye, as he meditatively rambled through the Coliseum, the sufferings of the Christian martyrs, and he brought it away, pressed to his heart, as a memento. "Blessed," he wrote, "are those who have heard Mass in the Catacombs." He would have men make a rampart of their bodies around the Church, prepared to let themselves be massacred upon its steps for the least of its prerogatives. "For my part," he wrote to his brother in May, 1841, "I am quite decided to give my life to it, the best fruits of my mind; to make it the most constant aim of my labors and my efforts: everything for it!" As he gloried in being a plebeian, a man of the people, despite the sneers of the snobs—justly proud of that nobility which is the common heritage of all world's workers, "the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil—he was equally proud of the name "Sacristan," or man of the Church, an epithet which the freethinking liberals applied to him contemptuously. When they tried to intimidate him with the threat of imprisonment, he exclaimed: "The prison! But it was our birthplace! We have our roots in

⁶ "Melanges," first series, Vol. II., Introduction, p. 7.

⁷ Preface to the fourth edition of the "Libres-Penseurs."

the Catacombs. To put a Christian in prison is to reinvigorate him in his native air."

In the postscript of a letter to Père Rosaven he wrote: "Ambition is the first rubbish of which the good God has disencumbered my heart." To put it better, a higher ambition had displaced a lower one. When he returned from Rome he could not bear that one should speak to him of politics or even of the press. However, he had to think of securing a means of livelihood, and, doing violence to his feelings, through a sense of duty to his family, he solicited and obtained Government employment, and was appointed to a post in the Ministry of the Interior.

Detached from journalism, out of touch or sympathy with a press which too faithfully reflected the irreligious bent that Voltaire and his school had given to the French mind, he first thought of serving the Church by a series of books, his first publication, the "*Pelerinages de Suisse*," having been well received when it was issued in 1838, and favorably reviewed, even by certain journals not in sympathy with a religious apostolate. It is a varied collection of historical and descriptive sketches, narratives and legends, displaying much talent and breathing that fervent Catholic spirit which exhales from all his writings. The *Univers*, in a review ascribed to Alexandre de Saint-Chéron, characterized it as "one of the most brilliant mystical flowers that bloomed in the sunlight of faith in religious literature, the fruit of a soul wounded by the world's deceptions and smitten with the love of Christ," adding that it "secured for its author one of the most remarkable positions in the ranks of young and yet obscure writers, to whom the future belonged and to whom the sceptre of ideas was promised, in virtue of a right that the abettors of impiety, revolutions and anarchy never could destroy, the right of intellectual superiority—also a divine right." A little later author and reviewer met, when Veuillot wrote to the *Univers* a letter in defense of General Bugeaud, the first lines the paper contained from its future chief editor. It had then been five or six years in existence, a rather languishing existence. Saint-Chéron brought Veuillot into relations with Montalembert, who helped the struggling paper with purse and pen. When in February, 1840, the former took part in its production, its capital was exhausted. Then and for a rather long time he wrote for it gratuitously. The first article, properly so called, was about the celebrated convent of the Oiseaux. The office was at No. 11 Rue des Fossés-Saint-Jacques, a narrow street in a poor quarter, Eugene Veuillot tells how, when he went there at 10 o'clock at night to see his proofs, there was no light at the entrance and no office boy to show them the way. When they pushed in the half-open door

of the editor's room—a small, ill-lighted room, without any other furniture than some straw-bottomed chairs and a table covered with papers—they found two journalists silently at work. One, Melchior Du Lac, who wore a soutane,⁸ responded to their salutation by half rising; the other, Jean Barrier, a layman, was gravely pasting on a large sheet of gray paper news paragraphs. After he had read his proofs Louis and his brother left, without ten words having been exchanged. The editors only interrupted their work to take snuff, which they did frequently and abundantly. They had hardly left the office when the brothers said simultaneously, laughing: "What do you say to it?" "Assuredly," resumed Louis, after a brief silence, "the paper is not rich, but, all the same, it is better than many others. That young abbé, whose big nose absorbed such large pinches, has a very intelligent face; he must be a man." "Yes," replied Eugene, "and the other must be a good boy," adding that he did not like to see his brother editor of a paper so unknown and certainly lacking resources. "Ah! well, *petit frère*," said Louis, "if I resume journalism, it will probably be there!" "You are very capable of it," replied Eugene, with some humor, and they turned the conversation.

Pending his resumption of journalism, he followed two expeditions to Algeria, whither he had been sent by Guizot and drawn by General Bugeaud, returning at the end of six months with administrative reports which the Minister found full of interest, but a little too Catholic in tone. He brought back also personal notes which furnished matter for another book, "The French in Algeria." Meanwhile he busied himself with works of propagandism established here and there.

At length, in March, 1843, having by his retirement released himself from all ministerial ties, he threw in his lot with Catholic journalism, laying down, as a condition *sine quâ non*, that the paper should contract no governmental relations, should own no subjection to any party but the Church, to which it was to give its voluntary, absolute, active, zealous and gratuitous service.

Some months later he made a rather long sojourn in the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, recently restored by Dom Guéranger, where he wrote a pamphlet that gave a vigorous impetus to the campaign, then twelve years in progress, in furtherance of freedom of education, the first and longest of the numerous Catholic agitations supported by the *Univers*.

Veuillot was not a man to put a high thing on a low ground. He took a high view of Catholic journalism, which, as he regarded

⁸ Du Lac had received tonsure. He afterwards laid aside the soutane. He never got orders.

it, seemed to him the last remnant of chivalry. He was a true *filz des croisés*. No mediæval knight ever entered the lists or crossed swords with a combatant with more chivalrous courage to do battle for the right than he entered the field of journalism to wage war upon the impious and embolden the faint-hearted. The retreat at Solesmes was his vigil of arms, and the pen was the weapon with which he armed himself. "God has given me a sword," he said; "I shall not let it rust." The paper in his hands was a weapon which he wielded with something of the dexterity of an expert swordsman and with slashing effect. He looked upon himself as the sentinel on the watch tower, the eye and ear of the citadel, the garrison or the camp, whose duty it was to signal the enemy's approach and to sometimes open fire on them. "A journal," he says, "is essentially an engine of war. If you do not make war upon your enemies, you will upon your friends." Although a journalist *par excellence*, one who made his mark in a profession he both elevated and adorned, he by no means shared the extravagant admiration of an institution—typical of an age with which he had little in common—in which postprandial orators occasionally indulge. "The progress of printing," he observes, "in universalizing the habit of reading has not equally diffused the knowledge of the true, the taste for the beautiful, the love of the good; it does not redound to the honor of the press and still less to the profit of liberty. The sentiment of liberty, if it seems to have become general, has nevertheless been singularly weakened. All discipline is more hated, all violence more meekly endured. History shows us in every page people at once more faithful and more high-spirited than nowadays. They loved something that could not be wrested from them only with their lives; they hated something they repulsed as long as they had life in them. Now they love nothing and they hate everything, but with a weak, cowardly hatred, prompt to yield, constant to betray, whence results the facility of dominating and the impossibility of governing them. The daily press has been the principal instrument of this decomposition; it has changed the moral temperament of humanity; it has brought about the reign of indifference, and indifference, too, weighs upon it. If the journalists of this time—those who can speak out—were careful of the honor of their profession and the future of freedom, if they were anything else than violent and audacious party men or minds lost in indifference, doubt and indolence, they would not ask for immunities in servitude, but rather responsibilities in liberty. They would blush to have privileges and no rights, arms and no adversaries; in fine, to be a police force for the repression of ideas in conquered countries, rather than loyal soldiers voluntarily engaged in waging

a just war legitimately. I may take the liberty of using this language. I have been a journalist. For twenty years I held the pen every day. When that pen was broken in my hands by an act as easy to foresee as to execute I had never, I hope, betrayed my profession, freely embraced after I already had experience of its work and worry—a profession I esteem very noble and even glorious, when it is worthily exercised. And as I have not betrayed, neither have I flattered it. I know the press. If I had to make a present of it to the world, I should doubtless hesitate, and very likely withhold it. But it is no longer a question of setting up this perilous and perhaps destructive enigma in the midst of civilization; it is a question of living with it, of getting all the good one can out of it, of neutralizing or at least attenuating the evil it may do. I have never concealed that this evil might not be very great and probably greater than the good; I have never despaired that the good might not be real and capable of counterbalancing the evil to a certain extent. I have always thought that the only way of maintaining this equilibrium was to give the press a sufficient amount of liberty, and, by strict laws, impose an equal amount of responsibility upon it. An illimitable liberty, as has often been demanded, and such as sometimes has nearly existed, an illimitable servitude such as is now⁹ imposed are two different, but equally efficacious means of turning the press into an absolute evil; then it is really and exclusively an instrument of destruction. In both cases, in the present state of civilization, with the influence the press necessarily exercises, authority, religion, morals, art, language, culture of manners could not have a more formidable enemy than a completely free or completely enslaved press."¹⁰

Louis Veuillot was practically the creator in France of Catholic journalism as a force on the side of the Church. Before he came forward Catholic publicists were contemptuously and disdainfully disregarded by the sophists and Voltaireans, even under the Restoration and the reign of "the Citizen-King" Louis Philippe. The faith supposed to be professed and practiced by the vast majority of a nation one of whose titles of distinction was that of "Eldest Daughter of the Church," was the butt of the jeers and blasphemies of the freethinkers, who refused to read or reply to its Catholic advocates. There was a conspiracy of silence against Catholicism. Veuillot broke up this conspiracy and compelled attention; that was his first great victory. The unbelievers affected to believe that Catholicism was moribund and incapable of producing great thinkers, great orators or great writers. Ozanam from his rostrum at the

⁹ Under the Second Empire.

¹⁰ "*Les Odeurs de Paris*," liv. 1.

Sorbonne and Louis Veuillot from his editorial chair proved to demonstration the falsity of this assumption. That a devout or practical Catholic could be a journalist was, to the *libres-penseurs*, unthinkable. The eminent French critic, Sainte-Beuve, who considered Louis Veuillot worthy of a more or less appreciative literary *étude*, held that a Catholic journalist was impossible.

Free thought had long held the field. From 1817 to 1824 there were twelve or thirteen editions of Voltaire and Rousseau; 316,000 copies of the former and 240,000 of the latter had been reprinted. The *Constitutionnel*, the leading journal, had a writer specially employed in relating, several times a week, absurd or calumnious stories about the clergy. This specialist was called the "editor of the silly articles," and the shareholders found fault with him if he was not sufficiently spicy and sensational. If the list of subscribers showed a falling off, the editor of the *Siècle* would say: "We'll have a strong article against the Jesuits this evening." In *bourgeois* circles, mainly Orleanist, it was taken for granted that measures directed against priests did not in the least constitute a legitimate grievance. The Catholic religion was officially recognized as the religion of the State, and that was considered enough. Government, and particularly the University, held as an established principle that the external protection accorded to the Church placed it under their moral and political tutelage; it was, therefore, considered a scandal if a Bishop dared to express disapproval of irreligious theories maintained by some official or to stigmatize the blasphemies in which philosophical speakers or writers and the free-thought press more and more indulged.

Such was the situation with which Veuillot was faced. Inheritor of the Crusader spirit of old Catholic France, he did not recoil before the sons of Voltaire. In him they found a doughty champion of the Catholicism they were sapping and undermining; in his journal a battery they could not silence. He gave them back blow for blow; he fought them with their own weapons, ridicule and sarcasm, of which he was a consummate master; he neither gave nor got quarter; it was war *à outrance*. "Young and recently converted," he says, "I did not understand why I should defend my religious convictions less boldly than I had lately expressed my political convictions. Moreover, it is necessary that it should be known what they said to us, what gratuitous and unceasing outrages against our Bishops, against our Church, against Christianity provoked our indignation. No Bishop raised his voice without being overwhelmed with affronts; no Catholic wrote or proclaimed his principles without raising tempests of insults, without being pointed out in all the papers and from every platform as an

enemy of religion, which he injured, compromised and dishonored. . . . I hate the work to which many men condemn themselves, the irreparable effects of which I daily witness; I hate it with a passion which nothing can suppress, nothing lull to sleep, which, despite me, whatever I do, breaks out in violent bewailings. No, no, I cannot feign a cowardly respect for so many contemptible idols before which I see our sages bow. Those idols will get no adulation from me, not even silence."¹¹ He had seen infidelized France, as he expressed it, "spit on the Church." He rose in his righteous wrath and smote unbelievers with the only weapon he was free to use. "He saw only one possible answer to this insult," observes Professor Lecigne,¹² "and he gave it unsparingly. He was right; others were not wrong in being more indulgent. It is not forbidden to at once applaud Veuillot's bellicose prowess and Ozanam's miracles of charity. There is more than one legitimate tactics in the apostolic army. Veuillot had chosen the first, and when Ozanam accused him of discouraging conversions and converters he replied: 'We are very wishful that blasphemers should save their souls, but meanwhile we do not wish that they should cause others to lose theirs, and if we cannot wrest our brothers from them without inspiring them with an everlasting hatred of the Christian name, we are very sorry for it. It is, no doubt, important that they should be saved, but it is also important that they should cease to damn us. Their soul is not worth two, and still less is it worth a hundred or a thousand. Moreover, we would like to know from the viewpoint of eternity what wrong we do them in preventing them from increasing the sum of evil they would have committed. . . . We count by hundreds their victims, and in our very souls exist the dregs of their poisons! Our business now is to get away from them.' It were easy to come to an understanding, but homilies on charity should not begin by aggressions against the Church's avenger, accusing him of 'presenting truths to men, not by the side which attracts, but by that which repels and stirring up the passions of believers.' Ozanam was self-deceived as to the duties of the Catholic soldier; Veuillot on the necessity of a special strategy in defending religion."

His critics seem to have forgotten that the Church on earth is the Church militant; that a militant Catholic, born of the need and the duty of combating error, is quite in his place therein; that he must not lay down his arms as long as the Church and its doctrines are assailed, but he was always on the alert, always ready to receive cavalry. If ever there was a time when militant Catholi-

¹¹ "Melanges," first series, Vol. II., Introduction, pp. 4-5-7.

¹² *Op. cit.*, pp. 163-164.

cism was called for it was in the time and in the country in which Louis Veuillot found himself. It is easy to pardon his occasional violence and exaggeration when one calls to mind his magnificent services in the cause of religion and true liberty. He was a splendid type of the militant Catholic. The Church in France would be stronger if it had in the ranks of the laity more men of his masculine mould, of his robust character, of his steadfast earnestness and undaunted courage. If at times he shows a tendency to be somewhat transcendental, if he soars so high into the region of the ideal and the abstract as to lose sight of this nether world, where we must perforce put up with the best possible when we cannot attain the most desirable, he at all events kept before the minds of men in his generation high aims and lofty aspirations. If he hit hard, it was not persons, but principles he attacked. He devoted his life to making war on "liberalism," which on the Continent was synonymous with irreligionism. He would have no truce with these so-called "liberals;" he had no patience with craven-spirited and timid Catholics who feared to face the foe. His articles, pamphlets and books were like so many trumpet calls to action, *reveilles*, to make them march to combat and force them into it despite themselves. "Every time," he said, "I see one of them come out of his torpor, if I have contributed anything thereto, I take credit to myself for a great success, for I have transformed a statue into a man, I have armed and made virile an indolent arm. Such a one would do deeds that will convert the impious." Holding tenaciously to these views as regarded the attitude and action of Catholics towards the *libres-penseurs*, any *rapprochement* between them and the liberals was strenuously opposed by Veuillot. It resulted in the once compact Catholic party splitting up into Veuillotists and liberal Catholics. Although among the latter there were many distinguished Catholics of unimpeachable orthodoxy, like Ozanam and Lacordaire, there were some who were disposed to make concessions to the time-spirit, which Veuillot opposed; he looked upon them as treading upon a slippery incline. He remembered the fate of the *Avenir*, its condemnation by Rome and the lamentable fall of Lammenais, drawn into the liberalist current and swept along by it until he was engulfed by the Revolution. Who will now venture to say that in the main he was not right, seeing that Modernism, that synthesis of all the heresies, is admitted to be largely the outcome of a fusion between liberal Catholicism and liberal Protestantism? In his work, "L'Illusion Liberal," Veuillot, with remarkable foresight, predicted that liberalism was leading up to a heresy, one of the most pronounced that had yet arisen. His prophecy has been unhappily verified.

Other causes contributed to divide the Catholic party. In addition to the disagreement on the tone and direction given to the *Univers* by its editor and the ineffectual attempt to muzzle him, there was, *inter alia*, the controversy on the use and abuse of the pagan classics in education, raised by the Abbé Gaume, who wrote strongly on their corrupting influence on the impressionable minds of youth; the struggle for freedom of teaching and doing away with the autocratic control exercised by the University, Veuillot declaiming against the Loi Falloux, which he maintained only offered Catholics a share in the monopoly when they demanded complete freedom, and Papal infallibility, which Veuillot ardently advocated and the opportuneness of which Dupanloup and Montalembert contested no less earnestly, until the Vatican decrees silenced all discussion and raised up one more impregnable rampart of orthodoxy, drawing closer the *vinculum* which binds together all Catholics all over the world to the source and centre of immutable truth.

The most painful episode in this conflict of opinion was the separation between Veuillot and Montalembert, at one time marching together as the two foremost champions of Catholicism, in the forefront of the vanguard of the Church's army. Eugene Tavernier, for many years Veuillot's secretary and confidant, says the latter passionately loved, admired, glorified and defended Montalembert, who reciprocated his affection. The great journalist and the great Catholic writer who has enriched literature with such masterly works as the "Monks of the West" and the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" were then of one mind and one heart. Montalembert wrote to Foisset: "I am delighted with this Veuillot. There is a man according to my heart!" His admiration a little later became almost fondness. He wrote to Veuillot himself: "You can demonstrate to all the true and perfect science of courage, humility and patience. I only aspire to follow you on this royal road, safe in drawing closer to you in presence of the enemy. I love and admire you more than ever." Veuillot felt no less warmly towards Montalembert; he defended him against those who could not forget the bad memories of the Lammenais incident. He wrote to the *fils des Croisés*: "I do not see two men in France who can render the Church the services you render it." It is sad and strange that when the cleavage took place and widened and Montalembert's irritation increased he became so color-blinded and forgetful of their old friendship as to declare Veuillot to be "the most formidable enemy of religion that the nineteenth century produced," and, sadder still, that he became so implacable and unforgiving of hot words used in the heat of conflict as to sternly reject all Veuillot's proffers of reconciliation, though they reached him through the intermediary

of so influential a prelate as Mgr. Mermillod. Veuillot was inflexible only in his adherence to principles; Montalembert was inflexible in his resentment. Those who reproach the journalist who has to write on the spur of the moment, with extravagance of expression must admit that the extravagance was not all on one side. Veuillot harbored no feelings of resentment against the man who spoke thus, because he had once written to him, "It seems to me that I am never so worthy as when I am defended by you" and "may I never be too unworthy to fight by your side." When, during the Vatican Council, the great writer and orator died, Louis Veuillot wrote: "People heard last night of the death of Montalembert. With what sorrow, with what bewilderment! I do not know if there is a Bishop or priest in Rome who this morning has not offered the Holy Sacrifice for this great servant of the Church, fallen at a time of melancholy gloom. Let us be silent. It is the cruelest situation to which his enmity could lead us, not to have the consolation of praising him as he so well deserved. But this necessity does not forbid us either respect, kindly remembrance, prayer or hope, and we shall bear witness to him one day as he bears witness to us now."

It was not only at the hands of freethinkers and liberal Catholics he met with opposition and had to endure obloquy, but at the hands of arbitrary power. When, in 1844, failing to intimidate the Bishops, the Government of the day thought by rigorous measures to silence the writers who assailed the University monopoly, they fined and imprisoned the Abbé Combalot, author of a "Memoire aux evêques." The editorial staff of the *Univers*, in conjunction with the Catholic Committee, prepared a special report of the trial, with an introduction by Veuillot. The very day it was issued—the 25th of March, 1844—the whole edition was seized and Veuillot sentenced to a month's imprisonment and fined 3,000 francs. Among those who visited him in the concierge were Montalembert and Madame de Montalembert, the great Catholic orator writing on a letter he received from the imprisoned journalist "infinitely precious." A letter to the Abbé Morisseau describing his prison life begins with the words, "Glory to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary!" "Dearest abbé," he says, "let us praise God, let us bless Him; may every moment of our life be employed in blessing Him; may every throb of our heart be a fervent act of thanksgiving!"

Though a legitimist at heart, he was by family traditions a Bonapartist, having had uncles in the imperial armies, and when Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor he fancied for a moment that the son of the Dutch admiral who was the putative nephew of the creator of the Napoleonic legend was going to fill the rôle

of a new Charlemagne! But events in Italy, particularly in 1859, soon disillusionized him, and penetrating the tortuous and treacherous policy of the masked and crowned conspirator who opened the way to Rome for the Revolution, he rejected the offer of the Cross of Honor, refusing to be bought, and fearlessly attacked the Emperor's line of conduct. Threatened by the imperial police, the *Univers* received warning after warning. But Veuillot stood to his guns, and in November, 1859, published his famous article on Julian the Apostate. Threats were renewed, but Veuillot still remained impassive. At one time the editor was warned for unmasking the real aim of the campaign in Italy, the protocol of April 8, 1856, having shown that Piedmont might count upon France; at another for an article headed "Europe in Asia" or for proposing an address to the Pope. The staff decided to publish whatever documents reached them from Rome, without submitting them to the imperial censors or seeking the permission of the Government. The paper, despite a formal menace of suppression, printed the allocution in which Pius IX. stigmatized the pamphlet "*Le Pope et le Congrès*," well known to have been inspired by Napoleon as "a signal monument of hypocrisy and an ignoble tissue of contradictions," following it up on the 28th of the same month (January, 1860) with the Encyclical "*Nulliscerte*," in which His Holiness reprobated the latest outrages committed against the Holy See. The chief editor handed the Encyclical to his colleagues with the remark: "*Voici la mort; le journal sera supprimé demain.*" It appeared on the 29th; on the same day an imperial decree extinguished the *Univers*. The paper perished, but the document had appeared, and its contemporaries were at liberty to produce it; since then no obstacle has been raised to their appearance. The next day the editorial staff thus addressed the Sovereign Pontiff: "An Encyclical of Pius IX. had restored life to the *Univers*; it is for an Encyclical of Pius IX. it has been deprived of life. God and Pius IX. be blessed for both. Our work was thoroughly devoted to you, Most Holy Father, and our wishes, our labors and ourselves are ever yours." The Pope congratulated the editors on having long and heartily labored to sustain the grandest and noblest of causes and extolled the ardor with which they had fearlessly striven to refute mendacious journals and combated for the civil sovereignty with which Providence had invested the Roman Pontiffs. Resuscitated in 1867, it was again struck at twice by the Government, and again, after the Second Empire had fallen, its publication was twice suspended.

Although journalism absorbed a large share of his time, it was in literature he made his most enduring mark. A great admirer of the grand age and *le grand français*, and yet not insensible to

the influence of the romantic school, he united in himself two epochs, two periods of which he was the *trait d'union*, grafting upon the lofty language of the Bossuets, Bourdaloues, Fenelons and Racines, the younger, bolder and more flexible French of the nineteenth century. Master of a style formed upon the finest models, abounding in traits of the highest excellence, polished and perfected by dexterous retouches of the pen, which shows that it is the hand of an artist that is at work—a style rich, varied, complex, strikingly original in its idiomatic individuality, full of brilliant epigrams, exquisite turns of phrase that express the finest shades of meaning—he has written books that by the common consent of all competent critics have been unanimously accorded the rank of contemporary classics; books brimful of thought and suggestiveness, full of illuminative views upon history, philosophy and politics, upon all that directly or indirectly affects Christian civilization. The twenty-two volumes comprised in the “*Melanges*”—reproductions mostly of his *Univers* articles—make the past, the history of half a century’s struggles, live again in their vivid pages, while the eight volumes of his voluminous correspondence—for he was a charming letter writer—reveal to us his *vie intime*, his inmost soul, his kindly, affectionate nature and portray a character quite different from that which enmity or prejudice ascribed to him. In everything he wrote one dominant thought finds constant expression—devotion to the Church, absolute, complete, uncompromising, for he was one of those “who never sold the truth to serve the hour.” After his death on April 7, 1883, when they opened his last will and testament they read these words: “In all my life I have only been perfectly happy and proud of one solitary thing—it is of having had the honor and, at least, the will to be a Catholic; that is to say, obedient to the laws of the Church.” That sums up in one sentence his whole life, which, viewed from this standpoint, was that of an ideal Catholic.

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THE CONCEIVABLE DANGERS OF UNBELIEF.

THE desire to be "liberal" in religious thought and feeling is manifestly one of the distinguishing characteristics of our modern time. To acknowledge anything like a binding authority in the sphere of the moral life has almost come to be regarded as a sign of inferior intellectual culture and of a faulty education. Physical science is supposed not only to have satisfactorily demonstrated the purely natural origin of the moral faculty, but to have sufficiently shown that conscience, too, and what we term the higher spiritual sense in man are but the final links of one long chain of purely mechanical evolutionary events.

It is, after all, but natural that, with such conclusions of the modern scientific method of thought, all the manifestations of our moral nature should have experienced a corresponding degree of discredit, and that numbers of intelligent persons should imperceptibly be losing that sense of a higher responsibility which has hitherto been regarded as the moving principle of all progressive life. It could not well be otherwise. When the very power of a free choice between good and evil is declared to depend, in large measure, upon "inherited tendency," and when the possibility of a decision in favor of the morally good in the case of one who is "erblich belastet," as the Germans say, is denied, how can anything approaching authority still be claimed for the human conscience? If the conclusions of science are to be trusted, there is no reason why a troubled conscience should not hereafter be regarded as a symptom of organic disorder, and why the higher manifestations of the moral sense should not be looked upon as an evidence of a morbid and supersensitive nervous temperament.

But are the conclusions of science to be trusted? This is, after all, the supreme and all-important question which is again and again presenting itself to the thoughtful mind.

The ordinary man of the world, whose views are largely determined by his environment, will probably be disposed to answer it in the affirmative. He has but little inclination to view the matter from any but the most superficial and conventional standpoint, and he welcomes the dicta of science chiefly because they free his mind from a burden which he has always found it somewhat inconvenient to bear. He may possibly regard religion as a very necessary and practical thing, which is essential to the moral life of the community, and without which society can scarcely be expected to hold together; but it is a thing which has no higher binding claim upon himself. He feels instinctively that a thorough conviction of personal respon-

sibility—responsibility extending far beyond the limits of this present life—is not only an exceedingly irksome and troublesome thing from a practical point of view, but a state of mind very apt to give rise to disturbing and disquieting reflections. How very natural for him, therefore, to welcome the dicta of any science which practically bring with them moral emancipation, and which leave him to the undisturbed enjoyment of the manifold pursuits and interests of life.

When we bear in mind the natural tendencies of average human nature, as it is exhibited to us in the ordinary conditions of human life, it is certainly not difficult to understand why the modern science view of life is meeting with such ready and widespread acceptance, and why it is found to be so much easier to trust it rather than the promptings of certain apparently instinctive moral feelings and convictions.

But the fact remains that these moral convictions and intuitions do exist and that they are, moreover, very apt to resist all ordinary attempts at effacement, and this being so, it may, I think, with good reason, be doubted, even by non-Catholics, whether the modern scientific view will, after all, bear very close investigation, and whether it will ever become a settled and permanent one. It seems already certain that this will never be so with really careful and accurate thinkers. The force which will ever be found to be opposing it, and which, I am confident, will prove infinitely stronger in the end than the most authoritative scientific dictum, is the conscience itself. Its voice is far too clear and persistent to be silenced by any dominating form of philosophy, however plausible and convincing it may be, and if experience is to be any guide at all, it is more than probable that it is on this solid rock that modern rationalistic thought will ultimately suffer shipwreck.

For it will have to be admitted that conscience is, after all, the highest ultimate authority which we can have in the matter. Of what use to us are all the results of the best scientific research and the most forcible arguments which can be adduced with a view to convincing the mind, if they finally all fail in convincing the conscience, if the conscience will persist in telling us that, in spite of ingenious theories and apparently quite logical deductions, we are and remain morally responsible for our actions, and that there exists somewhere in this mysterious universe a higher tribunal by which they will be judged? And that conscience does persist in asserting this, what rational man can deny?

And it will further have to be admitted (without in any way entering upon a question of theology proper) that there hangs over this same conscience a dark shadow which we cannot disperse and which somehow resists all the influences which have been and are

continually being brought to bear upon it. It is simple matter of experience that neither the advance of education, nor the arts and comforts and luxuries of life, nor the occupation of the mind with a thousand absorbing and interesting problems, even high moral effort and attainment, have proved effectual in dispersing it. It is further admitted that, in numerous instances, those who, by virtue of their position and their many social and intellectual advantages, might be supposed to be most happy and contented are not really happy and contented; that there is in their life that indescribable something which, to say the least, renders it imperfect and incomplete. It is manifestly conscience, the vague sense of a higher responsibility, unrecognized or ignored, of a truer end not attained, which seems to stand between them and real happiness, and most men know how frequently this state of mind leads to that utter weariness of life, of which the outward tokens are so abundantly manifest in the age in which we live. "Some men," wrote the late Professor Romanes, "never acknowledge this articulately or distinctly even to themselves, yet always show it plainly enough to others. . . . Custom may even blind men to their own misery, so far as not to make them realize what is wanting; yet the want is there."

Now, it is clear that, so far as our present powers and knowledge go, we have, in the natural order of things, no means of solving this strange psychological problem; we know of nothing that will effectually banish the spectre from our moral life. There is, in the physical world, no set of conditions or environments amidst which we can shake off this discord of the inner life, and which will establish a state of order and harmony within. It seems as though we were out of touch and correspondence with a truer and higher state of things, as though we had lost something which all the arts and pleasures of life, all our intellectual achievements do not and cannot help us to recover—that there are, in fact, in our nature no inherent powers or possibilities of recovering it.

Now, it is manifestly to this fundamental and, after all, but little varying manifestation of the moral conscience, to this blank in life that the Christian religion addresses itself; it is upon it that it builds up its entire philosophy. It not only constantly points to the serious issues of human life, but it takes for granted that that seriousness is fully and universally recognized—by all normal and unperverted minds at least. The Apostle of the Gentiles unhesitatingly declares that the conscience is so authoritative and binding a force in man's moral life that those who have not the higher law of the Christian dispensation will hereafter be judged by the law speaking through the manifestations of their natural conscience, this either excusing

or accusing them. And there is nothing in the history of religious thought that could in any way lead one to suppose that this apostolic view of the matter has met with any serious opposition, or that right-thinking men have seen in it anything unnatural or contradictory of their own inward feelings and promptings. On the contrary, there is every evidence to show that that view has ever been regarded as a fair and a just one by minds most diverse in intellectual culture and in moral attainment.

But if all this be so—and it is difficult to see on what reasonable grounds it can be denied—why should it be considered an unscientific and unreasonable thing to believe that the Christian explanation as to the origin of these remarkable moral manifestations is, after all, the true one, and that there is in the Christian system pointed out to us the only way likely to lead us out of the difficulty? Christ declared that the sorrows of the soul and the restlessness of the conscience are the natural manifestation of an inward state of discord and disorder which He termed sin, and that no real and permanent relief is possible so long as we refuse to recognize the fact or seek to explain it away. He declared that acceptance of His explanation of the matter, and confidence of the means of relief which He points out, could alone solve the problem and restore to the soul the moral balance which it has lost. He disclosed a scheme or a moral method which, He maintained, would put man in correspondence with that higher sphere to which by destiny he really belongs, and outside of which he can never hope to be wholly contented or happy.

This method, we are told, does not commend itself to the man of science; it is contrary to all he might reasonably expect. Faith in a person he has not seen, and in a method he cannot investigate and analyze, is to him a violation of the scientific principle and of all rational habits of thought. He declares that he is intellectually quite incapable of exercising such faith or to put the method proposed to anything like a practical test. In fact, he cannot get himself to believe in the reality and efficacy of the method.

But now, granting for a moment that there is a spiritual world or life for which man is destined, but with which he is (as conscience would certain seem to indicate), for reasons not fully understood by him, out of touch, on what grounds can it be shown to be unreasonable that the Creator should disclose a system which would put him in touch with it, and that He should institute ways and means, contrary possibly to expectation and experience, but effectual, nevertheless, in attaining the end in view? We have surely in the natural world endless processes of a precisely analagous nature. We are constantly called up to place ourselves within the

operation of laws which we do not understand, but by the action of which certain well-known results are attained. Our comparative ignorance of such laws does not apparently help us to escape them. Why should it be considered unreasonable then to maintain that, in the sphere of the higher life, similar laws and forces to which we are to become subject are at work, and that from the action of these there is no escape? It is clear, at any rate, that Christianity, especially in its sacramental aspect, claims to be the introduction to such a new and higher order of things and to possess means of bringing the soul in correspondence with conditions and environments to which it cannot possibly hope to attain by any effort of its own. Throughout the entire thought-structure of the New Testament, for instance, there runs one great fundamental idea upon which all the other ideas are practically built and with which they are inseparably connected. It is, perhaps, most forcibly expressed in the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The very form of the thought seems to suggest some fixed law, some kind of unalterable order, some state of things from which there is no known way of escape.

Regarded from the purely natural and scientific point of view, there might, of course, be considerable difficulty with regard to this thought. It might not unreasonably be asked: What is precisely the meaning of sin? What are we to understand by the dying of the soul? The subject could easily be shown to bristle with intellectual and philosophical difficulties. But there need be no such difficulty from the higher and transcendental point of view. There may be a point of view from which the soul, out of touch with the higher environment, and electing to remain subject to the lower, falls under the action of the laws which govern the lower, and consequently is, and remains, morally dead. Such death would not be the immediate consequence of refusing to believe in Christ so much as the result necessarily following upon the refusal to employ or accept the means instituted for the attainment of life. The position of the unbeliever would thus be similar to that of a man who is dying for want of food because, although he knows that that food maintains life, he will not eat of it so long as he does not know of what substance it is composed and by what means the result is attained.

And from such a standpoint it would certainly become conceivable that want of faith in Christ—in other words, rejection of His method and refusal to submit to the law of life instituted by Him—may bring with it consequences of a certain kind much more serious possibly than one may at first sight be inclined to suppose.

For even if it be granted that the moral act of unbelief or of

disbelief cannot, with some minds, carry with it a responsibility equal to that of other minds, would there not still remain all the practical consequences necessarily flowing from such a negative attitude? And it is clearly no argument against this view to urge the extreme simplicity of the institutions of this new and higher order of things, when compared with the immense importance of the issues attending them, and our own inability to trace the mode of their operation. We have everywhere abundant evidence that the most insignificant causes bring about vital and far-reaching results. A simple thought, whose source and origin no man can trace, may set the world on fire, or may, on the other hand, bring about its moral regeneration. The lightest act or word may determine a life's course or destiny. The tiny seed, no larger than a pin's head, contains vast potentialities. We are moving in a world of wonder and mystery and know very little indeed of the sequence of cause and effect. We cannot see the effect of a genuine sacramental act; it is so simple in its form that we are almost tempted to despise it, and yet it may, for all that, be a thing of the utmost reality and importance in the other-world order, calling unseen forces into operation and leaving indelible marks and impressions upon the soul.

It is, moreover, conceivable than in an extra-corporeal condition, and with sharpened or extended faculties, we shall be able to trace that mark very distinctly; to distinguish, for instance, between the baptized and the unbaptized, between the spiritually fed and the starving. Who knows what the soul really is, of what substance (if one may employ such a term) it is composed, by what means its higher life can best and most effectually be initiated and maintained? That these means are not to be found within the sphere of this natural life, amidst the conditions of death and decay, we might reasonably expect. That the unaided effort of man cannot generate them might, with equal reason, be supposed. What ground, then, granting there be another life, and, of course, another world order, for refusing to believe that they must come from without, and that the Christian system, rightly understood, introduces and provides them?

There is, for instance, the sacrament of baptism. It is an extremely simple rite and institution—so simple, in fact, that the wise ones of this world treat it with contempt. They cannot see the use of it. In what sense, they say, can it be expected to produce any kind of change; how can it possibly affect the moral character, the latent life of the soul? It is, of course, quite true that we do not understand. But if it really be a supernatural process, a method of the other-world order, how can we be expected to understand?

That world is altogether hidden from our view, hidden so effectually from some minds that they have altogether ceased to believe in its existence. A subtle process may surely be taking place all the same, so subtle, indeed, that it is not perceived by the senses, but powerful and effectual, nevertheless, in securing the end it has in view. Admitting that we are destined, by the mercy of God, to a higher state, a supernatural one, to which we have no right, is it not lawful for God to prescribe in which way, by what initiation, we are to be admitted to it? And can He not give special powers or produce special effects consequent upon any external ceremony, however simple, appointed by Him? Initiation in Masonic lodges gives special powers and faculties to members, and so in other cases in the natural order. Why should not God be able to produce a supernatural effect by a natural agency? The external sign, therefore, of baptism, viz., water, plus the life-giving energy of which it is the vehicle, may, in the truest possible sense, cleanse and purify the soul, may impart to it some new law and condition of existence—some element which it never possessed before and which, by the laws of life, it could not generate within itself. It may, in some subtle way not discerned by us, be the link between the universe of matter and that of spirit.

In the natural order science has taught us that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation. Organized life cannot spring into being of itself under any conditions. It must be communicated from without, from preëxisting life. Its manifestation is governed by fixed law. So surely the higher life, being *supra naturam*, and therefore unperceived by the senses, must come from without, from the quickening and life-giving Spirit; it, too, can only manifest itself according to some fixed law, only partially discerned by us. And it may require for its operation some medium, some definite condition which it is for us to provide. And "*Ignorantia modi non tollit certitudinem facti*;" that we cannot trace the process or understand it, and sometimes not even perceive its effect in the outer life, is clearly no argument at all against the reality of the process itself or against its binding force in that other-world order. It may be that we could do even this were we possessed of one additional sense, of some more refined or developed supernatural faculty. It is conceivable that we shall quite understand when we ourselves enter upon that other-world order.

Psychological research has shown us that certain abnormal persons possess what has been termed "extended faculties," by the operation of which hidden things are disclosed and the most subtle changes in external objects can be traced. Ecclesiastical records tell us of saintly persons who could discern evildoers by peculiar

odors emanating from them, who could see spots and marks on the inward soul, who could at once distinguish objects upon which consecrating hands had been laid. There may, in all these things, be no real analogy to the processes here under consideration, but they go to show that such processes are at least probable, that they are not nureasonable, that they may have their right and proper place and sphere in a world-order not understood by us.

And if this be so, the inference must surely be obvious. It may not make any immediate moral difference externally whether we believe in Christ or whether we do not; it may, strictly speaking, matter very little whether we have confidence or not in the efficacy of baptism. But the consequence of our neglect of the sacrament may be disastrous all the same; it may make the most vital difference possible in the supernatural order, and it may well be that it is in this direction that the peril of disbelief or unbelief really lies. Our failing to receive the new life-germ from without, and being wholly unable to generate it from within, our souls may remain helpless and lifeless in a very real and definite sense, and we may, in spite of all our culture and enlightenment, and in spite of all our moral aspirations, have to remain outside the sphere of that life-order with which the sacrament is designed to bring us in touch and correspondence.

Again, there is the sacrament of Feeding. The very institution of such a sacrament is, to say the least, highly significant. From the standpoint of modern "Ethical" Christianity, it is almost impossible to understand it. There is absolutely no sense in it. In what intelligible way can the physical act of eating and drinking be made to signify to us a great moral truth or assist us in our moral conduct? How can our character be helped or strengthened by our consuming some bread and wine? What really reflecting mind has ever been assisted by such a use of the sacrament? The difficulty becomes apparent the moment it is pointed out; it is custom which is apt to blind our eyes in such matters. We are told that Christ, the teacher of the highest moral truth, wants us to remember that truth and Himself who taught it, by eating and drinking something. The merest child ought to feel that this was the least likely way of accomplishing such an end. Most men are apt to put away the thought of "higher things" when they eat and drink. Their very instinct would seem to tell them that they are, at such times, out of place. It is admittedly the lower nature which is thus being ministered unto, not the higher. The reading of a book, the hearing of a sermon, a recital of the history of the Passion would most certainly be a method far more in accordance with our human nature and far more calculated to produce in us

the effect and impression desired. There is, indeed, the greatest possible intellectual difficulty in this view of the sacrament, and it is not easy to understand how thoughtful men can still be found defending it.

But from the historical and, if I may use that term, "mystical" standpoint, the difficulty vanishes at once, and the sacrament assumes an entirely different aspect. It becomes intelligible, and, on the line of thought suggested, absolutely consistent. If a life-giving element, coming from without, be needed to bring the soul in touch with new environments and to kindle in it something which unaided human nature cannot generate within itself, if this something is conveyed and imparted by certain outward means and channels, it is but reasonable to suppose that, by some such similar outward means and channels, this something is also kept alive. "The great central thought of the Sacrament of the Altar," says a writer on the subject, "is the intimate union of God with man. It is a participation in the life of God. Why need we supernatural food? Because we are born to a supernatural life, and it is the deposition of the germ of eternal life in a mortal creature. Our nature does not contain within itself the power of self-renovation and self-regulation. It requires the introduction of a new and divine element."

The human soul is here on earth, necessarily and unavoidably, in touch with earthly and material conditions; it is incessantly in danger of parting with what it has received, or at least of letting its vitalizing power become diminished. It must, therefore, feed again and again; it must receive unto itself more and more of the life-imparting elements, so that it may effectually maintain itself amidst the new environments to which it has been transplanted.

And this process is, at any rate, wholly on a line with that natural process by which our bodily life is maintained and with which we are all familiar. The sacrament, from this standpoint, certainly becomes intelligible. In this present world-order we cannot discern how and why materials taken into our natural bodies are there transformed into heat, and life, and energy and into manifold human activity. We cannot watch the process, nor do we precisely understand the laws which regulate it. We only know that the process takes place, and on that knowledge we act. We know that by eating and drinking we are kept in touch with that world of life and energy of which we are a part and of which we desire to continue to be a part. Our refusal to eat because we do not entirely understand would be attended by disastrous consequences. These would follow, not so much because of our peculiar mental attitude, but because of the consequences resulting from it. We

would be placing ourselves *en rapport* with conditions and environments which carry with them decline and finally death. We would die simply because we refuse to eat. The circumstance that we still possess a kind of life, or that we once had food and consequently had life, would not save us; we must obey the whole law, even if we do not understand. We must believe, but above all things, we must eat.

It seems to me that Christianity and its sacraments have some such meaning as this or they have no intelligent meaning at all. Any purely "moral" system of Christian thought, which, nevertheless, seeks to retain the sacraments, is an outrage to ordinary common sense. The whole of the New Testament is full of the idea of the new *life*, and, without a due recognition of this thought, two-thirds of it become wholly unintelligible. This fact was fully admitted by the late Anglican Archbishop Magee in his sermon on the "Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life," preached in 1868 on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Norwich. "We claim for Christianity," he said, "that it is not a code of morals merely, not a philosophy, nor a creed, nor a system of religious discipline, but that, over and above all these, it is a life, a new and *real vital force* in the world; a life with its own conditions of existence, its own laws of development, its own peculiar phenomena, as real and as distinct as those of any other form of life which science investigates and classifies, and that this life is in Christ," etc.

It will now be seen that, if this line of argument be a true one, grave dangers are unquestionably incurred by the unbeliever, whatever justification there may be for his unbelief and however lightly he may be disposed to regard the whole matter. The known world is, as every intelligent person knows, governed by fixed and unalterable laws. It is for us to ascertain these laws, so far as we are able, and to obey them to the best of our knowledge and ability. But experience constantly teaches us that our ignorance of them, our indifference respecting them, is attended by precisely the same consequences as our wilful disobedience of them. Drinking poison, for instance, entails the same physical consequences, whether taken by accident or by design. The law takes effect whether we understand it or not, whether we believe it to be a just law or whether we do not.

Now, it is surely perfectly conceivable that God acts in the same way in the spiritual universe. The process there may be of an analogous nature. It may be absolutely necessary for man, in order to enter upon the divine order of things initiated here and now, to receive the Divine touch and to eat of Divine food. It may be

that the highest thought, the noblest action, do not contain within themselves those elements which will quicken and energize the soul and which will enable it to exist amidst supernatural environments. It is both reasonable and conceivable that by the introduction of an element altogether different in kind this can alone be accomplished. And it is further conceivable that the absence of this element will, in some way, bring about that "death of the soul" towards which, probably by reason of some earlier loss and its own material constitution, it is naturally and constantly tending. I say again, we do not know and cannot know what the soul really is and what it may need with a view to the maintenance of its life.

One thing certainly must be clear. If the view here indicated be the correct one, if, unless we be "in Christ," as the New Testament puts it, and "unless we eat and drink of Him, we have no life in us," then surely it is not difficult to see in what sense the law of the new life may take effect. The unbeliever reaps the result of his unbelief according to fixed and perfectly reasonable laws. The life and environment of a higher sphere are offered to him, the conditions are pointed out to him; he is expressly told that he cannot hope fully to understand now. But he is enjoined to exercise trust in the method proposed by One who knows his nature better than he knows it himself; he is asked to obey and to submit. He fails to obey, and as a consequence he remains amidst the lower conditions—he is constitutionally not fit for the higher. His soul is not in touch with that sphere of higher operations between which and the present state Christianity and its institutions may very well be conceived to be the connecting link.

It will, at any rate, be admitted that this view furnishes us with a rational and intelligible conception of sacramental Christianity, and that it puts a fair and reasonable interpretation upon Christ's own words, as well as upon the practice and teaching of the Christian Church in all times.

It seems to me that in any list of the forces which are calculated to obstruct the Church's progress in the modern age the steadily growing indifference of the world to the claims of Revealed Religion must hold a prominent place.

We can reason with the man who has a sense that he needs something—who is willing to believe the truth if he can discover it. We can argue with the man who holds some fragment of truth, but who is ready to admit that that fragment does not quite satisfy him, since, detached from the whole, it proves itself to be of little service to him. We can help the man who is stumbling about in the maze of religious error and contradiction and who is anxious to be extricated and to be guided into the sunlight. What can the

Church do with and for the man from whose heart and mind the sense of need has disappeared and who has settled down to an utter complacent indifference about the whole matter?

It has been questioned whether there are really persons of the latter type and whether the indifference spoken of is not assumed rather than real, since man is admittedly a religious animal and cannot disregard the higher problems of life for any great length of time. While firmly holding the latter truth, I am nevertheless persuaded that, for the time being, indifference is overshadowing all these natural promptings and that this indifference—a kind of soul-paralysis—is the strongest force which the Church will be called upon to contend against in the immediate future. It is a sufficiently formidable adversary now, as our priests know only too well.

The voice of God in the human heart no doubt speaks earnestly and long—in the circumstances of life, its sorrows and failures and disappointments; in that sense of need, of something left undone and neglected; in a sort of intermittent consciousness of sin; in possibly an occasional loud trumpet-call to repentance. But if the voice be persistently and systematically unheeded and ignored, there comes a time when it ceases to speak, when indifference and callousness take possession of the soul and when all become silent and still in the temple of God.

And there is surely not a more saddening and moving sight in the world than that presented by beings destined for eternal life, in whose souls death and decay are doing their work. It is a sight to make the angels weep. It is not unlike the picture presented by the man who outwardly appears in fair health, is actively engaged in some business or profession, is amiable and pleasant in his intercourse with his fellows, perhaps helping forward the world; temporal progress and well-being, but in whom a deadly cancer is steadily undermining his very life and vitality, who is by slow, although possibly imperceptible stages being hurried on to destruction—who is, to all intents and purposes, a doomed and a dead man.

It is difficult to make the modern world realize the possibility of this process. There is about the thought itself something extreme and almost sensational. There is a natural shrinking of the mind from its full and serious contemplation. And yet if Christianity be true, if the human soul, in order to be saved, must by God-appointed means seek union with Him in the present life; if the Cross of Christ be the only way of effecting that union, what other alternative remains to us—in what other light can we regard the matter? Religious indifference is then most certainly the deadly cancer of the soul, for the cure of which we possess no natural

remedy. What, we may ask, are the chief causes of this strange religious indifference?

The first is, I think, the growing materialism of life. All human ingenuity is increasingly directing itself to the creation of *temporal* conveniences and improvements. The question of the body and the bodily life—food, clothes, house and family and domestic environment, of the utmost possible amount of ease and leisure, are so increasingly and exclusively occupying the mind that the question of the soul is systematically pushed into the background, until there comes a time when it practically ceases to exist, or at best assumes the most vague and shadowy form. In the pressing claims of the *secondary* aims of life the primary and true aim is lost sight of, and quite imperceptibly there comes a sense or feeling that it may be safely disregarded, since so vast a proportion of millions are evidently quite happy and content in disregarding it. There is no necessary hostility to religion, no desire to dispute its value and usefulness; there may even be an intention to consider its claims seriously some day. But meanwhile there is indifference and apathy; the soul is allowed to go to sleep and Christ and His claim upon the soul, His redemption work, becomes mere meaningless phrases. The sleep of death falls upon the soul, and from that sleep there seems, in many instances, to be no awakening.

Another cause of religious indifference is, I think, that state of mental dissipation and disorder which is produced by the modern habits of desultory reading. I am not now thinking of that cataract of immoral and debasing literature which is being absorbed by thousands of weary and jaded minds day by day. Everybody knows how effectually this destroys the very fibres of the moral life. I am rather thinking of a certain habit of the mind, created by an excessive indulgence in the reading of light and superficial literature, which is so marked a characteristic of the modern man. Whether we travel on the underground or by motor omnibus, whether we enter a railway station waiting room, or a restaurant, or pay an afternoon call—old and young, rich and poor, all alike are reading something—a newspaper or magazine, a light novel; seldom, very seldom, do we come upon the person who is intent upon some serious book, demanding the mind's energy and attention. And almost all this literature presents the indifferent and superficial side of life, what brainless men and women will do or not do under given conditions, and how effectually they manage to evade all the serious issues and considerations of life. It may be asserted that all this is done with a desire to rest the mind from the strain of business or professional responsibility or to amuse and entertain; but the integrity of the motive does not diminish the disastrous

effects which this practice produces upon the character and moral life.

It creates a certain habit and state of mind which, in the course of time, renders the mind incapable of entertaining serious thoughts and of addressing itself to life's graver problems. An unnatural and unwholesome mental atmosphere is produced, in which the sensitive plants of religious need and desire cannot grow up and find nourishment, and in which, as a consequence, they die out and perish. The mind, grown accustomed to literary sweets, not only declines the more solid and nourishing food, but loses the power of assimilating it when it is offered. It becomes as jaded and apathetic as it is apt to become under the influence of alcohol or narcotics, and it only recovers its vigor when new doses of the enervating stuff are introduced. What observant man has failed to notice the eager haste with which respectable and gray-headed men, as well as little boys and young women, will rush to the bookstalls when some spicy divorce case is in progress or some murderer's sexual career is being laid bare? It is a known fact that, in order to insure the success of a play or the sale of a book, it is only necessary that the censor should have scruples respecting the former and the better class reviews condemn the latter. In America the trick of suggesting the possibility of such condemnation is barefacedly resorted to in order to insure financial success, and even a religious book may count upon a vast number of readers if there is a suggestion only of its being unorthodox, and, in the case of a Catholic book, of its being possibly put on the Index.

Can any person measure the far-reaching effects, both moral and intellectual, of this kind of thing? We condemn and imprison the man who undermines the moral life of a woman and who ultimately leads her to ruin and crime. It is a thousand pities that there is no legislation which make it possible to imprison those who commit these far greater literary crimes, destroying character and, by slow but certain stages, hindering mankind from the pursuit of its true end and from the attainment of its true happiness. Modern psychological research has shown us very clearly how this literary poison is apt to work, and in that manner the disastrous moral effect is produced. It seems fairly certain that nothing that a man has ever heard or read is ever wholly effaced from the tablets of the mind. The normal memory may not be able to recall it, but the impression received remains in the mind. By the law of the association of ideas it produces other impressions, which lead in their turn to desires and images and temptations, and, in the course of time, to a fixed disposition and indication of the mind.

The entire character and tone of mind thus become imperceptibly affected and are formed in accordance with the kind of impressions which have been created.

We thus come to understand how it comes to pass that the outwardly respectable and even venerable looking man, the good father and prominent and loyal citizen may subliminally be a great rascal, full of debasing and dishonorable schemes and desires, and quite capable, under given conditions, of acting diametrically contrary to all his outward profession. We come to understand much that is so puzzling and perplexing in the moral life of the world of our day.

But we also come to understand by what processes indifference to the claims of religion lay hold upon the soul. It is in this inner life of the soul that God works. And, in the natural man, He works by natural means, by the very elements, as it were, which constitute that inner life. There are passing desires which move the soul in the Godward direction. There are momentary glimpses of the higher life and of higher possibility. There is the sense of sin, of a deep moral need, of the impossibility of ultimately finding joy and peace in life without facing its deeper problems, without repeating of sin and cultivating virtue, and, in some measure, attuning the soul to the higher spiritual order. These impressions in our fallen nature are brief and fleeting. They never stay very long. They are apt to cease entirely if there be no response, no material at all to which they can attach themselves and upon which they can work.

Now, how can they find support and assistance in a mind which has no material in the least degree corresponding with these movements, which is choked up with the weeds of debasing and antagonistic thought, and in which an atmosphere prevails which is calculated to efface and discredit and destroy them? God, as all experience shows, never *compels* man in the spiritual direction. The will remains free. He works sacramentally by ordinary human means and always and everywhere calls for man's intelligent response and coöperation. And how can there be even a faint response if the mind is stored with negative impressions and has lost the very power of perceiving and believing in the reality of the divine prompting? Is it not bound, however high its degree of development in other respects, to cease to perceive these promptings and to fall into a condition of indifference and of spiritual death? It is a subtle spiritual law clearly which is at work, and this law would seem to be as unerring in the spiritual order as any natural law is in the natural order.

"How shall we escape," writes the Apostle (Heb. ii., 3), "if

we neglect so great salvation?" The day of judgment surely will be a day of consequences as much as a day of punishment!

This growing indifference clearly is one of the most formidable forces which the Church is called upon to face in our day. And the question which not only her priests, but the ministers of *all* Christian organizations, are asking themselves is: How is it to be combated?

I have had many an interesting talk on this subject with thoughtful priests and laymen who are keenly alive to the grave and growing danger. I have myself reflected on it much and long. One is so constantly reminded of the existence of the danger and of the complexity of the Church's task by life in Continental countries, where indifference to the claims of religion is so apparent and manifest in all conditions of life. But I doubt whether the methods generally proposed will really prove effective. It seems to me that in some instances and in some countries the evil has gone too far and that things must become much worse before they can possibly be better. The Christless world must realize yet more fully what life really is or what it may become without a religious ideal to sustain its moral endeavors and to give it the right and true direction. It must increasingly discern the debasing effects of religious indifference in the public and family life. The general moral disorder under which so many nations are suffering must become still greater and more pronounced. There must be a fuller and more universal recognition of the inadequacy and fallacy of the merely human means employed for the renovation and reconstitution of modern society.

The modern man, perverted as his moral sense so often is by the pride of intellect and of life, by the lust after wealth and self-indulgence, and by the restless and ignoble striving after temporal achievement, must fall much deeper before he can begin to rise. He must be brought to admit and to fully realize that he is living on a dunghill before we can expect him to seek for ways and means of escape from it into a purer atmosphere.

The Church will, of course, continue on her mission with calm dignity and undisturbed by the hostile forces which are surging around her. She has faced problems and difficulties far greater than any of those which the twentieth century presents. She will continue to preach the Gospel, as it was committed to her keeping, without change or modification and unconcerned whether men will listen and obey or turn a deaf ear to her warning call. And she will from time to time devise and employ special and extraordinary means calculated to awaken those in whom the paralyzing influences of the modern life have stifled the voice of conscience and destroyed the sense of higher duties and responsibilities.

But I cannot help feeling that, in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, any such unusual effort should be made in the Godward direction rather than in the manward, should take the form of fervent intercessory prayer to God, of personal holy living and thinking and of real sacrifice and mortification.

In our time, talk on religious subjects, even though it be of the most persuasive and cunning kind, has become too cheap and commonplace to influence men in any marked and permanent degree. Special sermons by popular preachers are apt to be sought after for the purpose of experiencing intellectual or moral thrills rather than with a view to ascertaining the truth and becoming a learner in the school of Christ. They are largely frequented by pious habitués who delight in being again and again assured of their spiritual safety and of the correctness of their religious belief. They scarcely ever reach or vitally influence that great class of modern heathens which I have in mind. The ears of the multitude of this Christian land have grown accustomed to these special efforts and trumpet-calls, and they most certainly do not move the heart in everything like the same degree in which the simple but fervent preaching of the Gospel moved the pagan world in the days of the Apostles. That world had at length come to understand its needs; it had a sense of sin and a spiritual hunger, and that preaching was done by men whose life of suffering and sacrifice was a witness to all that they had gladly surrendered all things in order that they might "win Christ."

When one really thinks the matter out and considers it independently of accepted and conventional ideas, is one not forced to the conclusion that those who have known the divine philosophy of the Cross, but who have rejected it, are really in a far worse condition than those to whom it was made known for the first time? These latter, it is true, worshiped false gods or even the unknown God (Acts xvii., 23), but they had the sense of a deep need, they had a kind of heart-preparedness which disposed them favorably toward the reception of the Gospel.

The modern indifferent man has managed to get rid of this sense of need, or he explains it away by some scientific shibboleth, and he worships no God at all—unless indeed it be that most fearful of all deities—the god within. He has in this respect, in spite of all his intellectual achievements, sunk deeper far than the heathen and even the cannibal. And what will awaken him from such a lethargy as this if it be not God Himself; what is there in the order of created things that could effect this? Solemnly striking are those words of the Apostle in the application to the God-estranged people of our day: "It is impossible for those who were once illuminated.

have tasted also the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost; have, moreover, tasted the good Word of God and the powers of the world to come, and are fallen away; to be renewed again to penance, crucifying again to themselves the Son of God and making Him a mockery." (Heb. vi., 4, 6.)

What was it that produced the most profound spiritual impression upon materialistic France not many years ago and brought men to their senses? It was not some modern Tertullus, who understood the art of turning phrases or of discovering new and hidden meanings in familiar and time-worn sayings. It was not the schoolman who brought all the heavy artillery of his learning to bear upon the Gospel truth. It was a humble curé, in an unknown and obscure village, a man of mean appearance and of meaner education, whose only armor was prayer and self-sacrifice and mortification and the love of souls—it was this kind of man who accomplished this thing. Like his Divine Master, he pleaded incessantly with God and literally gave his life for his fellows, thereby drawing forth the divine energy and coöperation and bringing the wisest men of the day to his feet—captives to the obedience of Jesus Christ.

And it seems to me that in our own time all special Christian effort, if it is to be really fruitful, must take a similar form; it must energize itself in the Godward direction. Ours is the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and it is for us to implore Him, unitedly and persistently, to revisit the earth and the souls of men and once more to "convince the world of sin and of justice and of judgment." We must mortify ourselves and put more confidence in prayer and self-sacrifice than in elaborate external machinery and organization. These latter, good and necessary, no doubt, in themselves, are but too apt to cause one to forget that in God's divine scheme of redemption God is all and man is little or nothing at all, and that without Him we can literally do nothing. Few thoughtful men would be foolish enough to depreciate any earnest effort of our day to win the estranged hearts of men back to God, but really serious reflection upon the grave problems which the present state of things present must necessarily lead to the conclusion that the reconversion of the world to Christ is probably best advanced by prayers and self-immolation of consecrated men and women in the hidden places of the world.

I remember expressing these ideas to a saintly old Franciscan Father in San Francisco, who himself lived a very active life, but who had evidently come to conclusions similar to my own. He thought that much of the Church's energy in our days was being misdirected and that it was just possible that God was teaching us a very great and solemn lesson. This priest was the confessor to

a Carmelite convent, and he took me there one day for a talk with the reverend mother, who, he told me, was a woman of great practical wisdom and spiritual insight. My thoughts have often gone back to this interesting interview, and I have pondered deeply on the things which this remarkable woman said to me. I never saw her face. I only heard her voice, speaking to me from behind a grating covered by a thick curtain. It seemed to me at the time like a voice speaking from another world, so clear and incisive were the thoughts expressed and so full was the conviction which spoke through them. "The world has lost God," she said, "through its pride, its indifference and self-love—through the easy carelessness of His instruments by which He must often find it impossible to work. The salt has lost its savor and there is nothing wherewith to salt it. Nothing, in the natural order or that human ingenuity can invent, can bring the world back to God. Ardent prayer and penance and mortification alone can do it. We Christians must once more offer ourselves 'living sacrifices unto God,' and thus actively plead and intercede for our brethren. The Church must with one accord invoke the aid and action of the Holy Ghost, who alone can reërect in the hearts of men the desire for God and for the salvation of the soul. We are daily praying for this consummation and offering our lives and sacrifice to God. Will you pray with us that His kingdom may come?"

I have never forgotten these words, spoken as they were with an intense conviction and coming as they did from one who evidently knew the world and the human heart, and who was only too well acquainted with the argument which "the practical common sense" of the day was apt to advance against such a view of the matter. I have thought much and long about it, and I am convinced that this woman is right. It is clearly by these means alone that the Church is likely to rouse the modern world from that lethargic sleep of indifference to the claims of God which has fallen upon it.

I have often heard it asserted that there is always something of the fanatic about the man who has made a special study of some particular subject or thought-movement.

The mind of such a man, constantly occupied with one particular train of thought and ideas, is apt to become narrow and one-sided and to lose the power of estimating "the true proportion of things" and to form accurate judgments. It tends to look upon human life and the pursuits and interests of men in the light, and from the standpoint of the one absorbing interest and to exclude from its considerations other and perhaps weighty and modifying facts and circumstances. One must not, it is said, put too much confidence in the man who is a specialist and nothing but a specialist.

This is no doubt very true. We have abundant illustrations of it in the lives of famous men, who have done good work in some special sphere of scientific research, but whose inferences and generalizations have nevertheless been found strangely unsatisfactory and lacking in judgment.

It seems to me to be the duty, therefore, of every man whose time and thought are taken up with some special and perhaps complex subject to guard against this mental tendency and defect.

I have always been keenly alive to this danger, and I do not think that those of my friends who know something of my methods of life and work would associate with me the notion of a fanatic. It is not the habit of my mind to jump to rash and unconsidered conclusions. I am, on the contrary, rather inclined to distrust my conclusions, to seek the advice and consent of others more experienced and learned than myself, and often to suspend my judgment while waiting for further light and evidence. And I have no difficulty in entirely shelving my subject for a time, so that the mind may retain its full equilibrium. Often, for months together, I am in the habit of putting aside my books and all my papers relating to spiritistic or psychical matters and of avoiding the company of those who are in any way connected with the inquiry and who are likely to talk to me on the subject. I drop it entirely when I go away on my holiday.

I have thus learned, I think, to form rational and sensible views on the subject, and if there be, nevertheless, about those views something extreme and unacceptable to some "practical modern minds," it is not because those views are narrow and one-sided, but because the facts which in the course of years and of a many-sided experience have come to my knowledge compel those views.

There are, it must be remembered, circumstances in life in which a man must be content to hold and must not shrink from holding an isolated position, so long as he can be quite certain of the grounds on which he holds it. Time and better knowledge often justify his apparent narrow-mindedness and fanaticism.

To a certain extent this has already been so in my case. When I published, some years ago, my first little book, pointing out the fallacies of the accepted spiritistic contention and the dangers attending the inquiry, I was treated with scorn and abuse by the spiritistic press, and by some prominent psychical researchers. Religious fanaticism was declared to inspire my book. The Jesuits were held to be behind it. At a meeting held in St. James' Hall to pass judgment on my book, a noted spiritist openly declared this to be his belief. I knew what I knew and I refrained from controversy. After a while I wrote another book, giving more evidence

in support of my contention, and still more fully developing my argument.

The years have passed and the noted spiritist who opposed me in public, is now a humble and loyal Catholic. Several scientific men are slowly but nevertheless surely coming round to my view and are uttering warnings similar to those which I have uttered in my books. Some of the best publications in America declared a little while ago, that with every desire to arrive at some other conclusion, my facts were incontrovertible, and reasonable men everywhere were increasingly compelled to an acceptance of my position. While fanaticism, therefore, no doubt, is a bad thing, there are evidently some *forms* of fanaticism which have a good deal of sound logic and common sense about them. And so I am well aware that many a reader of this little book will pronounce me a fanatic when I express it as my conviction that Spiritism will be one of the most dangerous enemies with which the Church will find herself in conflict in the immediate future. A learned friend of mine, a priest, goes farther even than I do. He believes that it will be *the very greatest enemy* which the Church has ever been called upon to face throughout the entire course of her history. And he gives good and valid grounds for this belief.

I will briefly state by what processes of thought I have arrived at my own convictions.

A long and many-sided experience has taught me that spiritistic research constitutes for most men *one of the most interesting and fascinating of pursuits*. Indeed, so great is this fascination that even men whom one may regard as intellectual giants fall victims to it. I have almost daily opportunities of observing this, both in the persons I meet and in those who write to me and who ask my advice in the matter of their experiences. It is the case of the candle and the moth. They may burn their wings ever so much, be deluded and tricked and deceived and suffer the loss of physical and moral health, but they will, some time or other, fly back to the candle, or at least hover in its vicinity. And women are, generally speaking, much worse in this respect than men. They will go to far greater lengths. You can, in the end, reason with a man. He will listen to your argument and will examine and think over your evidence. You can do little or nothing with a woman who has tasted of this forbidden fruit and who has been seized by the craving for intercourse with the spirits. She will turn a deaf ear to all your appeals and reasonings.

I had evidence of this a little while ago in the case of a lady whom I had seriously warned some years before. I knew from her friends that she had gone very deeply into the matter. But

although I presented the most conclusive evidence, strongly corresponding with what she was then experiencing, I could not make my voice heard. She thought me a prejudiced religious fanatic. It was five years later that her friends sent for me. The lady had then lost her reason and had twice attempted suicide.

But some men are equally bad. And, strange to say, they are often men whose intellectual training has been of such a kind that one would expect better and saner things of them. But it seems as though "the lure of the unseen" tended to break down the strongest intellectual barriers.

A striking case of this kind was brought to my knowledge during my stay, a couple of years ago, at the Catholic University in Washington.

It was the case of a noted local physician who practiced in the city as a specialist and held a foremost place in his profession. He had started life as a sort of scientific materialist, and had entertained doubts of the existence, as an independent entity, and therefore possible survival after death of the human soul. Circumstances had brought him in touch with spiritistic phenomena, the reality and genuineness of which he could not possibly deny. He perceived their bearing upon the problem of human life, and the craving for further knowledge took possession of him. He lost all interest in his profession, and in the course of time neglected it. His mind lost the power of rightly estimating the proportion of things. In spite of the earnest warnings of his wife and of his many friends, he devoted most of his time and money to spiritistic research—with the result that his health broke down and he took his own life. He took it because of the irresistible "lure of the unseen." His heart-broken widow wrote to me, bitterly regretting that my warning words had not reached her husband before the catastrophe occurred. Those letters were sad beyond words. This is a recent case; it is, alas! but one of very many of which I have record.

I have known numbers of people who started their investigation with the single intention of obtaining *some* personal evidence of the reality of the phenomena. They had been more or less affected by the skeptical ideas of the times, and hoped by these means to recover their belief in the existence of an unseen world. They were persuaded that the fatal fascination of the subject was not likely to take possession of their own minds.

They little knew the extraordinary strength of that fascination to which, of course, they fell victims after a time. It is a pitiful sight sometimes to see these very persons spending all their time and energy in the all-absorbing pursuit, and frequenting one circle

after another in search after further and still more convincing or interesting evidence and phenomena. Some of them, after a while, regulate their entire family and business life by the directions received from the spirit world. I knew a stock-broker who had a separate room reserved at his office in which a medium was permanently retained for the purpose of obtaining information respecting transactions and investments from intelligences supposed to have been engaged in similar pursuits in their earth life. It is difficult to make sensible men believe how far this kind of folly will go.

And in numerous instances neither heavy pecuniary losses, nor a manifestly disordered family life, nor the breakdown of physical and often of moral health will be effective in bringing about the disillusionment. The spirits are always ready with plausible explanations of their failure, and they so thoroughly control the mind and pervert the judgment that the most conclusive demonstrations of deception on their part, manifest perhaps to all outsiders, are ignored and disregarded. The next day, or the next sitting, it is believed, will clear everything up, since spirits have promised to come forward who will be able to explain and who will set everything right.

With the orthodox spiritist the case is, of course, quite hopeless. His theory of the spirit world and of spirit action provides him with a way out of every difficulty and complexity. He will accept any and every explanation, provided the practice itself be not condemned and the spirits be not utterly discredited.

Now, the peculiar danger of this pursuit lies in the circumstance that it creates a state of mind which, in the course of time, entirely unfits and indisposes the mind for any kind of legitimate religious exercise. It produces an unwholesome condition of agitation and excitement. By the side of the constant actual intercourse with the spirit world that infinitely less exciting intercourse with it which is cultivated by prayer and the use of the sacramental ordinances of the Church begins to take on a flat and little interesting appearance. It ceases to have any attraction and to impress the mind with any sense of its necessity and reality. It wearies and oppresses the mind which has become accustomed to the infinitely more exciting procedures of the séance room.

And the truths of Revelation, too, conveyed as they are by the mouths of living men, begin to assume a vague and shadowy form. They are found not to square with what the spirits constantly disclose respecting the actual conditions of life in the unseen world. And why, the mind then argues, should one trust in the mere human and fleshly messenger, who may have misconceived his message

or may have misinterpreted it, when one can speak direct to the spirit-messenger who is actually in the other world and who must know what the laws and conditions are which govern its life? It is a good and useful thing to receive information by book or letter respecting another country which one may desire to visit, but it is a far better thing, surely to meet and learn from the man who actually lives in that country and who must necessarily have full and accurate information respecting it.

And thus does the testimony of Apostles and Saints and Martyrs come to be doubted and discredited. "They were no doubt good and well-meaning men, but they were fanatics and enthusiasts. They were men who had lost their mental and moral balance and whom one must not take too seriously." "Christ Himself clearly was a great and good teacher, whose splendid life and example renewed the moral life of the world. But Christ, too, was limited. He taught much that is quite untenable to-day. He certainly was not God, and He clearly does not hold in the other world the position which the Catholic creed has assigned to Him. In any case, what is Christ and His knowledge by the side of the great spirit teachers such as 'John King' or 'Rector' or 'Imperator?' Do not these latter give us a far more rational and intelligible interpretation of the Gospels and a far more reasonable and up-to-date view of life and its duties than the Apostles and the theologians and Fathers of the Church?"

It is by mental processes such as these that Spiritism accomplishes its work to-day, first fascinating the mind and captivating it by presenting to it interesting and mysterious phenomena and then enslaving it and utterly perverting its judgment. And these processes of thought are practically those of every mind which has been drawn into the fatal sphere of spiritistic research. That sphere holds the mind as in a vise. Such people are generally hopelessly lost to Christianity. We can sometimes arouse them from this fatal lethargy at the *initial stages*, when first the realities of the séance room have come home to them and the mind is struggling with conflicting ideas and impressions. We can do nothing when the spirits have gained closer access and the mind's balance has been disturbed. My own experience on this point is constantly being confirmed by evidence which reaches me from other quarters.

There are some spiritists who, alarmed by some startling occurrence, have joined the Catholic Church; but it will, I think, be found that not many of them have died in it. Mr. D. D. Home took this step, but he left the Church again, as the spirits had prophesied, a year later. Miss Florence Marryat, too, was a good Catholic for

some years. She died without the sacraments—a declared enemy of the Church.

The late Archbishop of Philadelphia told me that he had himself received the daughter of the late Judge Edmonds into the Church. (She had developed a most astonishing form of mediumship, being able to converse intelligently in eight or nine different languages, none of which she had normally acquired). But, after a while, she returned, as the Archbishop put it, to “the spirits and their rappings.”

An experienced priest on the London mission said to me a little while ago: “I have received many people into the Church, and with God’s help have broken down the strongest barriers of ignorance and prejudice and misconception. I can do nothing at all with the confirmed Spiritist!”

But the fascinations of Spiritism in its attractive scientific form are increasingly invading the social life of all nations, and it is therefore with this state of mind that the Catholic Church will have to reckon in the future.

A second reason why I believe Spiritism to be likely to become one of the strongest of the Church’s opposing forces is *the attractiveness of its creed and philosophy.*

That philosophy adapts itself to and admirably fits in with the “Zeitgeist.” It furnishes the modern mind with a most acceptable and attractive view of life, strangely harmonizing with the dicta of modern science. I will not here weary the reader by repeating what I have already explained very fully in my books specifically dealing with this subject. It is sufficient to say that the harmony exists. The spirits of the séance room, broadly speaking, teach what modern science asserts. Human life passes, they say, through successive phases of development and that development is continued and perfected on “the other side.” There are no sudden catastrophes or interferences. The machinery of the universe works by the sequence of cause and effect. And from this law there is no escape. Man will be hereafter what he is now and what he has made himself. No God will save him from himself, and no Redeemer can deliver him from the consequences of his actions. He must be his own deliverer. And he must learn and suffer until he can so deliver himself. There may be aids, vouchsafed to him by the action of higher spirits who have passed through a similar process, but to the process itself there can be no finality or terminus. States or places, corresponding with the Christian notions of Heaven or Purgatory or Hell, do not, strictly speaking, exist on the other side of life.

To the modern mind, steeped as it is in Rationalism and in the

Higher-Criticism Philosophy, this aspect of the matter is intensely attractive. It frees it from much that seems difficult and perplexing and bizarre. It furnishes it with a happy method of reconciling Science and Religion. And consequently it is ready to embrace this philosophy with all its heart, and indeed in a sense has already embraced it.

But I must not be understood to be asserting that I believe the modern world to be increasingly accepting the spiritistic philosophy because it is the spiritistic philosophy. Nothing is further from my mind. On the contrary, I am convinced that in spite of all that Sir Oliver Lodge may write, there is still much distrust in the public mind as to the disclosures that emanate from the séance room. But the barriers are *gradually* being broken down. A thought here and there, forcibly expressed, finds its way to the mind. It is linked with other thoughts, suggested perhaps by some scientific man or by some book dealing with Scriptural or theological problems, and the mind is impressed. It begins to entertain the thought that the true explanation of things may after all be found along these lines and that scientific psychical research may in the end bring the much-sought-for relief. Christian beliefs and practices are not discarded, but *they are interpreted in the light of these ideas*. They are regarded as half-truths, or as truths largely misinterpreted and misconstrued. The mind assumes a reserved and waiting sort of attitude, very acceptable and pleasant to the natural man, but, in its effects, utterly destroying the very possibility of a robust Catholic life and of a fruitful Christian affirmation.

It is, in my opinion, this attitude of mind, so familiar to those who have opportunities of forming a judgment, that is the really dangerous thing. It is in this attitude of mind that I seem to recognize one of the most dangerous of the Church's opposing forces.

It is generally assumed that our own Catholic people are not very greatly affected by this movement. But I must confess that my own extensive and many-sided experience has led me to the opposite conclusion. I am here, too, no doubt running the risk of being regarded as a fanatic who takes extreme views of matters constantly occupying his mind. But I adhere to my view, nevertheless, and do not in the least mind the indictment. I am convinced that, in this respect, too, time will justify me and will show the correctness of my contention. Indeed, I wish that I could utter a much louder note of warning!

Upon the Catholic the creed of Christendom has, of course, a much stronger and firmer hold than upon the Protestant. He is in sacramental contact with the supernatural. He has clear and definite

teaching, too, as regards "the occult" and indulgence in spiritistic practices. The confessional, too, in many instances, constitutes a strong barrier and safeguard. And yet I know, as a matter of fact, that there is a steady, if slow, leakage from the Church because of Spiritism. The scientific form in which it clothes itself, and which seeks to present it as a new light come into the world, ensnares numerous victims, and in some countries the danger is becoming a very real and formidable one. I have gathered this fact from talks and intercourse with both Bishops and clergy, who were able to speak from actual knowledge and experience. And many of them seemed convinced that the educated laity were being very strongly affected. I went to America a few years ago to explain the subject to the clergy and to the students preparing for the sacred priesthood, but in many instances the Bishops invited the laity, too, to attend my lectures. They felt that the time had come to make them acquainted with the facts which I had to present.

In every part of America I came in contact with educated Catholic laymen, who were well acquainted with the most recently ascertained results of psychical research, which manifestly caused their minds a good deal of uneasiness, suggesting as they do so many grave and perplexing problems. The questions put to me by them often occupied hours after the delivery of my lectures—to say nothing of requests for interviews and of a daily and lively correspondence. It is by these means that I have gained a clearer insight into what is actually going on in the Catholic sphere than is obtained by many a priest on the mission and certainly by our Bishops, who only get to hear of these things indirectly and at second hand.

In one American diocese we discovered a woman who carried on an active spiritistic propaganda while apparently diligently attending to her religious duties. She silenced all suspicions by taking part in parochial work and by thus cultivating a most friendly relation with the clergy. At the time of my visit to the diocese she was presiding over a stall in connection with a sale of work. And yet we ascertained that she practiced all the well-known forms of mediumship, her clientele consisting of the well-to-do working classes of the district, who paid her so well for her services that she was enjoying a splendid income. She had adopted the practice of artfully combining certain spiritistic with Catholic practices and devotions. Thus a mother who had lost her child would come to her with a view to getting in communication with the spirit of her child. The woman would tell the mother to come again on the following day. Meanwhile she would ask the priest to say a Mass for the child, would pay him a generous honorarium and

she would tell the mother in the morning that she had spoken to the child, "who desired Masses," and that "she (the medium) and the priests were already praying for her." In this way all possible suspicions on the part of the clergy were lulled to sleep, while an impression was created on the minds of the people that the Church approves of and sanctions these practices. The mischief was only discovered accidentally. The woman had gone to work so cleverly that, although there had been misgivings here and there, nothing had been actually brought home to her.

I know of several Catholic families in England who are engaged in spiritistic practices. Not very long ago a lady of considerable culture called upon a friend of mine and told her that she was in constant communication with the spirit of the late Cardinal Vaughan, who had recently commanded her to go upon the public platform and to inform the world that the dogmas which Catholics held and which he had taught during his earth life were false, he having discovered this upon his entry into the spirit world and being now anxious to undo the mischief which he had wrought. The lady was desperately in earnest and was with difficulty persuaded to at least defer the carrying out of her commission to "a more convenient time."

In the Catholic sphere, for obvious reasons, the thing is apt to work more quietly—more under the surface of life. The mind is more slowly and with greater difficulty detached from the old beliefs. And there are friends and the family to be considered. The Catholic who is ensnared into an acceptance of spiritistic teaching does not come out openly or become a public champion of his new creed as the non-Catholic is apt to do. He simply drops out of the Church's life, ceases to go to confession and Holy Communion and often leaves a particular neighborhood, thus making it impossible for his friends to become aware of his defection. They merely suspect him of laxness in the matter of his religious life. And it is here where the chief element of the mischief lies. For the Church thus loses not only all control of the movement, but she also loses all power of determining with any degree of certainty what its extent is and *how far* the mischief goes.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to suggest the right kind of remedy for a subtle evil of this kind. I can but speak of what a long and many-sided experience has taught me.

A first and absolute necessity, it seems to me, is a full and accurate knowledge of the subject on the part of our clergy. This necessity is very fully recognized by the Holy Father, who has commanded me to tell the clergy the whole truth about the matter. In view of what is now going on in the world, what the public are daily

being told in reviews and newspapers, the policy of silence, so far as we are concerned, is no longer a possible, neither is it a safe policy. Our priests must know accurately what the actual results of recent research are. They must be made acquainted with the form in which the argument is presented. They must, in their dealing with their penitents, take account of the possibility of a dabbling—a possibly innocent dabbling—in spiritism and of the conceivable effects of such dabbling upon the mind. It is not sufficient, in my opinion, to forbid such practices simply because the Church forbids them. We must meet our opponents on their own ground; we must be able to show how unsatisfactory *their* evidence is; how contradictory the statements of the spirits are and by what methods they obtain that knowledge which makes it possible for them to produce these startling phenomena and to impersonate the dead. We must have accurate acquaintance with the literature on the subject.

Experience is daily teaching me that there is nothing so disastrous to the Catholic cause as the exhibition of manifest ignorance of the subject on the part of a confessor and the thinly-veiled doubt as to whether there are any real phenomena at all. Persons who have seriously investigated the matter will know differently, and the priest's doubt will but tend to throw them into the arms of that daily increasing body of men who are never tired of pointing out that the Church is behind the times and is maintaining an obscurantist kind of attitude in the matter—is purposely keeping valuable information from her people. They will find justification for turning away from the Church in order to move with the times.

It seems necessary, too, that the subject should be more frequently explained and referred to from the pulpit and the platform, the manner in which the mind is apt to become entangled being intelligently set forth and actual cases and instances related. Questions should be invited and every opportunity given to a perplexed mind to communicate itself freely without fear of being reprehended and misunderstood.

And track should be kept of Catholics who drop out quietly and mysteriously. This I know is a difficult matter for a hard-working priest on the mission. But it can often be done through other members of the family or through friends who might not naturally be disposed to communicate with the priests. Books, too, fully explaining the methods of spiritism, might with advantage be recommended. The poorest can in our days obtain them from our public libraries.

These are some of the means, it seems to me, by which we can, in some measure, combat this dangerous and subtle movement,

which is at present working the utter undoing of so many souls. And as regards the Church's dealings with those who have become actually entangled, I would counsel much patience and a kindly and sympathetic treatment.

We must remember that the Catholic who habitually attends séances has passed out of the Catholic atmosphere into one in which the great truths of Revelation appear bizarre and highly improbable. He is not unlike the man who has long been gazing at a beautiful landscape which is suddenly veiled from his sight by a thick cloud, so that he is not only unable to determine any longer what the landscape is really like, but that he begins to entertain serious doubt whether it exists at all. The mind, opened by passivity to entirely different impressions, assimilates these impressions and loses what I may term "the Catholic sense of things." It suffers a complete transformation, Catholic practices and devotion seeming silly and puerile and befitting a primitive state of life and mind.

In my own experience—and it is now a pretty extensive and many-sided one—argument is utterly useless in the case of persons who have reached this state of mind. The most forcible argument is unconvincing—for the simple reason that the mind is "holden." It is like the attempt to prove that a certain color is green to a man who is color-blind. The mind has parted with certain fundamental ideas and conceptions, and there is nothing to which the argument can appeal. There is no longer any kind of interior correspondence with the truths presented.

Our efforts, therefore, must be directed to detaching the person from the new spiritistic environment. We must persuade him to give up—for a time at least—attending séances, so that "the passive door" which has been opened may in some degree be closed and the spirit influence be shut off—that the mind may regain its balance. We must persuade him that there is just the possibility of his being mistaken and that it is his duty to give the Church and her teaching a chance. We must try and get him to pray, in the old accustomed way, for light and guidance. We must point out to him that the saints and martyrs who have passed into the unseen world are also living spirits, whom we must suppose to be acquainted with the laws and conditions of the "other side" life, and that if spiritism be legitimate, they cannot possibly be found to be antagonistic to its pursuit. We must get the man to see the reasonableness of invoking them and of asking their aid.

And we must do what we can to bring the enslaved soul in immediate and frequent contact with the supernatural. An hour spent before the Blessed Sacrament will often effect more than the most persuasive argument will effect, because the old true im-

pressions are thus apt to be reawakened and the soul is more likely to recover its lost balance. Retirement to a religious house of the stricter kind is thus often the best and the most effective of all remedies. I know of cases in which this method has been adopted, with the result that the mind has been simply appalled at the rapidity with which all the Catholic ideas and landmarks had been destroyed.

And even when the balance has been regained such souls will require constant and watchful care, for the fascinations of the subject are strong beyond conception, and the spirits do not easily surrender a soul upon which they have cast their spell and whose inner life they have found it possible to invade. The strongest souls are always in danger of a relapse. And such relapse is often brought about by the simplest and most innocent and insignificant means. There is more than one door by which the evil spirits have access to the human mind.

I cannot resist the belief that the time is not very far distant when many of the negative conclusions of the rationalist and of the modern higher critic will be destroyed by the fuller recognition, that a hostile spirit world exists and is increasingly invading human life and that the only power which can effectually check and resist this invasion is the power of Him "who came that He might destroy the works of the devil." All other agencies and weapons will be found inadequate and useless.

And whose hand can put this power to such effective and telling use as the hand of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church?

J. GODFREY RAUPERT.

London, England.

1

THE SWORD OF THE SOLDIER SAINT, IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

IT is now a week of years since the joyful Catholics of Barcelona witnessed, on the 7th of March, the great and longed-for procession which wended its way from the Church of Our Lady of Belén to that of the Sacred Heart. A current of tiptoe excitement had suddenly electrified the throng packed in the principal streets of the route, for in the distance they beheld the sun's bright rays flashing from a silver cross borne aloft and guarded by a group of acolytes. It was the head of a procession more magnificent and solemn than had graced the city for many a decade of years—a procession in which State and Church vied with each other in paying the highest tributes of honor to Spain's glorious son, Ignatius

of Loyola. After many score years of separation from those to whom it rightfully belonged, the sword of this wonderful hero of God's Church, the soldier saint of Spain, was being returned with pomp and universal gladness to the members of the Society of Jesus.

So often and suddenly, however, has the sword been transferred from one church to another, and for such long periods does all trace of it seem erased from the pages of history, that many continue to doubt whether or not the sword borne through Barcelona's streets that day and deposited in the Jesuits' Church of the Sacred Heart is really that of Ignatius. But for him who squarely faces the question and with un-Macaulian lack of prejudice searches history for history's sake and for what history declares true the question soon fails to conjure up any serious doubt.

No one even dreams of questioning the fact that Ignatius really left his sword at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat in 1522. For who knows anything of Ignatius' life and yet is ignorant of that enchanting scene when, in the dull gray light of early dawn, standing before the altar of his Immaculate Queen in the chapel of Montserrat and lifting his sword on high, the gallant Spaniard swore ever to be her knight-in-armor, doing valiantly in the Church's battlefield? Then laying the sword at the feet of Mary's statue, he set forth to fulfill his vow.

For nearly eighty years the sword lay where Ignatius had placed it. Pilgrims after pilgrims from many countries round, coming to Mary's favorite shrine to pay their prayerful homage, were struck with astonishment on seeing the sword resting at the foot of the statue. To what knight had it formerly belonged? What wonderful favor had he received from the hands of his bounteous Queen to warrant such an extraordinary mark of gratitude? The self-same answer was always given—a nobleman in courtly attire, a penitent clothed in sackcloth, a saintly vigil-at-arms, a valiant knight of Mary. But besides the sword's princely richness which attracted so much attention, there was a modest simplicity about it that equally charmed the pilgrim's eye. It was a rapier such as was worn by all the courtiers of that day. Its blade, extremely keen on edge and about forty-five inches in length, gradually tapered from the width of one inch at the hilt to the very sharp point so characteristic of the nobleman's fencing sword. On both sides of the blade two small grooves extended a quarter of the entire length, and in one set of these the cutler's name was thus engraved:

GONÇALO
SIMON:EN:T

The last letter surely must have caught the attention of any connoisseur who chanced to visit the shrine. To him it told more

of the weapon's remarkable excellence than did the bright steel, the rich gold or the keenly sharpened edge and point. For Toledo, even from a very early period, had stood first in the production of the very best swords in the world.¹ The hilt of Ignatius' rapier was rather long. Its barrel was of wood, covered with the softest velvet and broadly indented to afford a sturdy grip for the soldier hand. Encircling the upper and lower ends of the barrel were platted bands of gold, while a double pommel of polished steel, one about three times the size of the other, completed the main structure of the sword. In common with all the rapiers of that age, that of Ignatius was also adorned with a guard, which gradually spread out into several branches, richly carved and gracefully twined, lending much beauty to the weapon. The guard and blade were held in position by a tongue that projected from each and fitted very tightly inside the barrel. But as both could be removed without great difficulty, it is not surprising that after some years the guard was actually separated from the sword. What finally became of it no one seems to know. We can only surmise that it was kept as a relic by some pious devotee of the saint. But, as we shall see, this in no way invalidates our reasons for believing that the sword venerated in the Jesuits' church at Barcelona is really that of the founder of the Society of Jesus.

In the year 1599 the church that capped the peak of Montserrat was replaced by a new and magnificent pile. When finally the day came for the solemn opening of the sacred edifice it proved one of triumph not only for Him to whom is all honor and glory, but also for Mary the Queen of Heaven and Ignatius, her loyal knight. Princes and nobles, with their numerous suites, traveled great distances to share in the day's festivities, and even His Majesty Philip III. was present with his royal court. Around the temporary chapel, in which Mary's statue and the sword of Ignatius had rested for the last several months, a stately procession was formed, and with the mingled solemnity of Catholic pomp and courtly grandeur the image of Our Lady and the sword of Loyola's son were carried from their humble shrine to the monastery's beautiful church. The former was placed on a magnificent altar, while the latter was treasured away in a handsome reliquary fixed to the sacristy wall just behind Our Lady's shrine.²

But the spot where for eighty years this famous sword had rested was not destined to fall into oblivion. By order of the prior of the monastery, it was covered with costly marble, and to this day

¹ *Arms and Armor in Antiquity and the Middle Ages*; Charles Boutell, M. A., p. 288.

² *Nueva Historia de Montserrat*, Crusellas; p. 96.

the passerby may learn from the engraven tablet the story of Ignatius and his noble sacrifice. The Latin inscription may be rendered thus:

Here Blessed Ignatius of Loyola, in the midst of prayers and tears, consecrated himself to God and to the Virgin. Here, clothed in the spiritual armor of sackcloth, he spent his vigil-at-arms, and then set out to found the Society of Jesus. A. D. MDXXIII.

Armed: F. Lauren. Nieto, Abb. 1603.³

Ere the seventeenth century had attained to youthful growth Loyola was numbered among the blessed of the Church. Thirteen years more and the whole Catholic universe celebrated his solemn canonization. The relic at Montserrat now became a most precious heritage. More than ever was it prized and venerated, treasured and guarded by the devout "monks on the hill." But if very dear to them, how much more so must it have been to the members of the Society of Jesus! How they longed to obtain this precious heirloom! In fact, Father Gabriel Alvarez, the seventeenth rector of the College of Belén, when writing of the sword at that time, grieved that it was kept from the society, though he knew and acknowledged that by the monks and faithful of Montserrat it was fully appreciated and duly revered.⁴ This passage of his, together with several other references, such as the various processes of beatification and the manuscript histories of Montserrat, show that up to this time every one admitted that the sword venerated at the monastery was truly that of the soldier saint.

The relic, however, was not always to remain near Our Lady's altar. The dark and stormy days of 1640 threw the kingdom of Philip IV. into sadness and confusion, terror and bloodshed. The Provinces of Cataluña revolted against His Majesty. Fire and sword were mercilessly sweeping over the entire northeastern territory. Montserrat was in the greater danger of wholesale devastation. The deputation of Cataluña, then in charge of some of the religious affairs in that portion of Spain, being alarmed for the safety of the relics and treasures of the monastery, immediately ordered everything of value to be brought to their vaults in Barcelona. Thus for the first time since Ignatius had placed the sword on Mary's altar that precious relic was removed from Montserrat. But the Benedictine monks still retained the right of its possession. To them it was to be returned when the days of strife should end. Shortly after the transfer the royal troops judged it necessary to burn the monastery to the ground, and for many years the monks were unable to rebuild a suitable dwelling on the site of their ancient home. But the day finally came when a new monastery was ready

³ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

⁴ Hist. M. S. del Col. de N. Señora de Belén.

for them, and the happy monks returned to the hill, bearing with them the sword of Ignatius.⁵

Thus far it has been easy to trace the history of the sword, for the many references on which we have based our assertions are absolutely reliable and mistrusted by none. Now comes the crux of the discussion, and it rests with us to straighten it out.

In 1671 a day of joy and thanksgiving dawned for all Catholics, but the Jesuits in Spain were especially entitled to share its great delights. It was the solemnity of the canonization of a former Viceroy of Cataluña, the glorious Francis Borgia. On the morning of the great festival thousands of devout Catholics thronged to the Church of Belén to assist at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the reverend abbot of the Monastery of Montserrat and to listen to the eloquent panegyric delivered by the Rev. Domingo Gutiérrez, a religious of the same monastery.⁶ Now, the fact that in a celebration so great and sacred to the Jesuits as this the two posts of honor were given to members of the Montserrat community shows how close and strong were the ties of friendship that bound the Jesuit Fathers of Barcelona to the Benedictine "monks on the hill." This manifest friendship goes very far in explaining the final readiness of the Benedictines to give to the Jesuits, in 1674, the treasured sword of the saintly Ignatius. Still, one thing more had to happen before the donation was made.

On the eve of the great celebration we have just mentioned St. Gertrude's altar in the Church of Belén was completely destroyed by fire. Struck at the greatness of the loss and prompted by his devotion to the saint, Father Antonio Font, a famous Jesuit of that century and much esteemed by the Cataluña nobility, appealed to Doña Maria de Camporrells for financial assistance in rebuilding the sanctuary. This pious and wealthy lady joyfully acceded to the father's request, and won over to the cause the Marquesa de Tamarit, Gertrude of Montserrat. Out of devotion to her patron saint, the Marquesa offered to readorn the interior of the chapel, and gave a silver pedestal for the statue of the saint.⁷ Father Font's expression of gratitude to her has the closest bearing on our subject. Knowing well her great devotion to St. Gertrude, he wrote to the father general of the Society of Jesus for permission to give her a precious relic of the saint kept in the Church of Belén.⁸ The Marquesa was filled with the utmost gratitude to the father for the generous promise he had made in the name of his community.

⁵ *Inventari del Monastir de N. Senyora de Montt.* Sr. Dr. Jaime Collell.

⁶ *Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén*, 1671.

⁷ *Las Casas de Relig. en Cataluña.* Sr. Dr. Cayetano de Barraquer y Roviralta, Vol. II, p. 14.

⁸ *Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén*, 1675.

While carried away by this feeling of indebtedness, she heard how anxious the Jesuits were to possess the sword of their holy founder, kept as a relic at Montserrat. The Marquesa had ever been a great benefactor of the monastery,⁹ and felt she had some claim to the generous good will of the monks. Now, did she or did she not obtain the sword from the Benedictines to give it to the Jesuits? On this rests the whole discussion.

In a letter of Father Ignatius Cant, S. J., to his provincial, the Rev. Lorenzo Van Schaone, dated from Montserrat, August 11, 1674, we read that he just had had the privilege of celebrating Mass before the statue at the feet of which St. Ignatius had left his sword. Not a single word, however, does he write of having seen the sword. But only a week later, in a letter from Barcelona to the same provincial, he states expressly: "I have seen and touched with my own hands the sword which our Holy Father, just after his conversion, hung at the altar of Our Lady of Montserrat. Our fathers here (the Jesuits of Belén) received it as a gift not long ago, and at present they keep it in the sacristy, esteeming it the best of treasures."¹⁰ Thus we see that *somebody* gave the sword to the Church of Belén *not long before* the 18th of August, 1674. This was some time after the promise made by Father Font to the Marquesa de Tamarit, for that was in 1673. Now, what caused the Benedictines of Montserrat to give the Jesuits, or allow some one else to give the Jesuits, at just *that* time, the sword they had kept so many years in spite of knowing how greatly the members of the Society of Jesus desired possession of it? Four facts seem to clear the mystery.

First of all, when Luis de Montserrat, a relative of the Marquesa de Tamarit, became abbot of the "monastery on the hill" in 1673, both he and his community desired to obtain a large relic of St. Gertrude, who was a canonized member of their order.¹¹ Knowing that the Marquesa had been promised one by her friend the Jesuit, they turned to her as a possible source for obtaining the sought-for treasure. Then we have Father Cant's assertion that the Jesuits in Barcelona received the sword of their holy founder not long before the 18th of August, 1674. Next we learn that Father Font, having been granted the necessary permission, gave the Marquesa the promised relic in 1675.¹² Finally we read in the "Libro de los Bienhechores de Montserrat:" "1685, June. In this same month and year Father Joseph Sellerés, the procurator of this monastery at Madrid, sent a heart of crystal, lined with gold, in which lay a

⁹ Libro de los Bienhechores de Montserrat, M. S., 1685.

¹⁰ Acta Sanctorum, VII., p. 791.

¹¹ San Ignacio en Barcelona; P. Juan Creixell, S. J., p. 160.

¹² Hist. M. S. del Col. de Belén, 1675.

relic of St. Gertrude given by Doña Gertrude de Camporrells." The Doña, we may remark, was none other than the generous Marquesa de Tamarit, who at times was called by the name given in the quotation.¹³ Thus it seems that the abbot, in return for the many acts of charity hitherto heaped on his community by the Marquesa de Tamarit, and from an eager desire to obtain from her the unusually large relic promised by the Jesuits, yielded the sword of Ignatius to her with the understanding that she would give the relic of St. Gertrude to the monastery. The Marquesa then gave Ignatius' sword to the Jesuits, and later on fulfilled the promise to the Benedictines by sending them St. Gertrude's relic. True, there are no historical documents that directly and absolutely authenticate this conclusion. But do not the Marquesa's gratitude to the fathers of Belén, her claim to the generosity and good will of the Benedictines of Montserrat, her knowledge of that community's earnest desire to possess the relic promised her and the peculiar concurrence of the several dates just given satisfactorily link the chain of historical evidence that has been broken so unaccountably?

But, you say, there seems no concurrence of dates. Ten years elapsed between the gift of the sword to the Jesuits and the reception of St. Gertrude's relic at the Monastery of Montserrat. This is certainly true. But since we have documents positively asserting that the two gifts were finally made, and since we know absolutely the relations of gratitude and good will that existed between the three parties concerned, this lacuna proves nothing more than that there was a hitch or deliberate delay of some kind on the part either of the Marquesa or of the procurator in Madrid. In no way does it disprove that the exchange was finally accomplished. Our conclusion, we think, still remains untouched—that the prospect of obtaining St. Gertrude's relic from the Marquesa de Tamarit led the community at Montserrat to give her St. Ignatius' sword, and that there was an understanding between the two parties that St. Gertrude's relic was finally to be given to the monastery in exchange for Ignatius' sword.

But it is here we meet our most strenuous adversary. His attack, strange to say, is not directed against the gap of time that exists between the two gifts, but he denies outright that the "monks on the hill" ever gave away St. Ignatius' sword. The honorable Señor Muntadas is a staunch defender of the principle that "a thing cannot be and not be at the same time," and hence he declares in his work on the sword of Ignatius that "*such* an exchange of relics is a

¹³ *Notas hist. de la Espada de San Ignacio*; D. Mac. Golferichs, p. 11. *Allegat. Juris*, XVIII. (archives of Sr. Marques de Dou).

myth."¹⁴ "Mary, do not tell me that you have the breakfast steak in the kitchen, for I have just seen Fido eating it in the back yard." Such seems a parallel to his argument. He admits that there may have been an exchange of relics towards the year 1685, but he absolutely denies that Ignatius' sword was the relic exchanged by the Montserrat community. "For that sword," he says, "was still at Montserrat in 1811, and that year it was destroyed by fire when the whole monastery perished in flames." Crushing argumentation, provided Señor Muntadas can prove that the sword actually was destroyed by fire in the Monastery of Montserrat in 1811. What, then, is his fully developed proof? It may be thus translated and summed up:

In 1608, at the Monastery of Montserrat, a rapier was seen by a certain Señor Villanueva, who had gone there to examine the various relics in possession of the monks. The rapier was fitted out with a guard and cross-guard and richly ornamented with fleur-de-lis. It had been at the monastery for years and years. No one had ever heard of its being exchanged for any relic whatever. "This sword," writes Señor Villanueva, "was that of St. Ignatius of Loyola."¹⁵ Now, Señor Villanueva seems certain of this statement. If, then, the sword of Ignatius had been exchanged for the relic of St. Gertrude, he could never have said that it had never "been exchanged for any relic whatever." Señor Villanueva adds, moreover, that no mention could be found of this sword of St. Ignatius ever being removed from the monastery after 1806. *Therefore*, the sword of St. Ignatius perished in the fire of 1811, and hence the exchange of relics mentioned above is all a myth.

We do not like to find fault with Señor Muntadas' argumentation, nor to belittle the authority of Señor Villanueva. But really the sword described by the latter could not possibly have been that of St. Ignatius. First of all, Señor Villanueva says that Loyola's sword was adorned with fleur-de-lis. Now, Ignatius was not of French extraction. Not a drop of French blood flowed in his veins. Owing, moreover, to the great hostilities then raging between France and his own beloved fatherland, he detested even the least thing that savored of the French. Why, then, should he, so noble and so loyal a Spaniard; he who in 1521 was fighting with all the strength of his body and all the power of his mind against the invading troops of France; he who in the thickest of Pampeluna's battle leaped to the summit of the walls and with hatred for the French burning in his breast, urged his Spanish followers to withstand the attacks of the enemy until victory should crown their bravery or the very

¹⁴ Montserrat, edicion de Manresa, 1871.

¹⁵ Viaje literario á las iglesias de España; LIV., p. 142.

last son of Spain should perish in the strife; why should he, I ask, always carry at his side and wear in the Spanish courts, in the midst of the most loyal princes of the realm, a sword adorned with a symbol which, at that time, was absolutely typical of the French? We must remember it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that French influence began to be felt in Spain to such an extent that the noblemen began, one by one, to adopt the fleur-de-lis as an ornament for the guard of their sword.

Besides, how can Señor Muntadas expect the testimony of Villanueva to withstand and overthrow the testimonies of the many historical writers who, from the very beginning of the eighteenth century (one hundred years, notice, before Villanueva ever visited the monastery), up to the present time have traced the history of the sword received by the Jesuits of the Church of Belén in 1674, and who unanimously affirm that it can be none other than that of the soldier-saint? Had the relic been one of only passing note, we might suspect the absolute correctness of these historians and put more faith in the assertion of Villanueva. But so many ecclesiastical historians have mentioned the sword in their works that no one can doubt that it was, in the century past, an object of much interest and comment at least to the Catholics of Southwestern Europe. Hence we feel compelled to look on Señor Muntadas' argument, based merely on the testimony of Villanueva, as by far the weaker side of the discussion. But who are those historians that have written so clearly about the sword of Ignatius? The question is a fair one and deserves at least a brief answer.

Don Pedro Serra y Postius, famous in Spain for his historical works, visited the Monastery of Montserrat in 1707. Afterwards, in his "Epítome histórico del portentoso Santuario y Real Monasterio de Montserrate" he gives a detailed and interesting account of his trip. "Brother Isidro Vidal, the sacristan," he says, "allowed me to take note of the many relics kept in the monastery," and he goes on to mention all the precious objects of veneration he saw. Yet in this long enumeration we find no mention of St. Ignatius' sword. And, what is more to the point, after naming all the relics he saw, he expressly states that "St. Ignatius of Loyola had left his sword at Our Lady's altar in the monastery before setting out to found the Society of Jesus." Now, if the sword was in the monastery at the time, why did he not mention not having seen it, instead of merely stating that Ignatius had once left it there? We find the reason in a later work,¹⁶ where the same author declares that "the Church of Our Lady of Belén has the sword which St. Ignatius of Loyola hung as a trophy on the altar of Our Lady of

¹⁶ *Historia Ecclesiastica de Cataluña*.

Montserrat." Thus one historian, in both a negative and positive manner, disproves the assertion which Villanueva afterwards made, and hence renders futile Señor Muntadas' consequent objection.

Some two years after Don Pedro Serra y Postius had published the first of two works just mentioned, the Bollandists, in the seventh volume of their celebrated "*Acta Sanctorum*," mentioning the incidents of Ignatius' life, quote as historically true Father Cant's letter to his provincial, which we have given some pages above. Thus they also affirm that Ignatius' sword, after being in the Benedictine Monastery for very many years, was transferred to the Jesuits' Church of Our Lady of Belén in 1674.

Six years then elapsed before any further historical testimony was given of the sword of the soldier saint. At the end of that period Father Francis Fluviá, the prefect of the Church of Belén, published his life of St. Ignatius. In it he says, "At Barcelona, in is the one he formerly offered to Our Lady of Montserrat."¹⁷ Thus is the one he formerly offered to Our Lady of Montserrat."¹⁷ Thus is Señor Villanueva contradicted time and again.

Not many years after the publication of Father Fluviá's work the murky clouds of pitiless persecution gathered thickly over the Spanish kingdom. The whole world saw the onrushing storm and trembled for its future victims. In 1767 it burst, and of all the Spanish Catholics, the Jesuit fathers were the first to know its terrors. Unmercifully they were swept from the Spanish realm. Their churches were closed, their schools confiscated; every speck of their property was seized by the Government. The doors of the Church of Our Lady of Belén were sealed; but by some special providence of God not one of its relics was removed. Twenty-one years later, when the fury of persecution had calmed, the Bishop of Barcelona, José Clement, got possession of the church, and on taking an inventory of the relics, he found among them the sword of the soldier saint.¹⁸

For almost twoscore years the Jesuits were unable to return to Spain; and when at last Ferdinand VII. permitted them to resume their former labors in the realm, what bitter sorrow was theirs on learning that the Church of Our Lady of Belén, with its precious relic of their holy founder, would not be given back to them! It was a cruel blow, and many a Barcelonian sympathized deeply with them. But how few, if any, realized how many years would elapse before the fathers would regain their rightful possession of the sword! Several years slipped by, and then a change took place in the jurisdiction of the Church of Belén. The record of it affords us

¹⁷ Book V.

¹⁸ Archivo particular de la Mitra de Barcelona.

another testimony that the sword of Ignatius was never returned to the Monastery of Montserrat, but remained in the church formerly owned by the Jesuits. In his well-known "Diccionario-geográfico-estadístico-histórico de España," Don Pascual Madoz says: "The Church of Our Lady of Belén, which formerly had been attached to the Jesuit fathers, became a parochial church in 1875. Though consisting of one nave only, it is very large and has several spacious chapels. Of these the richest is that of St. Ignatius, where several relics of the saint are kept. Among them is the sword he left at Montserrat before starting out for Manresa."¹⁹

In the face of all these testimonies, given by so many men, living at different times and in different circumstances of life, every one of whom declares that St. Ignatius' sword had been transferred from Montserrat to the Church of Our Lady of Belén, and there had remained until 1835 at least, how can Señor Muntadas expect us to believe that the sword never was given to the Church of Belén, but always remained with the monks of Montserrat; that "the exchange of relics is all a myth;" that the sword was finally destroyed by fire at Montserrat in 1811?

As years after years rolled by, the Jesuits longed more and more to regain the sword of their holy founder. Now one, now another, might be seen dropping in at the Church of Our Lady of Belén, to kneel with the other devotees of the saint and venerate his sacred relic. Finally on the 2d of February, 1907, Father Juan Creixell é Iglesias, a most devoted son of Ignatius, who had spent many years in a close study of the life of the soldier saint, finding some who still doubted that the sword in the Church of Belén was really that of Ignatius, published his excellent and very accurate historical work, "San Ignacio en Barcelona," in the pages of which are found a very close tracing of the sword's history to the end of the year 1906, and proofs not only that the sword in the Church of Belén was that of the soldier saint, but that none other could have been his sword.

A few days after this work was published the good old Father Joaquin Carles, S. J., one of the most ardent venerators of Ignatius' sword, received the last sacraments in the College of the Sacred Heart at Barcelona. How he ever had longed to talk of the sword; how frequent had been his visits to its shrine in the Church of Belén; how earnest had been his desire and how fervent his appeals to God that the sword would be given back to the Jesuits who loved it so dearly! Even as he lay on his death-bed, his thoughts reverted to it; and when one of the fathers brought him a copy of Father Creixell's newly published work, his face flushed

¹⁹ Vol. II., p. 524.

for a moment and his eyes sparkled with joy. He asked that the fifteenth chapter, which treats of the sword in an especial manner, be read to him; and then begged that he be allowed to hold in his trembling hands until death, the sword he had so often venerated. Unfortunately, the last request could not be granted; for the thread of his life was snapped before the sword could be procured for him. But the one thing he had so often prayed for, and which had been refused him by God in life, was granted after his death.

A day or so after the good father had been laid to rest, the reverend pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Belén felt an irresistible impulse to give the Jesuits their founder's sword. Not that any one had asked him to do so; not that any one had even mentioned the sword to him. He simply was filled with a great desire to donate the sword to the Jesuits' Church of the Sacred Heart in Barcelona. After a few days he called a meeting of the Junta de Obra de la Parroquia and told the members of his proposed donation. To his surprise, they were in unanimous accord with his plans. So on the 25th of March, 1907, the three hundred and eighty-fifth anniversary of St. Ignatius' vigil-at-arms before Our Lady's altar at Montserrat, the sword of the soldier saint was given back to his loving and devoted sons, the Jesuits of the Church of the Sacred Heart.²⁰

Thus occurred the scene described in the beginning of this article, and thus is explained the great joy of all Barcelona's Catholics that day, as the truly triumphal procession drew near the Church of the Sacred Heart. It was a triumph of patience, a triumph of prayer, a triumph of justice and love. All participated in the joy that overflowed the hearts of the fathers. Not even one-third of the vast concourse that thronged the streets to witness the procession could enter the church for the ceremonies accompanying the donation. But as soon as the sword was placed in the rich reliquary of brass standing near the main altar, thousands and thousands of the faithful formed into an unbroken line, waiting their turn to kneel in veneration before it and to implore the favor and protection of its erstwhile saintly owner. There it remains to-day, an object of widespread devotion. Some, it is true, still doubt of its being Ignatius' sword, and, doubting, refuse to venerate. But day after day many Catholics may be seen visiting the Church of the Sacred Heart to kneel and humbly pray before the sword of the soldier saint.

P. A. Roy, S. J.

Woodstock, Md.

²⁰ *Notas hist. de la Espada de San Ignacio*, D. Mac. Golferichs, page 28.

PICTURE TEACHING.

I.

THAT a man who is himself known to be a writer of romances, and also a writer in newspapers, should treat of the mission of novels and of the press is natural, but I would like to speak now of another matter not connected with any activities of my own.

The great importance of novels in the modern world is, I believe, a thing that must be now recognized: the great importance of the press has been fully recognized by the highest ecclesiastical authorities, more than recognized—strenuously insisted upon. But the importance to which newspapers and novels have attained is comparatively recent, and, unfortunately, is principally due to the fact that they are immeasurably more read than any other printed matter. That fact I, for one, deplore; nevertheless it cannot be ignored. Hence the enormous importance of trying to provide a Catholic press that shall really rival in attraction that which is not only non-Catholic, but un-Catholic, and to provide the huge body of fiction readers with novels, tales, romances, etc., which shall be at least harmless to Catholic readers, and shall not be obnoxious to the many great objections that the mass of non-Catholic current fiction may be accused of. But there is another sphere of influence, of absolutely recent growth and of daily increasing extension.

Quite young people must remember the time when picture shows were of no importance; people who are scarcely middle-aged can remember a time when such shows did not exist at all. Already any considerable town in the "civilized" world is full of them, and even in the smaller towns and in villages they are seen and will soon be more and more seen. Villagers crowd into the towns near to them to see these shows; and we are told that as much money is spent in seeing them as used to be spent on drink. Probably that statement is short of the truth, for thousands of decent and quiet folk, who never did spend much of their wages in drink, see no objection to buying this easy form of recreation.

A man need not be a rabid teetotaler to say that it is better money should be spent in seeing picture shows than in getting drunk. Drunkenness is not only a sin in itself, but leads to other sins, and the drunkard, apart from his own shame, is only too likely to make others miserable. Nevertheless, it is not our present business to pursue that comparison.

What concerns us now is the plain fact of the enormous hold picture shows have in a very few years acquired over hundreds of

millions of men, women and children. There is no likelihood whatever of any decrease in that hold, but every probability of its rapid extension. A picture show is nearly as cheap as a newspaper; cheaper than all except the cheapest books, and cheaper, I suppose, than getting drunk; and it appeals to immense numbers who do not care for reading, even newspapers, and to immense numbers who are in no danger of intemperance; i. e., of excess in drinking.

Anything of such universal popularity must be of immense significance, and all the more so that it is not a mere game. Though sought simply as a recreation, it must exercise that influence possessed by any form of teaching, and it is obvious that it does teach. Of course, all teaching is not education; if you teach a lad to tell lies you are not educating him, and though you teach another lad familiarity with violence, craft, murder or fraud, you are not educating him, either. Many newspapers are daily teaching these things to young and old. But there are numbers of children who do not yet care to read even the most morbidly sensational newspaper who do naturally frequent picture shows. Unquestionably they are being taught—some things. So are their elder brothers and sisters, and their parents, too.

It would be hard to imagine an easier way of learning than sitting still in a picture palace and watching the show upon the screen. Millions are so learning every day throughout the world.

Can it then be a matter of trivial consequence what sort of things are being so taught to learners of every age, of every degree of capacity or the lack of it?

Nothing we have could be much more didactic than the picture show. Hardly anything, hardly the press and the penny novel, are actually teaching so universally and so surely. What does it teach? To answer such a question adequately would require the testimony of an enormous number of witnesses. Any single witness can only give the result of his own personal experience; to reach anything like a fair and candid judgment his report would have to be compared with those of countless thousands of other witnesses. The present writer lives in the depths of the country, and seldom stirs thence; previously he was stationed in a small but very populous island of the Mediterranean. In that latter place the religion of the country is Catholic, and the ecclesiastical authorities are by no means powerless in the matter of censorship; an immoral newspaper could not exist there, immoral books could only be sold secretly, and would come into very few hands. But the number of picture shows is astounding, and bears witness to their growth of influence; there immense numbers who never read even newspapers are assiduous witnesses of the shows of the picture palace. Well, a

"film" that could be definitely branded as "immoral" would speedily be suppressed; speedily, but hardly instantly. Before its withdrawal could be demanded it would have been seen by many—and duly reported against. But other places are not so circumstanced. Very few places in the modern world are so circumstanced. And really obviously and intentionally immoral films are common enough in thousands of cities and towns all over Europe and America. But, short of that, there are many more that would not, perhaps, be so described; that even a censor might find it hard to forbid without being violently accused of squeamishness, that nevertheless are most fatally "suggestive."

I myself saw one of the sort recently. It had rather a pious title, and was supposed to be all on the side of the angels. It was intended to draw precisely the sort of audience that would not go and look at wicked pictures. Schools and "educational establishments" were admitted on special terms. All the same, a large number of the scenes were erotic, and the religious surroundings made them worse. The combination or attenuation of a sensational religiosity with "several suggestions" was repulsive. But, then, it would not repel those who happened to lack the instinct that made it repulsive, and it seemed to me plain that almost everybody there thought it all right, and even edifying. Personally I should have thought an admittedly "naughty film" less dangerous. Pious parents, and schoolmasters and schoolmistresses would not have taken their young people to see an "improper" show. So far as I could see, the sort of films usually shown in the island of which I speak were of three classes. There was a class that was professedly "educative;" one saw the process of making motor cars, or silk, or hot-cross buns; the history of tea was shown from China or Ceylon to the teacup; the course of the Nile or of the Mississippi was traced from the source to the sea; æroplaning was exhibited, and diving for pearls; one could stand in the fair at Nijni Novgovod or on the top of the Falls of Niagara; one took part in an elephant hunt, and also in the election of a Mexican President. It was all intensely instructive to a people that lived upon a tiny pearl set in the sapphire midland sea and had mostly seen nothing anywhere else. The frozen North and the eager West were brought to them as nothing else could have done it. Fruits of travel were thrown, ready plucked, into their laps who might never hope to travel twenty miles. And things specially appealing to them were shown to them, things they would long to see, and could, for the most part, hardly expect to see; there was the metropolis of their faith, Rome, and the palace of its august head. They saw him bless crowds of pilgrims from his

balcony, and they themselves might feel almost as though they, too, were present and sharing in that paternal benediction.

No one could help realizing what a window into the great world was being opened—for a penny or two—to these watching folk, to whom North and West and East were but names. A wider sense of brotherhood might well spring from this unlooked-for encounter with men of every race from noting what was diverse and what was identical.

And there were history pageants that opened another window into the past; geography pageants that brought down thither to that little place Alps and glaciers, forests and great lakes, cities with streets of water and hamlets whose houses were like beehives built of bricks of snow, and others that made the untraveled islander know of strange beasts and birds, monstrous reptiles and fishes bigger than boats—which else might have been to them no more intelligible than the names of Behemoth and Leviathan.

I for one gloried in thinking how thus some shreds of that intense delight of travel that is so peculiarly a prerogative of the rich and of the leisured were so cheaply given for the sharing of the poor and toil-tired.

I say all this, perhaps at tedious length, lest it should seem that I am blind to the enormous power for beneficence lying in the grip of this new thing that has become a salient feature of current life. That power seems to me so vast that I can only long to see it more and more profitably used; that any teaching power so potent should be neglected would be a most lamentable indolence.

Was it really Luther who said: "Why should the devil have all the good times?" If it was he, then it is only another illustration of the fact that no one incapable of shrewd and true remark could ever be a redoubtable teacher against truth.

Why should we leave the picture influence to the devil, without a struggle, any more than the music teaching? Myriads who care for no music, good or bad, are being influenced by the picture shows.

The second class of pictures following the frankly didactic consisted of representations of "sport," *e. g.*, of football matches, boxing competitions, and so on. And one can say little about them beyond what would be said of the real thing. Those who are sure that it is altogether a good thing for vast numbers of people to spend their leisure from work in watching others play a game; or box, or wrestle or run races without doing these things themselves will be almost equally certain that it is an excellent thing, as far as it goes, to watch them in dumb show in a picture theatre.

But the third class of picture is that which, for most of those who frequent these shows, forms apparently the principal attraction. It may be called a story, and may be a sort of novel, a sort of play or a sort of farce. There is much more to be said about this class of "film" because of its very wide scope and variety. There is no reason why the novel, or play or farce should not be excellent; perhaps they often are excellent. But personally I have seen few, perhaps none, that could be so called. To begin with the least important, the farces have been commonly poor, mean and vulgar, which a farce need not be. There has been little appeal to any real sense of humor, any healthy, though perhaps boisterous, spirit of fun. Nevertheless, they may, for aught I know, be as good in these respects as the farces current in real theatres. If they be less amusing, it must be borne in mind that it is all dumb show, and extreme art is necessary to make action without word really comic.

I am quite willing to admit that a picture farce, unless it be indecent, though not really humorous, may be harmless enough. Of course, I personally think it a pity that a false idea of fun, instead of a true one, should be taught, as it must be taught, in this way. The more people learn to imagine that the road to laughter is vulgar, or half-cruel or half-brutal the worse for laughter and for them. For folk must laugh, and it is an abdication of right teaching to let them stick in the belief that the ways to it are sordid and ugly.

But many, very, very many of the farces are open to deeper objections, objections which must appeal to those who are not greatly concerned about the dignity of humor, the use and abuse of fun, the duty of vindicating the non-Puritan attitude towards such merriment. For some of the farces are actually indecent, and a much larger number, without any frank and flagrant fault of that kind, are immoral in this way—the thing at which laughter is intended to rise is something essential to decent and wholesome life; for instance, marriage and the sanctity of conjugal fidelity. There are no verbal jokes, no obscene words; the joke consists in the cheating of a husband or of a wife; the laughter is against the dupe and on the side of the scamp who deceives him. This, as Macaulay pointed out, was the worst sin of the Restoration dramatists. That the talk they put into the mouths of their characters was grossly indecent was bad enough in all conscience, but they did far worse, for the whole effect of their teaching was that conjugal fidelity was a thing to scoff at and make a jeer of, that it is all a theme for laughter and that the laugh must be against the betrayed husband, and cleverness, sharpness, attrac-

tiveness—and so the sympathy—all on the side of the betrayer. So much for the farces.

The plays and stories are far more important. As for the plays, even if the best plays be represented, they are not often represented in the best way. A play which in the original really embodies a true and high teaching is so pictured that the lesson is entirely left out, and by the mere omission a totally different and opposed effect is produced on the minds of the spectators. Shakespeare's plays convey, in his words, lessons of supreme truth, sanity and wisdom, but they can be so mangled in a series of silent pictures as to teach no truth and to teach instead what is mischievous. "Hamlet" itself can be so ill handled as to preach the justice of murder; "Romeo and Juliet," as a film play, may teach lads and maidens that suicide is the only and obvious remedy for unhappy lovers. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" certainly does not glorify the crime of regicide, but his play in a picture theatre presents regicide, so to speak, without comment. But if statistics were available it would probably be found that, in the picture theatre repertoire the plays of Shakespeare occupy an inappreciable place in reference to the whole, that they barely constitute a percentage of the total sum of plays represented. It is very largely to the modern French theatre that recourse is had for themes. None that I have seen conveyed any human lesson whatever except one—that to passion and "love" everything in heaven and earth is to be sacrificed; that the business of life is exclusively not merely marrying and being given in marriage, but falling in love, and so falling as one falls over a precipice.

Many of the plays combine this morbidity of passion with another morbidity—of violence. The love interest is irritated and made more uneasy by its conjunction with tragedy, and the tragedy is crude, violent, morbid—an existant fully as dangerous and unhealthy as the other existant.

It may be said that an acted and spoken play upon the boards of an ordinary theatre may have equally mischievous results. There may be, no doubt there are, plays so acted whose result is of the same mischievous character; nevertheless, I believe that the *same* play in dumb show only is liable to *worse* effects, because it is only dumb show and there is nothing to modify and counter-balance the mere morbid violence. It is obvious that an acted play whose whole plot hinges on a murder *may*, by the author's treatment and by the words in which the story is told, teach a sane and wholesome lesson, but it is not so easy to understand how any such lesson will be taught by the crude presentiment of murder to the eyes of spectators, without any words. And it is very easy

to understand how such bald figuring of crimes of violence, without comment or explanation, may engender an unwholesome familiarity with ideas of violence and crime, a morbid interest and a diseased sympathy, for it all tends to the heroization of the criminal.

Hardly anything is more lamentably true than that this sort of heroization of criminals is being carried on to a deplorable extent by a huge section of the press all over the world to-day. The evil effects of this morbid magnification of murderers, for instance, cannot be calculated, but is already felt. Administrators of criminal justice are awake to it and speak of it with grave apprehension.

But it must be said again that many who do not read, even about murders and murderers, many who can barely read do see in picture theatres that which they have not read in print, and so grow into this most miserable intimacy with the idea of crime and violence. And the record of pictures is more lasting than that of newspapers; the hideous vogue of a murderer is a nine days' wonder so far as the press is concerned, but the pictures stereotype and perpetuate it.

And what is true of unwholesome newspapers, in this comparison is even truer of unwholesome novels. There is an enormous output of these latter, and their evil influence extends to an incalculably wide class; nevertheless it is a class. The picture theatre extends its influence beyond the limits of any classes. Perhaps not one in five hundred, or even one in a thousand, of those who frequent picture shows is a library subscriber, or even takes a book out of a public free library.

II.

Can anything be done?

Is it enough to record a protest and insinuate a warning?

Having fully recognized that this picture teaching may be immeasurably useful and that it may be immeasurably powerful for mischief, is there nothing to be attempted? Are we simply to confess that the weapon is out of our hands and that we are impotent to get hold of it?

Well, not thus have the supreme guardians of our faith and morals bidden us hold ourselves in reference to the press. Alive to its vast influence, the late and the present Sovereign Pontiffs did not open their mouths much to say that it is a huge inimical force of which we must beware, before which we are to tremble for our souls and sit still in idle dread.

If one should say that it would be a vain and futile dream to hope that the Catholic Church could ever get into her hands the picture theatres of the whole world; may we not retort that it

would be just as wild a fancy to aim at commandeering the world's press in the interests of religion and truth. But not on that account are we allowed to believe that there is no use in trying to do anything. The non-Catholic, un-Catholic and anti-Catholic press we have been urgently called upon to oppose in every country by a press of our own in the first place as an antidote for the use of our own people, but not that only in the last place, too. The scope of the Catholic press is to be not only domestic, but missionary as well. We certainly cannot at present aspire to a strategic occupation of the world's press; but we are bidden to set up our own citadels, redoubts and outposts and not to be content unless we are continually multiplying them, occupying new posts and making the old ones more and more effective.

We cannot, of course, hope to monopolize the picture teaching of the world, but we can try to get our share of it, to enlarge our share industriously everywhere to get hold of this weapon also, and make it more and more operative in our hands. Nor would it appear that such an enterprise would be either so difficult or so costly as the other enterprise—of opposing a Catholic press to a non-Catholic or anti-Catholic press. Every large undertaking is largely expensive, but there does not seem to be any reason why this undertaking should be so costly that the cost would be plainly prohibitive.

The capital necessary for opening and maintaining a picture show is nothing near that of inaugurating and carrying on a newspaper. Thousands of towns that could not possibly keep half a dozen local newspapers afloat already possess a dozen picture theatres, all of which are making good profits. Only large towns attempt a *daily* press of their own; in such large towns there are innumerable picture halls. A successful newspaper demands not only large capital, but something more; it cannot keep going without much skill and a certain fund of talent to draw upon, which is not often available locally. A Catholic newspaper in an inconsiderable town, or in a large town where the Catholic population is not considerable, has at least three great difficulties to face—meagre support, *i. e.*, a feeble subscription, lack of easily available talent in contributors and the impossibility of obtaining the number of advertisements essential even to solvency.

A local picture theatre suffers barely, or not at all, from such difficulties. People who would not spend one penny a week on a newspaper are ready to spend many pennies a week on this easy form of recreation; the manager, like the editor, must have a knowledge of his business, but he needs no staff of equal capacity; nor must he find his stuff close at hand. The advertising of his

own show is essential, but it is not costly, as is that of the advertising of a newspaper, and he is by no means dependent for his profit on advertisements of other people's wares.

No doubt there would be a need for large expenditure over and above that involved in the installation of the picture shows; there would be the heavy cost of film production. But it should be remembered that *that* cost would not fall on each picture theatre, wherever it might be, in Catholic hands. For just as the same films are used in hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of the existing establishments, so would the same films, once produced, be available for use in any number of our own establishments. And it should also be borne in mind that picture theatres in Catholic hands would not have to depend for their *whole repertoire* on films specially produced for them, since an immense number of the series of which we spoke above as the first, or frankly instructive, class might very profitably be used by us; the geographical, ethnological, industrial and zoölogical films already existant would serve our turn perfectly.

It would seem that this matter is one which might very usefully engage the attention of those who are zealously concerning themselves with the apostolate of the laity. An enormous number of earnest and capable laymen, and laywomen, too, are occupied all over the world in the production and promulgation of our Catholic press, and they are backed, as regards the sinews of war, to a large extent by other Catholic laymen who, not themselves writers, are willing to give financial help.

For such a campaign as we are suggesting no doubt much would be required—tact, aptitude, taste, energy, business capacity and financial means. But there is no reason for doubting the possibility of finding all of these. And as regards the money question, I must repeat that the difficulty need not be so great as it must be in relation to the press. Many influential Catholic papers of high quality are owned by Catholics, or groups of Catholics, who scarcely even hope to receive any financial return from their expenditure; by the time editors, contributors, printers and the management staff are paid, and rent is paid, and cost of distribution is paid, very little, if anything at all, is often left for the owner by way of interest on his invested capital. Yet such papers continue and have continued for many years; their owners are content to regard their outlay as a contribution to the Catholic cause.

In the undertaking here suggested we believe that the cost would be far less and the reasonable hope of return far more secure than the campaign would not only soon support itself, but show a profit also. One ground of that belief may be very easily stated. A Catholic magazine or newspaper anywhere must look for support,

i. e., for subscribers or buyers, practically among Catholics alone; non-Catholics are hardly ever regular subscribers to or even occasional buyers of Catholic journals or periodicals. But if a picture theatre in Catholic hands and admitting to its *repertoire* only films such as the Catholic conscience would approve were opened in any city or town it is impossible to believe that none but Catholics would frequent it; on the contrary, it would almost certainly be the case that it would be frequented by more non-Catholics than Catholics. If it be objected that even where a town possessed its Catholic picture theatre numbers of Catholics would go on visiting the non-Catholic picture shows, we may reply that so do Catholics go on buying and reading non-Catholic papers in towns where there is a Catholic paper.

And if, again, it should be urged that a picture theatre which was exclusively religious would never be frequented by anybody, we would say, "Who talks of anything of the kind?" We have no such idea. What we suggest is the provision of picture theatres providing entertainment free from the objections indicated as existing elsewhere. That there would be room for more than mere amusement we believe to be proved by the fact, already noted, that even as things are, the confessedly didactic films are far from being unpopular or unappreciated; and further, we believe that there would be ample scope for definite religious teaching. One of our most brilliant writers and speakers attended at a recent Catholic congress to an artisan who told him that but for the cinematograph he would never have heard of Jesus Christ! With picture shows of our own many more might be taught concerning Him and to better purpose, and be taught also of other matters involved in His stay while on earth and since. The history film alike opens out an inexhaustible field of intense interest as well as of invaluable instruction. The history of the Pope, for instance, is only the story of Christendom told from within, instead of being jumbled from without. And no one who has perceived the eager appreciation accorded "The Miracle," whether as acted or as shown in pictures, can have a shadow of doubt that the stories of many saints and martyrs would provide themes as inexhaustible as general history and as attractive as any novel or secular play. The provision of Catholic picture shows all the world over is, then, we say again, neither a wild scheme of impossible realization nor an undertaking so arduous and so perilous that it need appall us.

But while that, we firmly believe, should be done, there are other things that need not be left undone. Over the existing picture theatres much more influence should be brought to bear than has been at present attempted, and this, in very many instances, we

could effect by coöperation with non-Catholics. There are many causes of vital importance in which we cannot coöperate with any but our fellow-Catholics; nay, more, in which coöperation with non-Catholics has grave risks, to which I, for one, am keenly alive. Nevertheless the most loyal, scrupulous and cautious Catholics do join hands in certain matters of public interest and utility with outsiders; and, *ad interim* at least, this matter would appear to be precisely one in which their assistance might safely and effectually be sought.

There are almost everywhere plenty of men and women of weight who, without believing as we believe, would feel very strongly the objection to familiarizing the young (or the old, either, for that matter) with the ideas of crime, violence and low standards as to marriage, and by their help we might exercise a power quite as effectual on the side of what is wholesome and of good repute as any official censorship is ever likely to exercise. And by their aid, as also by our own individual effort, we might do much more than has yet been done in the formation of a just and sane public opinion in this connection.

It would be cowardly and indolent to do nothing because it might seem hopeless to succeed everywhere and altogether. No vigilance committees have secured the total suppression of vice anywhere; they can but do their best, and their best is better than nothing. No censorship has ever put down all immoral books, but many immoral books are suppressed, and to suppress objectionable picture shows is less difficult than to destroy an evil book, because they work in public and the worst books can only be sold in secret; indeed, it may almost be said that the worst books are only sold to them who are at pains to seek them out. Nor is local effort very powerful against a book that is objectionable, but local effort could be made almost omnipotent against an objectionable picture show.

How much more might be said on the theme here attempted goes without saying; what is here written is only by way of suggestion for others to enlarge, sift and correct.

JOHN AYS COUGH.

SOME TYPES AND ANTETYPES IN ART, LITURGY AND NATURE.

SO deep a root in the heart of the people the beliefs of the Christian religion obtained in mediæval days that they are found reëchoed in numerous ways to-day amongst many to whom the dogmatic enunciation that they embodied is now either unknown or little valued. In every department of life we may still find remains to remind us, for example, of the ardent devotion that once prevailed universally toward the Virgin Mother, testifying to the high honor and veneration in which she was held. In architecture, painting, carving, literature, music, the folklore of natural history, her name, figure or praise is perpetually to be met with, and to record instances in any one of these would require a volume. "I will have your church tower knocked down," said Jean Bon Saint André to the Maire of a Breton village during the French Revolution, "that you may have no object to recall to you your old superstitions." "Anyhow, you will have to leave us the stars," replied the peasant, "and those we can see further off than our church tower." So it was in England and other lands at the Reformation; the churches might be stripped and the figures of the saints thrown down from the niche and wayside shrine, almost every architectural trace in stone, wood, glass or wall painting might be removed, the voice of the old teaching might be hushed in death, yet on through the generations down have come those old names of Lady chapel, Lady wood, Lady well, Lady day, and many a Marybad, Ladybird or other title for familiar things once cherished and understood and told to the children until time wore out all love and significance save to the remnant of the ancient faith of the land.

Perhaps nothing shows more vividly this intimate affection that existed in past ages than the number of names that still exist connected with plants in the folklore of what are now Protestant lands, in common use with those countries that remain Catholic. So numerous are they and so allied to every detail of Mary's life and mission that they could only have originated in minds in the habit of contemplating her continually, and with the simplicity of a loving faith forming the picture of her woman's life and perfections without forgetting her lofty office in the work of man's redemption. These names, like all traditional lore, are not those of an individual writer's fancy or of any private use, but are found to prevail throughout every part of Christendom. The artists in sculpture and in glass, the painters on walls and missal page,

the mystery plays and carols, all must have assisted the popular mind to realize many an ideal, but the thoughts that these inspired must have been assimilated in the minds of the beholders to a degree that only habitual contemplation could produce, enabling them to carry the image into the fields at their daily toil, so as spontaneously to recognize memorials among the trees and plants growing about their quiet ways.

Affection always resorts to nature, and especially to flowers, to express itself in a homely fashion, and their imagery is employed universally and constantly in all literature, whether sacred or profane. In the fervent ages of any faith the employment of symbols is a natural mode of expression, endowing some object with a meaning far higher than itself, making it a sign much more than an image, with the function primarily of being instructive, while not necessarily beautiful. For its value it depends far less on its suitability than on its general acceptance, its historic worth in the lives of generations of men. "All forms and ornaments and images," wrote Mr. Ruskin, "have a moral meaning as a natural one. Yet out of all a restricted number chosen for an alphabet are recognized always as given letters, of which one familiar scripture is adopted by generation after generation."

A pregnant source of mediæval teaching was that by type and antetype, prophecy and fulfillment, and it was one most popularly appreciated, providing subjects for sculpture, glass, etc., and forming a *Biblia Pauperum* of an instructive and fascinating character. It is strange that with the revival of ecclesiastical decoration during the last half-century or more that we do not see a return in design to the use of many of those venerable types that prevailed in the fertile periods of the thirteenth and succeeding ages—then they were by no means confined to churches alone, as may be seen abroad in both civic and domestic buildings. We propose to take four instances of these and show how they occurred not only in the liturgy and art of the time, but were recalled in nature to the eyes of the pious beholder.

One of the most favorite of these types was that of the Burning Bush—the *Rubus Visionis* of Sinai, "in which God spake to Moses," the bush aflame yet unconsumed, where type and antetype were often combined by enthroning the Maiden Mother amid the fiery branches of the tree. Practically it was the illustration of the words of the Creed, "Born of the Virgin Mary." Chaucer opens his "Prioress' Tale" with the invocation:

O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O Bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight.

and explains its significance in his "ABC:"

Moyses, that saugh the Bush with flaumes rede
 Brenninge, of which ther never a stikke brende,
 Was signe of thyn unwemoned maldenhede,
 Thou art the Bush on which ther gan descende
 The Holy Gost, the which that Moyses wende
 Had ben a-fyr: and this was in a figure.
 Now, lady, from the fyr thou us defende
 Which that in helle eternally shel dure.

This type was one of those used in those Great Antiphons which are marked by especial prominence and dignity in the novena, or nine days preceding the high festival of Christmas and known as the "Great O's." In Benedictine monasteries they are intoned in succession by the several important officers of the house, the first being allotted to the abbot and that on the second day to the prior and so forth. This one we refer to is the prior's, and commences as they all do with an O: "O Adonai, et dux domus Israel, Qui Moysi in igne flammae rubi apparuisti, et ei in Sina legem dedisti: Veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento."

There is another series of wonderful antiphons sung at Lauds on the octave of Christmas, the Purification and on Saturdays in the office of the Blessed Virgin, in which occurs the explanation of this type which Chaucer knew: "Rubum, quem Viderat Moyses in combustum, conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem virginitatem: Dei genitrix, intercede pro nobis." So in the ancient twelfth-century glass remaining in Canterbury Cathedral may be seen "Moyses cum rubo," with the corresponding antetype, "Angelus cum Maria," and beneath the words, "Rubus non consumitur tua nec comburitur in carne virginitas." In the *Biblia Pauperum* we have the same type, with the Nativity as its complement. An interesting picture is extant that was wont to be attributed to the hand of René, Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, father of our amazonian Queen Margaret of Anjou; he presented it as a votive offering to the Carmelite Church of the Saviour at Aix, in Provence, the capital city of his dominions, where it is still to be seen. It is a triptych, and on opening the doors the central compartment shows the Madonna and Child enthroned in a tree of flame; below is Moses feeding his flocks and about to take off his shoes at the bidding of an angel, with the words inscribed of the last antiphon we have quoted. This *Buisson ardent* triptych is now proved to be not by the good King René, but by Nicholas Froment, of Uzés, one of the French primitifs. It is curious to note that this ancient symbol of the Burning Bush is retained by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as its badge, with the words "Nectamen consumebatur."

The Orthodox Church of the East very constantly uses this emblem, perhaps being the more attached to it since the spot where the original stood is claimed to be marked by the celebrated Convent

of St. Katherine on Sinai, which has never been without its monastic guardians for nearly two thousand years. The piety of pre-Christian days seems to have kept sacred the scene of Jehovah's speaking to man, and in the chapel erected by the Empress Helena upon the traditional spot he who enters must, like Moses of old, obey the command, "Take off the shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Lord Lindsay in his "Travels" remarks that behind the altar of the chapel they show "not exactly the Burning Bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since, its lineal descendant;" and this is not difficult, for the Arabs of the Sinaitic peninsula firmly assert that the tree was the Sunt, representing the Hebrew seneh, sanny or schenise of Exodus and Deuteronomy, a wild acacia which abounds there, not the "towering thorn" of Keble's "Christian Year," but a tangled mass of gray foliage and white blossom, the Mimosa seneh or Nilotica, whose near ally, equally common under the name of Sayal, is the ancient Shittah (Isa. lxi., 11), better known in its plural, Shittim, from the thickets into which it extends.

With a type possessing so profound and venerated a history, so riveting to the imagination and eye of the beholder, it is not strange that christened folk of all lands sought to identify it with something in their own woods and gardens, sometimes only as an emblem, but in other cases almost as a representation. The pink hawthorn (*crataegus pyracantha*, Pers.), which they call the Egyptian thorn in Cheshire and thereabouts, and which is of Eastern origin, is known in France as *l'arbre de moïse*, or Buisson ardent. Its rosy flowers and the bright red fruit that follows make it a very suitable reminder, and in common with all thorns, which in Aryan tradition sprang from lightning, it is said to have the power to protect against the fire of heaven, which it is curious to notice in this relation, for our old adage tells us to "beware of the oak and the ash," but to "creep under the thorn, it will save you from harm." Like the acacia, it is associated in story with providing Moses' wonder-working rod, and hence is known in Germany as the "wishing thorn."

Although the holly, our Christmas tree par excellence, does not bear definitely the name of the Burning Bush, yet there can be little doubt that it is this type of the Virgin Mother that made it prominent to Christian eyes at that festival. Its flush of flaming berries, its title of the holy tree, its name in old Cornwall of "Aunt Mary's tree," "aunt" being a term of endearment in that locality, therefore they call the Virgin "Aunt Mary,"¹ all point to this connection, which renders its use so intelligible and significant at

¹ Science Gossip, 1881, p. 267.

this feast. The German and French names seem to associate it more with the "crown of thorns," but Nennich in his *Polyglot Dictionary* says: "Christdorn," etc., föll sie heissen, weil die Dornen Krone des Heilandes daraus bestanden haben soll auch hat *onan* sie für den Dornbusch, aus welchem Gott mit Moses sprach, halten wollen."

In Southern France and elsewhere they make use of the butchers' broom, box holly or knee holme (*ruscus aculeatus*), as it is variously termed, in the same manner as we do our holly at the Nativity festival; with its myrtlelike foliage and the red berries it would seem to have been selected similarly to our tree as the representative of the same type. Calendañ, its Provencal name, corresponds to our "Christmas" for the holly, while in Catalonia and the Balearic Isles it is known as *cireretas de betlem* or *del bon pastor*. In the farm and cottage gardens of Lancashire the butchers' broom is very frequently found, and is known there as the Jerusalem or Glastonbury thorn, in confusion, this latter, with that interesting natural curiosity in the south of England that blossoms on old Christmas Eve "mindful of its Lord." In the warm south of Europe not only do the large berries of the *ruscus*, with their brilliant scarlet color, keep the tree afire, but they say it exhales an etheric vapor or combustible gas which is at times so readily given off that if a light be brought near to it lambent flames play about the branches, making a very remarkable appropriateness in its selection that our holly does not present. We have not seen any scientific confirmation of this tradition, but when investigated properly these old sayings have so repeatedly been proved true that it would be not unlikely that the beautiful phenomenon would be corroborated, as we will show has been the case in our next example.

There is a very showy border perennial of our old gardens, once a great favorite, known as the Burning Bush, now more commonly spoken of as the *fraxinella* (*dichamnus fraxinella*), a native originally of the mountains of Asia Minor and the slopes of Ararat, and this is quite a natural wonder. It is about two and one-half feet high, the white variety being far more beautiful than that known as pink, having a stalk glistening with sweet stickiness which becomes a perfect fly-trap to smaller insects. Every part of the plant is redolent of fragrance, leaf, stalk, petals and husk of seed-pod, and these last retain their sweetness for months. The authoress of "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" gives the following experience: "Years ago in an old Hampshire garden I loved as a child I was taken out by my father's old gardener with my sister to see his 'Burning Bush.' I recollect as if it had been only

yesterday, that as little girls we had been allowed to sit up once till 9 to see the bush set on fire. I thought then this harmless bonfire the most wonderful thing that I had ever seen. We went out with our old nurse and saw it lighted at a distance, our old nurse holding our hands. How wonderful it seemed in the stillness of the summer's evening with no sound but the distant singing of the birds. I remember how the old gardener, who had lived with father, grandfather and great-uncle, told us the story of the Burning Bush and bade us read our Bibles, and how we believed for years afterwards that we had seen a miracle, and stood on holy ground that summer night."² And so they had, for all nature is at the same time supernatural to those who with hearts of children study it with reverence and all ground holy where God reveals to us something of Himself in His works. Happily, the old tradition of this interesting plant has not been beneath the investigation of a scientific man. Sir Edward Thorpe, C. B., F. R. S., describing in *Country Life*³ his experiments says: "There need be no doubt whatever concerning the reality of the phenomenon. When the plant is in bloom a lighted match held near one of the flower stems will cause a sheet of luminous flame to spread rapidly upwards so as to envelop the whole. The duration of the flash is only a second or so, and the flower seems little the worse for the experiment. I have not succeeded in repeating it on the same flower stem even after the interval of some days. . . . Provided the plant is in full flower, the experiment will succeed equally well in dull, cloudy or even wet weather. Nor is it essential to make the trial on the growing plant. If the flower stems are removed at the proper time and placed in water, they will show the phenomenon not less strikingly even after an interval of two or three days." The dense tufts of many erect stems in which the plant grows affords numerous opportunities of repeating the experiment; it is at its best about the Assumption (August 15), and if the time be chosen when the panicle has faded flowers at its base with some good blossoms at the top, and the light be held near the stem below, the vapor will ignite. Perhaps Sir Edward Thorpe may be led by his success in this instance to test the similar tradition to which we have alluded in connection with the *ruscus aculeatus*, since such associations as these show us how our gardens may be made as suggestive of instructive and religious teaching as the walls or windows of our churches.

Mateo de Cerezo painted for the Franciscan friars of Valladolid a picture of the Madonna seated amid the foliage of a cherry tree;

² *Ibid.*, p. 256.

³ November 9, 1912, p. 636.

it may have been in allusion to the old carol story, or more probably to his own name and to indicate the enthronement he desired to give her in his heart, but certainly if our artists would employ this type of the Burning Bush as a subject of decorative design, whether in glass, embroidery, wall painting or even in more stern material, and place the Mother Maid in clustering holly, pink hawthorn, acacia or butchers' broom, they would have not only excellent opportunities to exercise their imagination and their skill, but be in unity with the ancient tradition of christened folk. The liturgical references that we have already quoted will furnish them with many a scroll, or such words as those of an old French writer in the thirteenth or fourteenth century—

Rubus olim ardescebat
Sed nil ignis depascebat
Quin illaseus viruit.
Sic virtute spiritali
Salvo flore virginali
Virgo Deum genuit.

Perhaps amongst the types and antetypes an even more popular one was that of the radix Jesse, or tree of Jesse, certainly it was so in architectural design and in glass. It is one not so entirely neglected in modern work as our former example, since there are a few instances of it to be seen in windows. It is a subject that lends itself readily to every form of treatment in every position or material, whether it be in the work of the needle, the hammer or the brush, and only limited by the ability of the artist; it repays lavishly for inventive imagination with or without color; its symbolism, moreover, is so fundamental, being the setting forth of the doctrine of the Incarnation in the fulfillment of the prophecies that a Virgin should bear a Son born of David's line. It is perhaps the most effectively decorative design that Christian art possesses, and the genealogical tree may be seen upon every kind of space, showing how adaptable it can be made to every degree from the western front of a cathedral to the setting of a niche, or from mantling the roof over our heads to the missal page in our hands. It was a type repeatedly heard in the Church offices of the Advent season and reëchoed through the year on Lady Day in spring and at the Mary Mass from Candlemas to Pentecost—"Virga Jesse floruit: Virgo Deum et hominem genuit." On the octave day of Christmas and at the Purification was sung "Germinavit Radix Jesse, orta est stella ex Jacob, Virgo peperit Salvatorem." On the Ember Friday in Advent the words were heard of Isaias, "Egredietur virga de radice Jesse et Flos de radice ejus ascendet, et requiescat super Eum Spiritus Domini," etc., and so lovingly did writers play with the similarity of Virgo and Virga that the saintly Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres in 1007 wrote a hymn for

Mary's birthday, of which the opening lines are a paraphrase of the prophet's words:

Stirps Jesse Virgam produxit Virgoque Florem
Et super hanc Florem requiescit Spiritus almus,
Virgo Dei genitrix, virga est, flos Filius ejus.

"O Radix Jesse, Qui stas in signum populorum," etc., is the third of those "Great O" antiphons to which we have referred already as preceding the high festival of Christmas and of which the first one, "O Sapientia," is still found marked in most calendars. It is significant of that charming simplicity and human sympathy that distinguished monastic life that the duty of singing the "O Radix" antiphon and performing the duties attached thereto in the customs of each house, belonged to the hortulanus, or warden of the gardens, as upon the next day, when the "O Clavis David," etc., occurred, the cellarer, or keeper of the keys, was the officiant.

Some of the oldest glass that we have left in England is found in Canterbury and York Cathedrals, and represents parts of a Jesse window; like that at Chartres, with similar subject, it is of the twelfth century. Another graceful and artistic example is that now in St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, which was originally given between 1310 and 1353 to the church of the Franciscan friars in that town. At the Reformation it was taken to old St. Chad's, now disused, and brought from there when the tower fell in 1788. The fragile glass has thus survived the more enduring buildings and now adorns St. Mary's, which, like the Frauenkirchen of Germany, seems to have been a work of beautiful and delicate taste and is a storehouse of glass gathered abroad. Llanrhaidr-in-Cim-merch Church, four miles beyond Denbigh, placed on an eminence overlooking the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, has a large late perpendicular east window of five lights, representing the Jesse tree. It, too, has been a wanderer, and is said to have come from Basingwerk Abbey at the dissolution and to have been preserved for three centuries in a large black oak chest still in the church and very curious in itself. The colors of the window are deep, rich, well and carefully harmonized, but the figures, etc., more coarse and clumsy in design and execution than the earlier one at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury. At the bottom is its date, 1533, so that it cannot have been long enjoyed by its monastic proprietors. In the same district at Diserth, four miles southeast of Rhyl, in a sequestered and romantic spot, is another perpendicular example. Its five lights and minor upper divisions are probably all of the same century as the last mentioned, but there is no date given. The figure of Jesse has gone, the crowned and gorgeously robed King, the ancestors in the royal family of Judah, and with Madonna

and Child in an aureole of glory, it is exceedingly rich in coloring and design, and its execution is more artistic than that at Llanrhaidr.

But it is not only in glass that this type and antetype may be seen. Most appropriately do we find this *Arbre de Jesse* figured at the entrance of the basilica of Bethlehem on the western wall serving as an introduction to the story of the Birth there and the life of the Saviour. The greater part of the mosaic is destroyed, but enough remains to indicate the subject, six of the prophets and Balaam with their *banderoles* and legends existing. In the earliest Coptic church in Cairo, that of Al' Adra, the principal painting in the shrine of the Virgin represents Mary with her Child in the branches of a Jesse tree, "which is surrounded by a number of saints, each in a separate little panel . . . interesting from its style and treatment, as well as from its antiquity,"⁴ and in old Cairo, in the Church of St. Michael, is another "painted in distemper on the flat inside of the chancel arch above the iconostasis. The work, however, is new and in idea seems more Greek than Coptic."⁵ At Burgos Cathedral it forms the motive of the elaborately carved reredos to the high altar, as in a more humble fashion it does at Christ Church, Hants, or at Dorchester, Oxon, where the branches form the mullions of a fourteenth-century window, the figures being both in the stone work and on the glass. In the south transept of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, another reredos is to be seen with the Stem of Jesse, and numerous statuettes richly painted and gilt of the date 1470, and in eight or more other places in England remains are to be found on paneled roof, as at Naworth Castle, Cumberland; St. Leonard's, at Hythe, Colchester, or St. Helen's, Abingdon, or on walls as at Llantwitmajor, Glamorgan-shire; Chalgrove, Oxfordshire; Eton, Northamptonshire, or Godshill, in the Isle of Wight. It forms the beauteous bower of the north porch of Beauvais and a curious double design in the bosses of the north and south alleys of Worcester Cathedral cloisters. As an iron grille its scrolls of foliage are seen at Seville, while it was likewise wrought into those branched brass candelabra, thence called Jesses by the ancients and "spiders" by the moderns, which were once so common in the furniture of old churches up to this last century. An abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in the year 1097, bought for the choir of his church a candlestick of this kind, "*candelabrum magnum in choro aereum quod Jesse vocatur in partibus emit transmarinis.*"⁶ Now we usually see them

⁴ Butler's "Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt," I, 275.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

⁶ Thern. Dec. Script., col., 1796.

incomplete, but the old ones were invariably surmounted with the figure of the Madonna and her Son, the holy dove or the double-headed eagle, this last being supposed to be another emblem of the Holy Spirit. In needlework the Jesse tree is equally of constant recurrence, as in an inventory of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1245, there is the entry, "Jesse quam dedit Rex;" among the vestments of another at Westminster Abbey, 1540, "A cope of blewe velvett rychely embrothered with a Jesse, the ymages of the Jesse beyng gerynsched with perle," and numerous others might be quoted showing the use of the type in every form of work.

In the same manner as the Burning Bush, the type of Mary's Virgin Motherhood was recalled in nature to the pious eyes of the children of the old faith by pink hawthorn, holly and the like, so no doubt was this type of the Incarnation made homely and familiar in many lands; we are acquainted with only the Spanish instances as illustrations of it. Probably the handsome flowering stem of the *althaea rosea* obtained its English name of the holy or hollyhock from this association, for the Spanish settlers in the Philippines still give their local varieties the title of *varitas de David*. These showy and hardy plants are mostly natives of the south of Europe, and much guesswork has been exercised over the origin of the English name, but Skeat is, as usual, correct in his statement that the word is *holihocce*, *holihoke* or *holy mallow*, to which family of plants it belongs, the old botanist Bauhin (1591) mentions *sancta herba* and *minsheu' malva sacra* as its equivalents, while the Welsh *hocys bendigaid* confirms the belief.

It is among the Spanish-speaking peoples, amongst whom the type of the Jesse tree has been so luxuriantly appreciated, that we find the name *vara de Jesse* given to the fragrant tuberose (*Polianthes tuberosa*), a native of Ceylon and the East Indies, from whence it was brought to Europe by a Spanish physician before 1394. The same name is given to the *dracaena*, or dragon's-blood tree, out of whose abundant strong leaves there rises annually a soaring flower stem strangely in contrast to the parent tree. None of these satisfy satisfactorily what one would have deemed not difficult to find more adequately pictured in many a plant of climbing habit, and possibly others exist of which we are ignorant, since this sacred nomenclature is now not easily obtainable.

Passing on to our third illustration of ancient types and antetypes, we take another prominent one—that of the fleece of gideon, or dew of heaven—seen in the old Speculums and Bibles with the Annunciation or the Nativity as its counterpart. The unknown

⁷ Ed. 1627.

French writer whom we have already quoted has many of these types in his lines to Mary:

Haec est Vellus trahens rorem
 Ager plenus dans odorem
 Cunctis terrae finibus.
 In hac natum Coeli Rore
 Manna, grato dans sapore
 Robur viatoribus.

The ancient graphic artists saw many points in the story of Gideon to give them subjects for correspondences to that of Mary. The angelic salutation, "Dominus tecum," was heard by both, and the humility of Gideon's reply, "Behold, my family is the meanest in Manasses, and I am the least in my father's house," was typically similar to that of Mary. Amongst the signs that the weaker faith sought was that of spreading a fleece of wool which became wet when all around was dry, and the reverse, and it was this that was chosen by both the liturgist and artist as type of the doctrine of the Mother yet Maid. It was a picture of striking simplicity, and no parable could be more homely and intelligible to man's comprehension. The dew of heaven, the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit, silently it fell, unstaining and untainting, leaving the effect of its Presence and bringing with it fresh strength and beauty of life, but causing no change of detriment. One of the most singularly beautiful types of a profound mystery that it is possible to conceive in all the wide range of Christian imagery, and one to which the ears of the people were as accustomed to hear in their Church's offices as their eyes to behold in painting or in their rural occupations. All through the year at the Saturday Lauds of the Blessed Virgin, as on the Circumcision and Purification, came this antiphon among the others of that remarkable series: "Quando natus es ineffabiliter ex Virgine, tunc impletae sunt Scripturae Sicut pluvia in vellus descendisti ut saluum faceres genus humanum." Another heard on Christmas Eve: "Orietur sicut Sol Salvator mundi, et descendet in uterum Virginis sicut imber super gramen." The beautiful words of Isaias, "Rorate coeli desuper et nubes pluant Justum," were the opening words at the Peasant's Mass, as the earliest Mass was popularly called, from Advent to the Nativity, while during that season came the petition "Descendat super nos sicut Ros Deus noster." With such references at such times to the simile of the dew, it is not strange that we find it used in their carol songs, so redolent of their age—here is one of the fifteenth century:

He came all so still,
 There His Mother was,
 As dew in April
 That falleth on the grass.
 He came all so still
 To His Mother's Power,

As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.
He came all so still,
There His Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.
Mother and Malden
Was never none but she.
Well may such a Lady
God's Mother be.

Certainly one would have thought that it was impossible to find in nature any plant in illustration of this type of Gideon's fleece, and yet the men of old time succeeded in doing so in the *drosera* or sundew, an old botanical name for which is the pretty *sponsa solis*. Few plants are more interesting or could present an analogy of a more poetic and refined a character to this type. Its star of red and green—the red residing chiefly in the dense glandular hairs or bristles with which the leaves are covered—may be seen in some upland meadow sparkling with dew in the fiercest heat of August, when all the herbage around looks dry and parched. "The leaves," says old Parkinson, herbalist to Queen Elizabeth, "have this wonderfull propertie, that they are continually moist in the hottest day; yea, the hotter the sunne shineth on them the moister they are."⁸ In Germany it may be heard still spoken of as "Gideon," in Denmark as "heaven's dew," and in this latter country and Sweden they have the saying that the fleece is wet with Mary's tears (*Mariae örontaare*); in Norway the same title and legend prevail, while in parts of Germany the little red spots of the surface-down are called *Jungfern blüthe*. All the hardy species, save one, are natives of Britain, and it has attracted some attention of late years more as a fly catcher than for its literary or poetic significance. The plants are very strong, but all difficult to cultivate, otherwise it would be a matter of regret not to have this lovely little emblem more commonly known.

Dante, using the language of falconry, speaks of the stars as God's "lure" to attract men's thoughts to Him, and this spirit of symbolism led men's minds to christen all natural objects and make not only the birds and flowers and stars, but even the passing clouds or the fleeting hours of the day all messengers of higher things. We will conclude with three types allied in their nature, but of varying character and whose antetype is identical, and the first is the *Columna Nubis*, or that cloudy signal of the Presence of God to the Israelites in the wilderness, a title of Mary in reference to the period in which she was the "*Sacrarium Dei*," as a collect terms her, or the "*Sacristy of God*." This symbol, one of the most majestic character, was translated in its traditional

⁸ *Theatre of Plants*, p. 1052.

manner, and employed with impressive effect by the poet vicar of Morwenstow, the late Mr. Hawker, in his poem, "Aishah Schechinah" (Cornish Ballads). In a note he says that this sacramental element of the Schechinah, within which sojourned the glory of the Blessed Trinity, was a feminine noun and called by the rabbins "Mater et Filia Dei"—"They say it was stately pillar or column of soft and fleecy cloud, which took ever and anon, as to Elias upon Carmel, the outline of a human shape or form, 'Vestigium hominis.'" And he explains Aishah as being the name of Eve before the Fall and the familiar home name of Our Lord for His Mother.

A shape, like folded light, embodied air,
 Yet wreathed with flesh, and warm;
 All that in heaven is feminine and fair,
 Moulded in visible form.
 She stood, the Lady Schéchinah of earth,
 A chancel for the sky;
 Where woke to breath and beauty, God's own birth,
 For men to see Him by.

Surely, no more profound and awe-inspiring a type can be conceived than this, both it and its complement being of such mysterious and unearthly beauty and wonder.

Our next is of a less sublime character, that of the *Nubecula parva*, or the Little Cloud, the type taken from that seen by the servant of the prophet Elias on Carmel, rising from the sea, no larger than a man's foot, or, as the Vulgate has it, "*Nubecula parva quasi Vestigium hominis*," which extended over the parched earth, bringing the restoring rain after drought. The type is answered by the antetype of Mary, of whom the words are used: '*Quasi nebula texi omnem terram*,' and of whom in the fourth lesson at Mattins on her feast as Our Lady of Mount Carmel (July 16) is read "*in eo montis Carmeli loco ubi Elias olim ascendentem nebulam Virginis typo insignem conspexerat*." The sailor knows these scattered patches of nimbus which come driving up from the southwest as "prophet's clouds" from this story of Carmel, just as the long streak stretching from east to west, may be heard spoken of in the wolds of Yorkshire as in the Eipel country and lower Rhine under the name of "Mary's Ship." By the White Friars, or Carmelites, the "*nubecula parva*" is employed as one of their favorite badges, and one that has puzzled many antiquaries, since by reason of the difficulty of its representation it may easily be misunderstood. It may be seen in glass at their modern home at Kensington, in stone over the old gatehouse of their former monastery at Stamford, engraven on the robed effigy of King Richard II., in his effigy at Westminster Abbey, and curiously out of place, one would have thought, on the arms of a City Company; yet most of these were old guilds, and the Drapers were founded

by a native of Stamford town, Sir William Bruges, in 1439, who established this guild "in honor of the most Glorious Virgin and Mother," placing on its arms the emblem of the "nubecula parva."

The last of these singularly delicate images of pious symbolism was the Incense Cloud, or *Virgula Fumi*, spoken of in the Canticles. This and the others are constantly to be found employed as types and figures by writers and preachers and as titles in litanies of Mary. Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of Bath and later of London, in the twelfth century apostrophises her in the very words of the Song of Songs: "Thou art the chosen myrrh, the column of aromatic smoke, the bundle of myrrh in the Spouse's breast, the Pine tree stretching its branches of grace and salvation,⁹ and further on uses the beautiful mystical language: "It was in Mary's womb that the power of the Holy Ghost wondrously and ineffably compounded from the Godhead flesh and soul, the incense which Christ, the High Priest of the good things to come (Heb. ix., 11), offered on the altar of the Cross to His Father as the evening sacrifice. By reason of the indwelling of this incense the Holy Mother of God became odoriferous and sweet in her delights. She ascended therefore as a pillar of smoke, of aromatic spices, of myrrh and frankincense, and of all the powders of the perfumer."¹⁰ In 1283 an Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking of Mary's life of abstinence, says that it "made her like a column of incense ascending upwards," and we find similar use made of the words, "*Ecce apparebit Dominus super nubem candidam.*"

These cloudy symbols scarcely lend themselves to illustration in anything but glass or painting, yet it may be that in those plants which were known to the herbal writers as *Fumus Sanctae Mariae* we have the attempt to translate this type into the botanical medium. Among the feathery leaved milfoils or yarrows (*achillea*), a hardy family extending from Northern Asia to Southern Europe, we have several which are known still in parts of Germany, Austria and Hungary as *unser frauen rauch*. The *A. Clavennae* is a silvery variety, whose hoary foliage and deeply jagged leaves arrest the eye of the traveler in Carinthia and Austrian Alps, where also may be seen the *A. Serrata* with white leaf and flower. A dwarf and tufted species (*A. umbellata*) has attracted the attention of gardeners of late years by reason of the silvery surface and leaf and stem, but perhaps the *A. aegyptica*, coming from the land of the early wanderings of the Holy Family, is the most graceful of this large genus, and its delicately cut white leaves make its association with the *Virgula fumi* intelligible.

⁹ Serm. 38, Bib. Max. xxiv., 11-17.

¹⁰ Cant. III., 5.

Another family of plants that has been included under the name of *Fumus Sanctae Mariae* is that of the *artemisia*, a somewhat unwieldy genus, of which about two hundred species have been described. Probably it is the argent appearance of the foregoing, and this as much as their use in various fumigations that led to their dedication. One or two have been known to most of us from childhood under the names old man, boys' love, southern wood or wormwood; they are to be found in every old garden, with deeply cut leaves and aromatic scent. Their chief attraction to the gardener lay in their gray-green foliage, and recently the *artemisia laetiflora*, with creamy-white flowers in feathery panicles, has added a distinctive addition to the herbaceous border, and the *A. argentea* has been likened, and not inaptly, to a miniature silver larch. The *A. maritima*, *cana* and *stellaria* are all known in German-speaking Europe as Our Lady's white incense, and in the Sicilian dialect, *Assinziu di Madunia*, while Clusius includes them under the *Fumus Sanctae Mariae*. They have other dedications in other lands, showing how valued they were in the days when men sought their samples in the fields instead of the chemist's shop, and some consider that Shakespeare's herb o' grace was more correctly an *artemisia* than the usually accepted rue.

Like the *achilleas*, they were employed to drive away evil spirits and noxious reptiles, and with that truth which so frequently asserts itself in what we are pleased to label so freely "old superstitions" we read in *Country Life* for October 17, 1908, that *artemisia* planted about a doorway really does keep reptiles away!

Finally the white bryony (*Bryonia dioica*), whose abundant white blossom covers our hedgerows with its fleecy cloud in August, may easily have suggested the simile implied by its names as given by Toxites in the sixteenth century of *Fumigium Mariae* and *Maria capnusa*,¹¹ as well as recalling the words in one of the offices for Mary, "*Quasi nebula texi omnem terram.*"

Here we take leave of a study which has led us into Old World ways of thought and brought us into quiet places where architecture, liturgy and botany have linked themselves together, each in its own way, yet expressing a unity of intention and a charm of mind moving varying peoples in various lands with a solidarity unknown to us. In the contemplation of art and nature this unity is not often traced, yet it is not without its pleasures and instruction, and one always retires from it with reluctance, as one leaves a lonely, sun-steeped garden. These echoes of bygone meditations have the deep, satisfying peace of sunny and forgotten things, they tell of days when time went slowly and the noises of men,

¹¹ *Onomastica Phil. Med.*, p. 103.

and worse, of machinery were unheard or unknown, when men worked, or walked or talked without the "haste that mars all decency," with unity of faith and with great realities in their minds. And it is good for us at times to retire for a while and think of the verities that underlay their work and prompted their expression.

A. E. P. RAYMUND-DOWLING.

London, England.

AN ELIZABETHAN POET.

PASCAL remarked that "if verse had been the only form of literary expression up to the time of St. Ignatius the Jesuits would certainly have been the discoverers of prose." True it is that Pascal himself had no affection for the Society of Jesus, and as in all his judgments of the society and its works, so especially with regard to the literary attainments of Ignatius' sons was he prejudiced. However, such a statement as Pascal's can scarcely be true for among the society's sons there is a host of poets and prose writers, who have brought honor to the society and glory to their native land by their literary attainments, and there is one especially whose life must win our admiration and whose works our praise. But before we speak of him in particular we may remark that, when we speak of Jesuit poets, we must be mindful that they never made poetry their profession, they were "first, last and always priests, to whom souls were always more than songs." This was especially true of Robert Southwell, priest, martyr and poet.

This greatest poet of the Society of Jesus in England, who in March, 1595, suffered a most glorious martyrdom for no other reason than that he was a priest and a Jesuit, was born in the year 1562 of a noble family in Horsham, St. Faiths, Norfolk. Concerning the early years of this wonderful youth there is very little known except that he early gave signs of a special predilection for the priesthood; hence at an early age he was sent to the English College at Douai. From Douai he passed to Paris, and from there to Rome to continue his studies. From his entrance into Douai he pleaded to be admitted into the Society of Jesus, but in vain. This great disappointment deeply pained him and was the occasion of a most passionate lament which he composed, in which he likens himself to one banished from his father's house. Firmly, yet kindly, he was counseled to patiently await his coming of age. At length,

in 1578, when he was not yet seventeen years of age, he was received into the Company of Ignatius' sons at Rome, the cradle of the then young society. Southwell's joy at having obtained his heart's desire was unbounded, and with a joyous heart he went about all the duties of his years of probation, while the higher studies of the society, philosophy and theology, were also entered into with great eagerness, and completed by the ardent young Jesuit with great success and distinction.

Having thus prepared himself, he was ordained to the priesthood in Rome in 1584, and immediately after this sacred event, despite his youth, he was entrusted with the responsible office of prefect of studies in the English College in Rome. But a martyr's spirit could not be held within these narrow limits, a spirit such as Southwell's embraced the whole world in its desire, so we are not surprised to find him in the following year petitioning his superiors for the English mission. The young apostle's heart was being consumed with a burning desire to return to his native shores, that he might break the Bread of Life for the hungry thousands who were straying from the fold because they were shepherdless.

To the zealous apostle there was no misunderstanding the perils which awaited a Catholic priest in England, for it was explicitly stated in the statutes: "Any Papist born in the dominions of the crown of England who shall come over thither from beyond the seas or who shall be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath shall be guilty of high treason," and the punishment thereof was too well known the world over to require insertion on the statute books. But nothing daunted the fervent apostle, for as soon as his request was granted, he set out for England, leaving Rome on the 8th of May, 1586, with the future martyr, Father Henry Garnet. Thus did this ambassador of Christ to his own misguided native land begin his march which was to end with cruel sufferings, the scaffold, and then—his God for evermore. These two intrepid men set out at a time when, according to one of Southwell's Protestant biographers, "it was a crime to be a Catholic, a proof of high treason to be a priest, it was to invite 'hunting' as of a wild beast to be a Jesuit." Those who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the pursuivants were tortured in the most horrible manner, drawn on the hurdles to Tyburn, hanged, subjected to horrible butchery and their bodies exposed in public places as infamous traitors.

The two disguised priests landed safely in England, but lest they be recognized, they avoided the home of Southwell, and soon they parted company for safety's sake; then Southwell was able to labor unceasingly, endeavoring to keep the persecuted sheep within the

fold. He wandered about the country, like his divine exemplar, "doing good," and as he himself says, "preparing an abundance of the Bread of Angels for the repast of the persecuted Catholics." Father Gerard in his volume, "The Condition of Catholics Under James I.," describes Southwell "as excelling in the art of helping and gaining souls, being at once prudent, meek, pious and exceedingly winning." He was looking ever to the consummation which he knew must reward his labors and "glorying only in the Cross of Christ." For some time he found a refuge in the house of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, and was known under the name of Cotton, but two years afterward he came to the home of the Countess of Arundel, whose confessor he was. For six years he pursued his labors with great fruit, when suddenly they were abruptly terminated by the treachery of an unfortunate Catholic girl. He was staying with a Catholic family at Uxenden Hall, Harrow, when the daughter of his host, who had fallen away from her faith and her virtue, betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, and he was taken to Topcliffe's house and subjected to such tortures that he himself confessed "that death would have been more preferable." But not a word could be forced from him, so much so that the Lord Treasurer Cecil said of him "that he would not even confess the color of the horse upon which he had ridden that day, lest he should implicate others." Soon afterwards he was taken to the Gatehouse, thence to that ill-fated Tower, where the dungeon was so noisome and filthy that when at the end of a month he was brought out his clothes were covered with vermin. His father petitioned the Queen, and for a time slightly better quarters were accorded him. At the end of three years of close confinement in that dreaded Tower he petitioned the Lord Treasurer Cecil that "he might either be brought to trial and answer for himself, or at least that his friends might be allowed to visit him." The Lord Treasurer replied that "if he were in so much haste to be hanged he should have his desire," so he was accordingly removed from the Tower to Newgate, and being brought to trial he was "in keeping with the law" condemned for no other cause than that he was a "Catholic and a priest." He was drawn on the hurdle from Newgate to Tyburn, and died like a true follower of his Master. Like John the Baptist, he cared naught for self if by his death his Lord might be better known, if by his death the souls of his countrymen might be restored to the friendship of Christ, so he joyfully gave up his life—

As a star sees the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes.

The martyr's death had such an effect on the usually riotous

spectators that when his executioners would have cut him down while still alive neither the presiding magistrate, nor the people would permit it. His head was impaled on London Bridge and his dismembered body placed over four of the gates of London. Even his enemies acknowledged him to be "one of the most remarkable men of his day." Concerning Southwell's execution, Cleveland in his book of English literature says: "The whole proceeding should cover the authors of it with everlasting infamy. It is a foul stain on the garments of the Maiden Queen that she can never wipe off," while Allibone in his "Dictionary of English Literature" thus praises the martyr: "He was a fine poet, a fine prose writer and a better Christian than his brutal persecutors.

Such, in brief, is the life history of one who "drank of the bitterness of life, yet was ever true to both its sentiment and its reality," a poet "about whose memory such an odor of sweetness and sanctity lingers as the whole of literature has scarce the like." A poet of subtle charm, martyred in the flower of his manhood, he lived in an age when his native land had fallen beneath the "literary and artistic blight of religious intolerance." He was, as every true Catholic poet must be, confined within certain limits from which he might draw his literature. The Catholic poet must always sing of things that are pure and chaste; therefore was Southwell neglected in an age in which these were neglected. As one author has well put it, "the troublous waters of Elizabeth's reign whirled him beneath their surface." What a striking contrast there is between the lives of the brilliant poets of Elizabeth's court and their brother poet—the hounded Jesuit.

The literature of the age of Elizabeth was notoriously human. Human nature in all its aspects, whether ecstatic or depraved, was the idealized subject of Elizabethan literature. No wonder Southwell was out of place. His purpose was to show the brilliant young poets of his time "how well verse and virtue sat together." This he did by "weaving a new web on their old looms." Thus he says:

It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.

Contrast the leisure of these fawning flatterers of a proud queen with the hunted life of Southwell; contrast the immorality for which Elizabeth's reign was famed with the life which the apostle of Christ led. His was a soul which, having despised the frailties of earth, was burning to manifest the divine fire that dwelt within him, and as he felt more deeply, so did he sing more truly. Southwell was first and always a priest, an ambassador of Christ, and it was only the exigencies of the times that forced his burning spirit to vent itself in lofty poetry, the language of the emotions.

Southwell, in his poetry was as faithful a son, as he was in religious life, of that Church which "was once the mother of poets no less than of saints." Here at least was an instance where, midst all the prevailing religious fanaticism and persecution in England, "sanctity and song grew together in her soil."

Southwell's songs were always of higher things, of God, the things of heaven, the vanity of earth, the folly and wickedness of the world, the consolations and glories of religion. For this reason we can never expect his poetry to become popular with a world that seeks pleasure for pleasure's sake and which desires the satisfying of the baser passion. Such literature as the world desires "must bring to the cheek of the innocent an unholy flame."

Such a spirit as Southwell's could only be fettered by rhyme or rhythm, for verse was impotent to contain the burning effusions of his heart, and on this account will the student of poetry seek in vain in the writings of Southwell for that superficial beauty which characterized some of his contemporaries. But if, as Matthew Arnold has said, "for poetry the idea is everything," then will the lover of true poetry find in his works all that strength and real passion, all that nobility of thought, all that richness of tone which is so pleasing. In his works are found all the requirements of true poetry—vivid imagination, noble sentiment, delicacy and grace of expression, abundant imagery, felicitous and artistic epithet. Throughout all his poems his language is of "the pure well of English undefiled." Truly has it been said of him "that his poetry is healthy and strong, and has been more potential in our literature than appears on the surface." Indeed, his works had a distinct influence on contemporary and later poets, touching even Ben Jonson, and it does not seem improbable that some of his more famous successors drew at least their inspiration from him. Thus some have seen in the poet's "Vale of Tears" at least the source of Hood's famous "Haunted House."

The first volume of the poet's works was published in 1595, the year of his glorious martyrdom, while another volume, entitled "*Maeoniae*," which contains a series of poems on Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, was published in the course of the same year. In all there are about fifty-nine poems extant, and as many as eleven editions of these were published from 1595 to 1600.

In the first volume was contained the martyr's best known, though by no means his best poem, "St. Peter's Complaint," which reveals an unbounded copiousness of thought and fancy and richness of expression. Professor Hales, writing of Southwell in Ward's *English Poets*,¹ points out a curious resemblance between the

¹ Ward's "English Poets," Vol. I.

"Lucrece" of Shakespeare and the poet's "St. Peter's Complaint." In each poem there is fecundity of imagery, an abundance of "illustrative resource" and nobility of thought. Without a doubt, "St. Peter's Complaint" is the stronger poem. Thus Professor Hales: "It is undoubtedly the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness or force, often embarrassed by its own riches and so expending them with prodigal carelessness." Let us add to this well-deserved criticism that the poem is, first of all, the outburst of a heart that was consuming itself with divine love, and so to rightly understand "St. Peter's Complaint," and in fact any of Southwell's works, it should be studied in the light of his life. Noble he was in all things, brave, loyal, true to his cause, even to the giving up of his greatest earthly treasure, life. Then will the reader find that deep religious spirit, that depth of heavenly meaning and inspiration which characterize his works. Though his poetry is full of strength, still there abound in it expressions which breathe a tender and childlike love for his Lord, that holy unction which has made his poetry popular even with non-Catholics. Drake in his volume, "Shakespeare and His Times," says: "Both the poetry and prose of Southwell possess the most decided merit, the former which is almost entirely restricted to moral and religious subjects, flows in a vein of great harmony, perspicuity and elegance and breathes a fascination resulting from the subject and the pathetic mode of treating it, which fixes and deeply interests the reader." And Angus remarks of him: "Southwell shows in his poetry great simplicity and elegance of thought, and still greater purity of language. He has been compared in some of his pieces to Goldsmith, and the comparison seems not unjust. There is in both the same naturalness of sentiment, the same propriety of expression, the same ease and harmony of versification, while there is in Southwell a force and compactness of thought, with occasional quaintness not often found in the more modern poets." Of this comparison we would also say that there is in Southwell a charm of language and richness of thought and a naturalness not to be met with in Goldsmith. And we find "rare Ben" Jonson remarking to Drummond of Hawthornden while they are conversing about our poet that "Southwell possessed rare poetic feeling and power."

Let us now return to the best known of the poet's compositions, "St. Peter's Complaint," consisting of 132 stanzas of six lines each. The meter of the poem is in the iambic movement, which is masculine and vigorous, and which, being perfectly regular, gives a character of steadiness, suggesting quiet, unobtrusive emotion and lending dignity to the composition. It was the form of verse most popular during the Elizabethan period. The poem throughout

shows no sympathy for the humanity of the saint, and in this differs widely from the present-day treatment of such a subject. It is to the praise of this piece of Southwell's that within six years after the poet's death it was imitated by no less than ten English poets. Still, not one of the imitators in any degree approached the original. How could the polished verses of an artificial poet compare with the loving effusions of a martyr's soul. What was remarked of Swinburne may equally well be said of Southwell: "He is not imitable; at any rate, he has not been imitated. They have gotten his fiddle, but not his rosin." The whole poem is really a series of "ponderings" on the sin of St. Peter, and throughout there "moves a solemn chant of sorrow." One characteristic of the composition might be mentioned here; the lines are oftentimes not joined together and the stanza frequently ends with an antithesis. Thus the poem begins:

Launch forth my soul, into a main of tears,
Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
Torn sails will serve thoughts rent with guilty fears,
Give care the stern, use sighs instead of wind;
Remorse thy pilot, thy misdeeds thy card,
Torment thy haven, shipwreck thy best reward.

There is a host of thoughts which the following stanza brings to the mind. And again how true the thought contained in the last two lines. It is because of just such lines as these that Southwell is famed for his sententiousness. In the very first line of this stanza we are amazed at the poet's alliterative power, and though it may seem overdone to our modern poetic taste, still we should remember that his style merely reflects the poetic tendencies of his day, and that while he "wove a new web" of nobler themes, he made use of the "old loom"—

Vain in my vaunts I vowed, if friends had failed,
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide,
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed,
Excelling none but in untruth and pride.
Such distance is between high words and deeds!
In truth the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

Consider, too, his summary of life. It is expressive of the poet's true estimate of life based on his high religious ideals. To him life was but a stimulus to look beyond where the joys of heaven transfused him:

Ah! Life the maze of countless straying ways,
Open to erring steps and strewed with baits,
To blind weak senses into endless strays,
Aloof from virtue's rough, unbeaten straits,
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,
A living death, a never-turning stream.

In like manner Calderon,² the Spanish poet, notes that "Life is a Dream:"

² Calderon's "La Vida es Sueño" ("Life Is a Dream"), act II., scene 13.

What is Life? 'Tis but a madness,
 What is Life? A thing that seems,
 A mirage that falsely gleams,
 Phantom joy, delusive rest,
 Since is life a dream at best,
 And even dreams themselves are dreams.

And again Southwell sings of life:

Ah! life, sweet drop, drowned in a sea of sours,
 A flying good, posting to doubtful end.

How fraught with meaning is that phrase, "a never-turning stream." True it was for St. Peter that the stream of life would never retrace its course and afford him that same chance wherein he failed before. True, indeed, is it for all times. Each second comes and as soon is beyond recall.

In different parts of the poem St. Peter addresses the various persons and things that were the occasions of his shameful denial of his Lord. Thus addressing the fire, he says:

Oh! that I rather had congealed to ice,
 Than bought thy warmth at such a damning price.

We have spoken of the beauty of Southwell's poems. It is not the soulless, artificial beauty of contemporary poets, nor the sordid beauty of the fantastical songsters. Beauty it is which mirrors the infinite perfections of the Creator; it is the beauty which reflects the chaste soul of the poet and the love that abides therein. "Without love no poetry can be beautiful, for all beautiful poetry comes from the heart." What wondrous beauty is contained in these two stanzas—

Like solest swan, that swims in silent deep,
 And never sings but obseques of death,
 Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
 In suing pardon spend thy perjured breath;
 Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
 And at thine eyes let guilty conscience bleed.
 Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast,
 Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow;
 For fuel, self-accusing thoughts be best;
 Use fear as fire, the coals let penance blow;
 And seek none other quintessence but tears,
 That eyes may shed what entered at thine ears.

Concerning the beauty of Southwell's works we have this sparing appreciation from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "Robert Southwell, the Jesuit put to death by the Government in 1595, left behind him a few religious poems of great beauty."

What more beautiful than this single line—

Christ, as my God, was tempted in my thought.

And again, the beautiful image of Christ's eyes reproaching him:

In them I read the ruins of my fall.

The "inexhaustibleness of illustrative resource" of the poet is apparent in the following description of Sleep. Where will we find

a more daring abundance of imagery—one of our more modern literateurs³ has connected Southwell with Francis Thompson for “devout audacity,” and such a passage as this surely warrants the coupling of these two distinguished names:

Sleep, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
 Silence of poisons, balm of angry sore,
 Suspense of loves, security of fears,
 Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore;
 Senses' and souls' reprieve from ail cumber,
 Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers.
 Whisperer of dreams,
 Creating strange chimeras, feigning frights,
 Of day-discourses giving fancy themes.

Compare this with the like apostrophe in “Macbeth,” which appeared some six years after Southwell's death:

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd slave of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

In his final stanza the poet presents the sorrowful and utterly disconsolate Apostle beseeching his Lord for pardon:

Redeem my lapse with ransom of Thy love,
 Traverse th' indictment, rigor's door suspend,
 Let frailty favor, sorrows succor move,
 Be Thou, Thyself, though changling I offend.
 Tender my suit, cleanse this defiled den,
 Cancel my debts, sweet Jesu, say Amen.

Beautiful and pleasing as this whole poem is, yet its very beauties are its greatest faults because of the too profuse use of them; it is really “overwrought,” and the too frequent introduction of alliteration destroys the strength and simplicity of many of the lines, and moreover there is no doubt that many of its comparisons are strained. Still, we must not forget that Southwell lived at a time when euphemism had made its influence greatly felt in England, and that will account for many of his seemingly peculiar turns of phrase. The very monotony of the poem is greatly due to a certain richness in form, for his was a wealth which the poet could scarcely control, and hence his apparent lack of art. In this, as in many of his shorter poems, the epigrammatic style of the poet is amazing.

While “St. Peter's Complaint,” Southwell's longest poem, is the best known, there is no doubt that his shorter poems are the most attractive. Thus, for instance, we have the martyr's beautiful poem “The Burning Babe,” which is perhaps the most popular of his compositions. It is a charming Christmas hymn to the Child Jesus in which the poet sees in vision the Heavenly Child “all burning bright.” One of England's greatest literateurs, no less a personage than “rare Ben” Jonson was so enamored of this poem that he declared “Southwell was hanged, yet so he (Jonson) had written

³ Lionel Johnson.

that piece of Southwell's, 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his." This praise, coming as it does from the composer of that exquisite hymn to Diana, shows how worthy Southwell was of the recognition which was never accorded him by a religiously intolerant age of literature.

The meter of the poem is iambic, a movement in keeping with the spirit of the poem. It is the famous "fourteener" which was really made famous after Southwell's death when, in 1601, Chapman published his complete translation of the "Iliad" in long fourteen syllable lines. Concerning "the fourteener," the learned critic, Mr. Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prosody,"⁴ pays a glowing compliment to this very poem of Southwell's: "This metre, perhaps the very oldest in English poetry proper, has been the vehicle of much delightful poetry, while when separated into eight and six it can challenge any other in almost all the functions and expressions of poetry, grave and gay, sweet and solemn, impassioned and decorative. But it was a very uncertain and risky metre, settling down with a dangerous acquiescence into doggerel and sing-song, into the pedestrian and bathetic. The general run of work in it is either soporific or exasperating. We have to wait for Southwell's "Burning Babe" before it gives us really inspired and inspiring poetry.

We give it here "separated into eight and six" which so much pleases Mr. Saintsbury:

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye,
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty babe all burning bright
 Did in the air appear,
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though His floods should quench His flames
 Which with His tears were fed;
 Alas! quoth He, but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel My fire but I,
 My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel-wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes shame and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals;
 The metal in this furnace wrought,
 Are men's defiled souls;
 For which, as now on fire I am,
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in My blood;
 With this He vanished out of sight,
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

⁴ "History of English Prosody," Vol. I.

The sentiment is most natural, yet the whole poem is fraught with a depth of heavenly meaning and of religious inspiration, and the elegance of thought and simplicity with which it is expressed are indeed remarkable. Still, this is not surprising, for it is merely the fervent outburst of a heart "scorched with excessive heat" of divine love. Does not this remind us of Francis Thompson—"The over-charged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song"? Indeed, Morley remarks of him, "Southwell may be regarded as the founder of modern English devotional poetry."

In another of his shorter poems, "Love's Servile Lot," we can pierce through the language and see the soul of the poet, a soul which had spurned the world and its folly and counted them as naught that he might glory in the folly of the cross. It is quite characteristic of Southwell, for in it he always maintains a high standard. Surely did he make poetry to "play round the foot of the cross."

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve,
They reckon least how little love
Their service doth reserve.
She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,
A kiss when she doth kill.
Like winter rose and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely,
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Thus far all the quotations from the poet's works would seem to indicate that he saw only the unhappy side of life. This, however, is not true, for we know that it was owing to his happy, sociable nature that he evaded capture for so long a time. Does not Father Gerard tell us⁵ how "he frequently got me to instruct him in the technical terms of falconry and hunting so that he spoke of these sports as only a practiced person could? Southwell found it necessary to speak of these matters when he fell in with Protestant gentlemen, for otherwise they talk obscenity or break out into blasphemies and abuse of the saints of the Catholic faith." Indeed, we know "that his smiles, for he has humor, even wit, are sunny as sunshine," while his quaintness of wit is full of warm feeling which makes its direct appeal to the reader. However, we should not wonder that his poems are serious, for they are written in a loathsome dungeon that "opened only upon the scaffold." His was a "sweetness sad, sadness so sweet."

Among his better known poems are found "The Image of Death," "Loss in Delay," "Life's Death, Love's Life," "Mary Magdalen's

⁵ Gerard: "The Condition of Catholics Under James I."

Complaint at Christ's Death," "Life is but Loss," "At Home in Heaven." Besides these there is a whole series on Our Blessed Lady and Our Lord.

One of the most beautiful of his shorter poems is "A Child of My Choice," which is a tender and fervent address to the Child Jesus. We must surely have noticed how Southwell always makes the thought of the poetry to dominate; he never allows the expression to dominate the poetry. Here is an excellent example of this:

I praise Him most, I love Him best,
 All praise and love is His,
 While Him I love, in Him I live,
 And cannot live amiss.
 Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,
 Man's most desired light,
 To love Him life, to leave Him death,
 To live in Him delight.
 He mine by gift, I Him by debt,
 Thus each to other due,
 First friend He was, best friend He is,
 All times will try Him true.

Reading this, cannot we say of Southwell what Francis Thompson wrote of Crashaw: "He is fraught with suggestion, infinite suggestion"?

More than once mention has been made of Southwell's sententiousness. Throughout his works we find many a fitting aphorism. Thus, for example, in his well-known poem, "Times Go by Turns," we come across a most wholesome lesson, yet contained under the simplicity of his verse:

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
 No endless night, yet not eternal day;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That men may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

This was the poet's song to cheer the afflicted Catholics of his stricken native land, to prompt them to raise their eyes aloft to the mount of God's Providence and tender love, to bid them break through the veil of earth and contemplate the reward of labors and sufferings patiently borne; and again the last stanza of this same poem:

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
 In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

On every line of this quotation we could dwell profitably and derive life-long lessons, for everything he says is so true, yet how simply he puts it and how attractively.

Before concluding this account of the martyr poet we shall give

but one more extract from his poems. Concerning the compositions of Southwell some one has well said, "His songs written in prison are sweetest, most beautiful and most touching, like the songs of his own 'solest swan,' for he had already pierced with martyr's vision the reward of life's perils, the splendors of heaven." The resignation which his poems teach is not a whining weakness; in the martyr's heart there was no cowardice, for in the dungeon of death the cowardly soul does not break forth into song. If, as Dante tells us, "Love is naught else save spiritual union of the soul with the thing loved, to which union of her own nature the soul runs," what think you must have been the love-fire that was consuming Southwell's soul, for he tells us that he is longing for death, that welcome visitor, which was to bring a sure release from life's perils and lead to eternal joys:

In plaint I pass the length of lingering days,
Free would my soul from mortal body fly,
And tread the track of death's desired ways.

These are a few stanzas from his poem, "Content and Rich," which are to be found in the first volume of his works:

Enough I reckon wealth;
A mean the surest lot,
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

I feel no care of coin,
Well-doing in my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain,
All states with others' ruins built,
To ruin run again.

No chance of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down,
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

After he had read this poem along with some others of Southwell's works, Sir Edgerton Bridges remarked, "A deep pathos illumined by a deep piety marked everything Southwell wrote. There is something singularly chaste, simple, eloquent and fluent in his diction on all occasions." Most beautiful of all his songs composed in prison is "I Die Alive," in which the poet portrays for us in vivid and touching language the sufferings and mental tortures that crowded in upon his soul as he lay confined in his dungeon, waiting expectantly, nay, longingly, for that freedom by which "his soul would be at ease."

I live, but such a life as ever dies;
I die, but such a death as never ends;
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my loving death no whit amends.

Such was the life and such the works which have given South-

well, priest, martyr, poet, a lasting place in the history of his country's literature. Though a poet, he always felt the "sacredness of his priesthood, a place above the angels," so his whole life was animated by a desire to serve and save his erring countrymen, a spirit which he has so well expressed in "The Burning Babe":

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shame and scorns,
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood.

We may very fittingly conclude this account of Father Southwell with the beautiful lines which he wrote on the death of the martyred Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Indeed, they may be aptly applied to himself; he cared not for death; for him it was only a path that led to life; it was "no death to him, but to his woe"; by death "the bud was opened to let out the rose."

Some things more perfect are in their decay,
Like spark that going out gives clearest light,
Such was my hap whose doleful dying day
Began my joy and termed Fortune's spite.
Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,
It was not death to me, but to my woe;
The bud was opened to let out the rose,
The chains unloosed to let the captive go.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF DIOCESAN ADMINISTRATION.

II.

I have already considered the general development of diocesan administration from the earliest ages of Catholicism. Several important divisions of the subject remain, such as exemptions from visitation and metropolitan visitations, and no general study of the subject would be complete without some reference to them. As I hope to show, they helped to modify or curtail episcopal rule in the dioceses. In addition there are regulations and traditions in connection with visitations, which provide admirable illustrations in tracing the growth of ecclesiastical rule, and these need more than a passing mention. My object in the concluding part of my article is to survey these aspects

which I have just mentioned, and by doing so to point out to my readers lines for further and closer study.

Writing as I do for English-speaking readers, I have thought it well to confine myself to the history as found in English ecclesiastical life. At first sight this may doubtless seem to curtail the historical value of the survey. I am disposed, however, to think that it will not have this result, because the history of the developments is practically the same for all European countries, and if I admitted unimportant details I should only overburden the picture without adding anything to its worth. When the exemptions among the English religious houses and Cathedrals are considered, and when the growth of English metropolitical visitations is followed, it may be stated that, broadly speaking, little remains to be added from other sources. Of course, in some countries local conditions brought in modifications which we should not expect to find among English institutions, but behind all the modifications which are of importance there seem to lie common principles. Thus, were I to elaborate my study with historical examples outside England, I should fail in breadth of view and deviate into local history. This history has a valuable place in a complete study of the subject, but to consider it here would fulfill no part of my immediate purpose.

The earliest claims for exemption from episcopal visitation are found in the history of the religious orders, which seem all along to have been jealous of what they consider their rights, and to have begun very early to set up claims of freedom from episcopal control. It is exceedingly difficult for the historian to place his finger on a date, and to say that in such-and-such a year we get the earliest examples of such claims. This difficulty arises from the fact that we are face to face with many documents which require the strictest care in their use, as interpolations and forgeries are painfully common. Thus, if we take the Saxon period, we find that the documents connected with St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury and Westminster Abbey—the oldest and youngest of Saxon religious foundations—are in almost a pitiful state of contradictory confusion.¹ Claims are advanced for exemptions in papers obviously of no historical value. This fact applies to a large number of Saxon religious foundations. When, however, we consider these documents—unreliable as many of them undoubtedly are—two facts emerge. Firstly, up to the end of the seventh century there is very little reliable evidence for exemptions; and, secondly, where such exemptions are claimed

¹ See W. de G. Birch, "*Saxonum Cartularium*," 7, 1048, 1351, cf. C. Hardwick, "*Historia Monasterii S. Augustini*" (*Rolls Series*), x, ff.

in doctored documents, they refer to secular privileges and not to freedom from supervision in the strict ecclesiastical sense. That is to say, the claims usually set up are connected with purely worldly matters. The period ending about the middle of the tenth century provides some genuine documents, but the exemptions granted in them have as yet no connection with those which we have under consideration, and deal merely with civil or business affairs. In the age of Dunstan, we begin to find something of more value from our point of view, but even here we are compelled to move with the greatest care as genuine and forged documents run side by side. Thus we find undoubted permission granted to religious houses to elect their superiors, without let or control by the diocesan bishops.² The privilege here referred to is supported by authentic documents, and is fully in keeping with what we know of Dunstan's episcopal ideals. On the other hand, this period brings us in touch with claims which have no historical value, being found in documents drawn up at a much later date and clumsily assigned to this period.³ It is during the period 1017-1066 that we find genuine exemptions for monasteries and religious houses from the regular form of episcopal visitation which has already been outlined. The abbey of Bury, in the county of Suffolk, obtained from King Canute an extension of its charter in which it had been granted certain secular privileges. This extension relieved it from all episcopal rule and supervision, and was finally confirmed by William the First, after consultation with the episcopate. A similar exemption was granted by Edward the Confessor to Coventry, and this was confirmed by the Pope. Indeed, the Conqueror, when founding his monastic house in memory of the battle of Senlac, expressly excluded it from episcopal visitation.⁴ I am not concerned with the difficulties which such exemptions caused in future years in connection with the houses themselves. I bring them forward to illustrate a further point. New houses were now being erected with special ecclesiastical privileges, and many of the reformed monastic orders obtained such grants, or were exempted in exact terms in their new institutes. The result was that old houses began to bolster up claims in order to stand on level ground with their new neighboring foundations, which possessed such immunities by the charters of their foundation, or by the terms of their reform. The arrival of the Normans, and

² See Birch, *op. cit.*, 1046, 1282.

³ A careful reading of Birch will disclose many discrepancies in the documents of various houses.

⁴ For Bury, Coventry and Battle, see "Monasticon," III, 171, 191, 244.

the consequent general leveling up of ecclesiastical discipline, to which I have referred in the earlier part of my article, brought a serious inquisition into all questions connected with ecclesiastical rule in the dioceses, and religious houses which had either enjoyed exemption from visitation by courtesy or slack administration, or now wished to obtain it, were forced to substantiate their claim by documentary evidence. A whole body of doubtful, if not hopelessly unhistorical, claims was the result. In the issue we find that the older religious houses boldly stated the right to be free from episcopal visitation and claimed to be solely under the Pope's authority. Several of the older and larger Benedictine houses succeeded in completely ousting, by papal or royal decrees, their diocesans from any control in their affairs by regular visitations.⁵ In addition, the moment that these exemptions were set on a firm basis, all the priories, etc., which belonged to the parent houses claimed a share in them. This naturally brought about unedifying friction between such dependent houses and their bishops. As a rule, a compromise in connection with them was arrived at. The bishop surrendered his visitorial rights on the houses agreeing to pay the usual procurations at such times as the regular visitations should have taken place.

It will thus be seen that exemptions for the monastic houses did a good deal to curtail the sphere of the bishops' rule. It is very difficult to obtain any clear guiding principle in the history, except that where exemption was claimed by an older house and its dependencies, there was a common desire to base it on some sort of documentary evidence. It would seem that while new foundations could, and did, obtain it in their foundation charters, and while houses belonging to the reformed orders also enjoyed it, it was seldom granted to older foundations unless supported by evidence, which was often manufactured for the occasion and escaped detection in an uncritical age. The consequence was that documents were fabricated, interpolated or collated, and we are thus often in the position of not knowing what to think of many of the claims advanced as genuine. This is one of the inherent difficulties of the subject, and the student must be extremely careful not to be deceived by older collections of documents which have not been tested by modern historical methods. However, it seems clear that the religious revival of the period, and the serious work done for ecclesiastical discipline by the regulars tended to obtain for the religious houses exemptions from episcopal visitations, which would hardly have been conceded in the early centuries in England.

⁵ Cf. C. Reyner, *Apostolatus Benedictinorum in Anglia* (Ed. 1626), pp. 108 ff.

It is impossible in an article such as this to deal with another class of exemptions which modified in some degree the visitatorial powers of a diocesan. In many dioceses there were "peculiars," which grew up out of feudal relationships. Thus a king, a bishop, a cathedral chapter or a college might possess lands in different dioceses, and it was, as a rule, customary for these landlords to visit the parishes on their lands—feudal custom being strong enough for the time being to oust ecclesiastical order and diocesan consistency. On the other hand, there appears to have been no hard and fast custom. Thus while the Archbishop of Canterbury exercised the rights of visitation in areas lying in several other dioceses,⁶ other landowners did not visit in person, but left the duties to the diocesan in the respective dioceses. It would be equally impossible to trace exemptions from visitations by the archdeacons. Broadly speaking, it may be said that foundations or areas which succeeded in establishing freedom from episcopal visitation were also free from that of the episcopal officials. However, I have come across instances where the bishops specially reserved parishes for their own visitations, and excluded in set terms their archdeacons from exercising their functions in them.⁷ This custom is to be found specially in connection with those parishes which were on some episcopal estate or in the neighborhood of some episcopal residence, and it seems to date back to very early times. As far as I have traced the history at present, it would appear that such exemptions belong to a time previous to the pontificate of Alexander the Third, who issued orders to the Archbishop of Canterbury prohibiting them in future.⁸ I draw attention to "peculiars" and to exemptions from the archdeacons' visitations in the hope that some of my readers may go into the whole subject and work it out in the full detail which it deserves. The history is too intricate for an article such as this.

I now turn to an aspect of my subject which is so fascinating as almost to deserve an article to itself—the history of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches. When William the Conqueror began his reform of ecclesiastical discipline, he found that the Benedictine Order controlled three Cathedrals in addition to the primatial church at Canterbury—Worcester, Rochester and Winchester. The capitular bodies of these four churches were allowed to continue their monastic privileges. But when the new rulers refounded the churches of Lincoln and Salisbury, and

⁶ "State Papers Domestic MSS." (Record Office, London), Vol. cx. 70.

⁷ W. Lyndwood, "Provinciale" (Ed. 1697), 218.

⁸ Hardouin, "Concilia," VI., 2, 1722.

reformed the cathedral church of York, they were established on quite a new principle from the monastic one obtaining in the Benedictine Cathedrals, and from the arrangements in the Saxon Cathedrals controlled by secular clergy. In the three churches mentioned they set a clear line between the diocesan bishops and the deans and chapters. On the other hand, when they removed the bishops' seats to Coventry and Norwich of those two dioceses, the Cathedral Churches were set up in close touch with abbeys and based on the monastic principle. Durham was also transformed into a monastic body. Wells was connected with an abbey for a time, but early in the twelfth century it became secularized, while in the same century Ely and Carlisle came under the control of regulars. We finally get nine Cathedral bodies under secular control and eight under regular control. In all cases the bishop had close relationships with the Cathedral body of his diocese. With the advent of the new Norman rule, there arose the custom of separating his income from that of the Cathedral. Previous to 1066, the diocesan income was administered among the Cathedral body and the bishop. No question of visitation arose, as the bishop was himself a member of the Cathedral chapter, and in the monastic foundations he was, of course, the abbot. With the Norman changes, bringing as they did not only a separation of income but the appointment of a dean as head of the secular Cathedrals, the diocesan, of course, lost power, although he continued to hold a place on the Cathedral chapter. Indeed, it would seem that while the dean had the duty of seeing that the discipline and administration were properly carried out, the final obligation of getting the work done fell on the bishop—that is, he supervised the dean.

The secular Cathedrals, however, failed in their ideals, and as a consequence many grave changes took place. Founded in imitation of the monastic Cathedrals, the secular bodies did not possess that cohesion which is inherent in religious orders, and would tend to make the carrying out of a regular round of daily services possible. Absence, nonresidence and the presence of deputies soon characterized the secular bodies. Their members were content to receive their salaries, subject merely to charges for vicars and the general fund for the up-keep of the Cathedral. Parallel with this decay, the influence of the bishop declined when it was most needed to hold the Cathedral bodies in some degree to their ideals. His diocesan work called him away from Cathedral services and chapter meetings, and his presence at them soon became a tradition. On the other hand, it is obvious that in a Cathedral of secular priests the duties of correction and of enforce-

ing discipline could only belong to the diocesan bishop. However obvious a fact this may be, it is clear that almost all the secular Cathedrals waged a lengthened resistance to episcopal visitations; the documents cover many years and at times they are far from edifying. Thus Bishop Grosseteste⁹ required a bull from Innocent IV before he could carry out a visitation of the chapter body at Lincoln. At Salisbury¹⁰ for over a century the chapter fought against visitations by their diocesan, and a papal bull only succeeded in establishing a *modus vivendi*. In York¹¹ the dispute lasted up to the beginning of the fourteenth century. Previous to this the Archbishop of York had failed to establish visitorial jurisdiction over the chapter, but in 1328 the whole dispute was settled by arbitration—visitation questions were to be asked, not written, and corrections were left in the hands of the Cathedral members, the Archbishop only enforcing them when the body failed to do so. At Lichfield the dean and chapter succeeded, up to the beginning of the fifteenth century, in their claim to correct themselves, when the bishop made good his claim to correct the dean, or dean and chapter, the prebendaries escaping episcopal visitation except in case of grave faults. In the neighboring church of Wells¹² a similar dispute went on, and was only settled by the bishop being satisfied merely to ask the dean questions and to issue his orders to him. Hereford maintained its right to exclusion from episcopal visitation up to the time of Henry VIII, who issued a royal letter to the dean and chapter to admit their bishop. They appear to have done so, as a visitation by the diocesan is recorded among the Cathedral documents on July 4, 1542.¹³ It is interesting, however, to note that in Elizabeth's reign Hereford Cathedral continued to resist episcopal visitations, the Elizabethan bishop declaring that in this it was "contrary to the usage of other like churches."¹⁴ In examining the documents connected with the other secular Cathedrals, I find that little further light is thrown on the subject. These bodies as a whole seem to have taken their cue from the monastic Cathedrals, but to have forgotten, in their claim to be exempt

⁹ See H. R. Luard, "Epistolae Roberti Grosseteste" (Rolls Series, 1861), pp. 357 ff.

¹⁰ See Jones and Dayman, "Statutes of the Cathedral Church of Sarum" (1883), pp. 22, 82.

¹¹ See "York Cathedral Statutes" (printed privately in 1900), 118. I believe this book can now be seen in the British Museum. I asked the librarian there to apply for a copy in 1907.

¹² Reynolds, "Wells Cathedral," pp. 125 ff.

¹³ "Hereford MS. Register" (1542), folio 40 ff.

¹⁴ State Papers Domestic MSS. (Record Office, London), Vo. XVII., 32, and cf. *ibid.*, Vol. XXII., 12, and "Lansdowne MSS." (Brit. Mus.), VI., 84.

from episcopal visitation, that the monastic bodies were subject to their superiors. They kept up an intermittent warfare with their diocesans; but long before the Reformation, with the exception of Hereford, they had, in some degree, at least, recognized the rights of their diocesans to visit them. Any student who wishes to elaborate their history can find ample material to begin with in the various histories of the Cathedral bodies in England which have been issued from time to time, with valuable collections of illustrative documents. In the Monastic Cathedrals no such troubles arose as those connected with their secular neighbors. The bishop was abbot, and the Cathedral body was immediately responsible to him for their conduct. Only one attempt is recorded of resisting visitation, but a decree from Rome established the bishop-abbot in his rights.

Thus, a bishop had power to visit the whole of his diocese, with the exception of "peculiars" and of the religious houses which were especially exempt. All other religious houses were under his immediate visitation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that this duty was carried out by the bishops more carefully than that of visiting their dioceses. Thus, a clearly defined and efficient system grew up, as disputes were settled, and, indeed, at times it tended to become rather exacting. This aspect, however, belongs to the history of failure and lies outside our subject. What is abundantly clear is that, as time went on, the tendency grew of giving the diocesan as much power as possible in the sphere of diocesan discipline, and of curtailing, as far as could be done, exemptions from his rule.

In turning to the question of metropolitan visitations, we are unable to trace the history in detail. The customs which prevailed under the early Norman archbishops are not clear. In 1222, Stephen Langton seems to have failed to carry out a metropolitan visitation in spite of orders from Rome, and a few years later Archbishop Edmund Rich created great friction in attempting it. Later still, Archbishop Boniface encountered such opposition that disgraceful scenes took place in London. The question was transferred to Rome for discussion, Boniface relying on the procedure outlined for a metropolitan visitation by the Pope in 1245. The Pope decided that Boniface had the right to hold such a visitation. The provincial bishops were unanimous in their formal protest at Rome, but they accepted the Pope's decision, subject to certain modifications in procedure. It was arranged that a metropolitan visitation should not be so detailed or be so expensive as an ordinary diocesan visitation. Archbishop Boniface carried out a visitation of all the dioceses in the province

of Canterbury in 1253, and he thus established the claim of the see of Canterbury to visit the diocese in the Southern Province. Boniface, however, was prohibited from visiting exempt places or houses in any diocese. This led to trouble in the future. Archbishop Peckham claimed to visit everywhere, and thus he brought himself into collision with the superiors of these "exemptions," and, in addition, the diocesan bishops protested against his general scheme. Peckham replied in detail.¹⁵ The opposition rose and fell according to the activities of the archbishops. Thus, in 1322, the Bishop of Exeter—John Grandison, himself a great disciplinarian—attempted to thwart a metropolitical visitation by Archbishop Mepeham. Indeed, Grandison feared that a metropolitical visitation would shatter his own very serious efforts, and the Pope allowed his protest for the occasion.¹⁶ Grandison's case, however, did not overthrow the claims of Canterbury, and the rights of metropolitical visitation were maintained and carried out right down to the Reformation. During that period the reforming primates, Cranmer and Parker,¹⁷ exercised metropolitical functions, and, under Queen Mary, Cardinal-Archbishop Pole visited the dioceses of his Province, but, as a rule, he appointed the diocesan bishops to act as his commissaries and to carry out the work, administering, however, a body of regulations drawn up by himself, to which I shall refer later.¹⁸ In the Northern Province things did not move so smoothly. Thus, the diocesans of Durham carried on a successful dispute with the various Archbishops of York, who only succeeded in establishing a right to visit *sede vacante*. The whole history is complicated and extends over many years, but the diocese of Durham succeeded in establishing its independence of the see of York, and, I believe, that even today, under the Protestant administration, it is free from metropolitical visitations.

I have now given a brief outline of the history of visitations in England. Short though it has necessarily been, it is obvious that there grew up an admirable system for the enforcing of ecclesiastical discipline. Grosseteste and Boniface set examples of visiting personally the parishes, and the enquiries were preceded by Mass, confession and communion. On the other hand, when we begin to look for exact regulations governing methods

¹⁵ C. Tryce Martin, "Reglster" (Rolls Series, 1882-1886), I., 306-328.

¹⁶ Preb. Randolph, "Exeter Reglsters, XXXII. ff.

¹⁷ Cranmer, "Remains," p. 154, "Parker MS. Reglster" (Lambeth Palace), I., folio 302.

¹⁸ "Pole MS. Reglster," folio 34, "Harleian MSS. (Brit. Mus.), Vol. 396, folio 4, stype, "Ecclesiastical Memorials," III., II., No. 51, Wilkins, "Concilia, IV., 145.

of procedure, we are face to face with a complicated story. The plans for carrying out a visitation grew up gradually and became traditions, without much formal legislation behind them, except in connection with the difficult problem of procurations, round which an unedifying warfare rose and fell all down the centuries. In spite of the Lateran Councils of 1179 and 1215, which dealt with them, disputes continued and abuses prevailed. Where positive regulations were drawn up, they deal more with the bishop's officials than with himself. It will be well, then, to run through, as it were, the *Concilia*, and to glean the information extant in this connection.

The decretal of Innocent IV governed the metropolitan visitations of the archbishops, modified as we have seen in the case of Archbishop Boniface. An analyses of this document will illustrate the subject. The archbishop was ordered to visit his own Cathedral and diocese first, getting into close touch, as far as possible, with his clergy. Then he was to proceed to the visitation of the dioceses of his Province—Cathedrals, monasteries, parishes, etc.—but to receive no procurations—a special regulation for England. No place was to be visited twice during the actual visitation, except by special request. Those parishes passed over in one visitation were to be the first included in the metropolitan visitations which followed in future years. No specified time limit was laid down, but the methods of the actual visitation were clearly outlined. The proceedings were to be opened by a sermon, followed by close and searching questions about the lives, morals and duties of the clergy. The replies to these questions were not to be given on oath. Then orders were to be issued for such corrections as were necessary, and adequate and proper punishments meted out. This outline was followed in all future metropolitan visitations in England, and can be traced through such documents as are extant in connection with them in both of the English Provinces.

When we turn to the few regulations dealing with diocesan visitations, we find an admirable collection of them in Gratian.¹⁹ Thus, the ideal of annual visitations, as aimed at by the Council of Tarragona in 516, is placed before the diocesans. Reference is made to the use of deputies in visiting—priests or deacons—as outlined by the Council of Toledo²⁰ in 633, and also to the methods and questions laid down by the Council of Braga²¹ in 572, when the bishop was commanded to visit each parish in his dio-

¹⁹ "Decretum," Causa x. Questio, 1.

²⁰ Hardouin, III., 587.

²¹ *Ibid.*, 386.

cese, to see personally each of his clergy, taking special care to find out how they carried out the parish services and to give them instructions in their duties when such were necessary; and, finally, to call together the parochial laity and to give them an exhortation on faith and conduct. In the year 1200²² we find regulations drawn up by a Council held at London, when the bishops are warned to bring to the front the spiritual aspects of a visitation, and to make close enquiries about the provision of the necessary ornaments of the churches, especially those used for Mass. In 1237, the Constitutions of Otho²³ widened the scope of enquiries by elaborating severe questions into clerical morals and apparel.

In connection with the special duties of the archdeacons in visitations, we have an elaborate extant decree²⁴ issued by Alexander III to an archdeacon forbidding him to fine in money, to use the ordeals of fire and water, and to visit any place in his jurisdiction more than once a year, unless under exceptional circumstances. After the Lateran Council of 1215, regulations with regard to the archdeacons become more numerous in England. The *piece de resistance* is the Canons of the Council of Oxford,²⁵ where the duties of the archdeacons are elaborated in several canons. Among these it is important to notice that in addition to carrying out a careful examination of the clergy in the parishes with regard to their knowledge of the Canon of the Mass and the method of Baptism, they are to take the utmost care that inventories of church goods are drawn up for each church in the several spheres of jurisdiction, and that they are delivered at the visitations. The archdeacons are also ordered to carry out an annual inspection of church ornaments and service books in every church. About 1238, some anonymous Canons add to their duties that of examining the fabrics of the churches, and of seeing that the necessary repairs are carried out. A little later we find the officials belonging to the archdeacons' courts dealt with by conciliar orders and further duties added to the actual visitation work when enquiries are ordered about the dedications of the parish churches and the consecration of the altars in them. Finally, Archbishop Peckham laid on the archdeacons the burden of seeing that the excellent parochial instructions which he outlined in his Canons of 1261 were properly given in the parish churches, while in 1342 the inspection of parochial presbyteries

²² *Ibid.*, VII., 299. For a complete list of the church furniture to be provided, see Lyndwood, *op. cit.*, I., 251.

²³ Hardouin, VI., 2, 1959.

²⁴ "Decretum," I. Tit., 23, c. vi.

²⁵ Hardouin, VII., 120.

and graveyards was added to the already wide sphere of inspection.²⁶

I now turn to give some account of the actual procedure in an episcopal visitation. First of all, a Mandate was issued to the different parishes giving notice of the time, date, etc., of the visitation, and prohibiting any inferior or ordinary from visiting as long as the episcopal procedure lasted. In the thirteenth century this document contained references to the matters to be dealt with in the visitation, but before very long we find it accompanied with a set of "Articles of Enquiry." The onus of the work fell on the diocesan archdeacons, who assembled the parish clergy in their different archdeaconries and administered the episcopal questions. In addition, orders were issued that those who held more benefices than one were to produce their permits, and that the regulars who worked in parish churches should hand in their documents. As soon as the visitation was over, we come across another class of document called "Diocesan Injunctions," which are orders based on the delinquencies disclosed by the Articles of Enquiry. These injunctions were delivered to the archdeacons and read in every parish church. The documents of the actual visitation are *Acta*—or detailed minutes—containing *Comperta*, or the facts found out by the questions concerning the parish clergy, the parishioners, the church wardens, the church ornaments, books, fabrics, graveyards and presbyteries, and *detecta*, or lists of matters in which reforms and punishments are necessary. It need hardly be said that for the student of visitations invaluable material is buried among these documents in the diocesan archives of England. We shall never have an accurate picture of pre-Reformation life until all this matter is completely copied and edited. The MSS. are fairly numerous, but there is nothing to hinder a diligent student getting sufficient material from them to throw abundant new light on diocesan life in Catholic England. They bring us into close touch with every-day affairs, and as a side issue in the actual study of diocesan administration, they would more than repay careful research. I hope that my reference to them will inspire some work in connection with them, and I shall be glad to furnish any of my readers with any references which I possess. Every facility is given for work by the diocesan authorities, who are most courteous and obliging.

I have now brought my survey down to the eve of the Reformation, and there I must leave it. It would be fascinating to continue the work down to the Restoration of the Hierarchy in

²⁶ For his last orders, see *ibid.*, 313, 339, 489, 865, 1649.

England, and to trace the modifications necessary in penal times, and until the full diocesan machinery was once more in working order. I do not know what documents exist for such a study, but it would be interesting to follow the various makeshifts. I have thought it well to conclude by a short analysis of the questions submitted by Cardinal Pole to his parishes in 1556, as they illustrate the closing days of Catholic diocesan administration in England.²⁷ The articles are preserved in his manuscript register. The visitation was carried out in, and after, May, 1556. The first division is headed "Circa Divinum Cultum." He enquires whether the Divine Service is carried out at suitable hours; whether the sacraments and sacramentals are duly and reverently administered; whether the clergy give any scandal by frequenting taverns; whether the midwives have been carefully taught the form, matter and method of baptizing, and whether holy water is ready at the time of childbirth; whether a book is preserved in each parish in which the names of those reconciled to the church are written; whether any married clergy have been reconciled since the schism; whether due Catholic instructions are given by the clergy to the people and to the young; whether the clergy have shown their letters of orders and parochial titles to the archdeacons; whether the sacred canons—especially those dealing with public worship—are diligently observed; whether the names of the Pope and St. Thomas of Canterbury, which had been erased from the service books, have been restored. The second section is headed "Pro Laicis," in which Pole asks whether the people believe the Catholic Creed, resort to Confession and receive the Blessed Eucharist; whether any are absent or are held back from Mass on Sundays and days of obligation; whether there are any public evil livers; whether any disturb public worship or assemble in the graveyard during Divine Service; whether the font is under lock and key; whether the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Oils are duly kept in every church; whether the church ornaments and service books have been provided after the pillage of the last reign; whether the churches, presbyteries and parochial buildings have been restored; whether the Crucifix, with the figures of Our Lady and St. John, have been set up again over the chancel gates; whether the Protestant Prayer Books and Homilies have been removed from the churches; whether there is any servile work on Sundays; whether any are married contrary to Canon Law; whether any have not fulfilled their Easter duties; whether any resort to secret Protestant worship; whether the fasts of the Church are duly kept; whether the register of births,

²⁷ "Pole MSS.," folio 35.

marriages and deaths is duly and carefully kept in every parish; whether the Blessed Sacrament is carried to the sick with lights and a bell as of old; whether the schoolmasters are diligent and Catholic men approved by the ordinary; whether a light burns always before the Tabernacle; whether all the children of fit age are confirmed.

These orders help us to gain some idea of the general scope of visitation work; but I have given an analysis of them for another reason—they help to illustrate the state of affairs in England after the restoration of the Catholic faith. It is now no longer a case of seeing that things are in repair, but of refurnishing the entire churches of England after the vandalism of Edward VI. The reference to the light before the Tabernacle also is of interest. Before the Reformation the Sacrament hung in a hanging pyx before the High Altars. Tabernacles, as we know them, were introduced into England by Pole himself. In addition, Pole's orders carry us away back across the ages to the origin of diocesan administration, and almost at every point they touch on documents which belong to every age of Church History. One has only to compare them with the Visitation questions issued under Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth to see how far the Anglican Settlement is removed from the Church, while they witness to that unity in Catholic life which is age long. With every modification we can trace the great work of the Catholic Episcopate in applying to every fluctuating age in history, and to every change in diocesan life the unchanging and eternal faith once delivered by her Lord and Founder to the Catholic Church.

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THE POET-THEOLOGIAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IT has been claimed for the 13th century that it was the greatest century saw the dual development of Gothic Architecture and Theological Poetry, one can easily acquiesce in the truth of the statement. A century that can boast of Cologne Cathedral and the *Divina Commedia* is unique among the centuries. A century which beheld the daring attempt to pierce the clouds with God's spires and the sublime conception of linking the heights of Theology to the music of Poetry has no reason to envy any century that went before or any century that has since followed. The world has progressed much, we hope, in six centuries, but it has not seen another Dante nor has it built anything surpassing the sublimity of design and perfection of finish of Cologne Cathedral.

Dante has been compared with Homer and Milton, with Shakespeare and Goethe, but he is generally conceded to be so far superior to these that the comparison does not even serve as an illustration of his genius. Michelangelo, as the second term of comparison, would appear to suit the purpose better. Buonarrotti not only chiseled the Moses that graces the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, not only painted the famous fresco on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel (the Last Judgment), but he also wrote elegant verses and composed the sweetest of harmonies. In like manner Dante not only wrote the greatest poem of all time, but also painted and composed with a certain degree of perfection. These two great minds were so universal that nature could not confine them to any single one of the fine arts. The basis of comparison here may not be evident, but it is intended to compare minds rather than the products of minds. On closer thought, it will be conceded that the mind which conceived the Vision of the *Divina Commedia* must have possessed a brighter spark of the divinity than the mind which conceived the grouping of the Last Judgment. One never grasps the magnificence of St. Peter's from the Piazza below, for one sees nothing else; but take your stand on Monte Coelio and see it with the other architectural gems of the Eternal City and immediately its superior claims will appear. Human knowledge in sublime things proceeds "per modum remotionis et negationis."

Dante was born in Florence in the May of 1265 and died on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1321. Great men usually run their course in a brief span of years. The incessant and intense activity of their intellects is too much for their bodies,

and, as a consequence, the composite being resulting from the union of both quickly resolves itself into its separate component parts—a process commonly called death. Incidentally, one may note that this fact establishes beyond doubt the substantial union of the soul and the body, or that the soul is the substantial form of the body—a favorite Thomistic thesis.

Dante's life was not a happy one. He had the misfortune to cast his lot with a political party that was at its ebb at that particular time. Dante spent the best part of 20 years in exile. His family was almost entirely disrupted as the result of his political connections, and his exile was uncomfortable by any tender or sympathetic companionship. He died in Ravenna, and was buried in the Virgin's Chapel in the Church of San Francesco. Giovanni del Virgilio wrote his epitaph, which began with these true words: "Theologus Dantes nullius expers dogmatis * * *" which sum up Dante's chief claims to fame.

Considered as a mere poet, and apart from the subject-matter of his poem, Dante ranks among the Cedars of Lebanon. The *Divina Commedia*, with its vivid imagery, mythological references, exquisite descriptions, picturesque language, perfect rhyme, musical arrangement of syllables succeeding one another with a Wagnerian majesty, tender lyrical passages, merits a place with the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, *Paradise Lost* and *Faust* among the supreme efforts of human genius. But the *Divina Commedia* is more than an exquisite epic poem. It is, besides, a résumé of Catholic belief. It is a delightful florilegium of Philosophy, Theology and Mysticism, accurate and precise in its terminology, orthodox in its teachings. To translate Scholastic Philosophy or Theology into a spoken dialect is no easy undertaking; but Dante was no mere translator. He had absorbed and assimilated Scholasticism so perfectly that he could introduce it into his poetry in a most picturesque and original, though accurate, language. With him Scholasticism was no mere hand-maid of Poetry, but rather vice versa. He considered those abstruse doctrines of the school as the most sublime message that poetry could convey. He always thought of his poetry in the light of a canal or vehicle that would serve to popularize the high subject that he had set to treat. Yet this view of Poetry did not prevent him from giving to literature a masterpiece of art. It enhanced art by giving to it matter as well as form.

Dante's great guide among the Schoolmen was St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor. From him he learned all the Philosophy and Theology he ever knew. His guides in Mysticism were Boethius, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure and Richard of St. Victor. It is delightfully refreshing to the student of the

"Summa" to read the "Divina Commedia"—replete as it is with the virile teachings of the great Dominican. One would search in vain for an important thesis of the "Summa" that has not its corresponding adornment in the *Divina Commedia*. Thomistic Commentators are fast realizing this fact, and are using the verses of the Florentine Poet to great advantage in their works. Father Lepicier, the learned Superior General of the Servite Order, who, more than any other Divine of this century, has pried into the musty tomes of Aquinas, and whose commentaries are masterpieces of Thomistic interpretation, adroitly and learnedly intermingles prose and poetry, Thomas and Dante throughout his books. True it is, Dante does not agree with the Angelic Doctor in every detail, e. g., in his position on the New Testament, in which he commits an unaccountable error. On the whole, however, he is a faithful disciple of St. Thomas. Hence, one finds it difficult to see how the author of the article on Dante in the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* could assert that Dante and St. Thomas disagree in their teaching on celestial intelligences (sic.). Dante's teaching on angels is one of the clearest points he touches. He teaches that they are not composed of matter and form as we are, but are immaterial. They are, however, composite in another sense, viz., they are composed of potentiality and act, of *esse* and existence. This is precisely the teaching of St. Thomas. Compare and see I. L. A, 2, *Ad tertiam*, of the *Summa*. Thus, one cannot see where the Poet and the Theologian disagree on the nature of Angels. They do differ in a few particulars when they come to divide the hierarchies, although they proceed on the same principle of division. For the rest it could not be expected that such an original genius as that of Dante would content itself with being a mere copyist.

Dante was orthodox to the core in the field of pure Theology. However, he longed to be more than a great Theologian; he fondly yearned to be equally successful in politics. He wrote a book, entitled "*De Monarchia*," which, as far as orthodoxy is concerned, has been a shadow around the great Florentine. He erred in theory and in fact. He claimed a divine origin for the Holy Roman Empire, whilst a mere tyro of History could tell him that it was of Papal origin. He thought that the Church had no power in temporals—not even indirectly—a strange position considering the clear teaching of the Bull of Boniface VIII. The book went on, the Index and Dante's prestige suffered considerably, but the error only proves that he was human, a sinner and not a saint. One easily understands Dante's error when one recalls the tottering of the great Bossuet himself centuries afterwards. Enemies of the Catholic Church, mindful of Dante's

political theories alone, claim him to their part, but Dante was no unbeliever. Ever faithful to the religion of his forefathers, he died in the fervent embrace of the Church, and was laid to rest in the Virgin's Chapel of the Church of San Francesco. The Church, like the kind mother she is, has forgotten his political tenets and has crowned his Theology and Philosophy. In the mind of the Church, Dante is the Prince of Poets, the Poet of Theologians and the Mystic of Philosophers.

The *Divina Commedia* is a history of the human soul in the form of an allegory. It traces the workings of divine grace in the soul from the first grace to the triumph and coronation of all grace, which is glory. At first sight it would appear to be merely a treatise on the Last Things, but in reality it touches on nearly all the important points of dogma. Dante's vision begins in the outer circle of hell and closes with the Poet face to face with the ever Blessed Triune God. Between these two points there pass in review the other various grades of hell and purgatory and Paradise. From the mere Synopsis of the Poem, one may fairly guess its sublimity. Never before had the human mind dared to soar so high without divine inspiration, and never again, perhaps, will mortal equal the flights of the great Catholic Poet. One would search in vain throughout the whole range of Christian Literature for anything to equal the closing Canto of the Paradise—excepting the inspired Apocalypse. It is a fitting close to all that precedes. It is the Consummation est of human effort. With the great Cardinal Manning, one can say, "*Post Dantis paradisum, nihil remanet nisi visio Dei.*"

The work of a true Italian, the *Divina Commedia* could not but be full of the praises of the Blessed Virgin, whom Dante confesses to daily invoke:

* * * when at the name
Of that fair flower, who duly I invoke
Both morn and eve, * * * Par. XXIII, 85.

Through the poem Dante addresses the Virgin with such beautiful titles as Virgin Mother, Queen, Holy Mary, Fair One of Heaven, Living Spring of Hope, Noonday Torch of Charity. He thinks the power of intercession of the Mother of God almost infinite:

"So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire;
Fly without wings." Par. XXXIII, 14.

The salutation of the Angel Gabriel is the only passage that can be compared to this whole Canto: "*Termine fisso dell' eterno*

consiglio," is the whole Marian Theology in a nutshell. Dante's Mariology settles all questions as to his Catholicity.

The description of the facial vision of God shows Dante at his best. As stated already, there is not anything in the whole range of Christian literature to compare with this Canto, except, of course, the Apocalypse or the magnificent reticence of St. Paul. Ponder the lines where Dante describes the Trinity of Persons in the Divine Essence. One does not know which to admire most, the accuracy of Theology or the flights of the poetic Muse. No translation could ever do the original justice.

Nella profonda e chirara sussistenza
Dell'alto lume parvemi tre giri
Di tre colori e d'una continenza:

E l'un dall'altro, come Iri da Iri,
Parea riflesso e il terzo pareo foco,
Che quinci e quindi equalmente si spiri.

O' Luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,
Sola t'intendi e da te intelletta
Ed intendente te ami ed arridi!

The Trinity and the procession of persons are seen under the guise of a solitary ray of light of three circles and tricolored. Of these three, the first appeared reflected from the second like rainbow from rainbow (the Son from the Father); the third appeared like fire proceeding from the first and the second (the procession of the Holy Ghost). It may be well to remark that God Himself in a vision granted to St. Rose of Lima used this very imagery of the tricolored rainbow to represent the Trinity. Dante reduces all that he saw to one simple source, viz., Light. The Beatific Vision is Light Eternal, the brilliance of which is so great that it is impossible to withdraw the gaze therefrom. How close the disciple keeps to the doctrine of the Master may be seen from a cursory reading of Chapters 50 et seq., Book II, of the *Summa contra Gentiles*. There is no real difference in the two treatises. This whole Canto is a most elegant commentary on these words of Sacred Scripture: "In Thy light we shall see light" (Ps. XXXV, 10), and these others: "God is light" (I. John i., 5).

Dante's description of Heaven is as Catholic as it is beautiful:

"One universal smile it seemed of all things;
Joy passed compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasurable bliss."
(Par. XXVII).

Read together with the above the following: "God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes" (Apoc. XXI, 4). "They shall obtain joy and gladness" * * * (Is. XXXV, 11). It is in giving the essence of eternal happiness that he shows how much he owed to the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas taught in opposition to Duns Scotus that the formal essence of the Beatific Vision lay in the intellect alone and not in the will. Dante follows closely this opinion. He calls God the good of the intellect in one place, and in another he writes:

"* * * thus happiness hath root
In seeing, not in loving, which of sight is aftergrowth."

Canto V of the *Paradiso* contains a beautiful warning to heretically inclined Christians. It is also valuable to the history of Dogma, inasmuch as it declares a solid belief in the infallibility of the Pope and an anticipated condemnation of the Rule of Faith of Protestantism:

"Be ye more staid,
O Christians! not, like feather, by each wind
Removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves
In every water. Either testament,
The old and the new is yours; and for your guide,
The Shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice
To save you.

Be not as the lamb
That, fickle wanton, leaves its mother's milk
To dally with itself in idle play." (Par. V, 73-84.)

These words dispel the opinion that Dante was the forerunner of the pseudo-reformation. He here declares that the Old and New Testament are not sufficient to salvation as Luther asserted, but that there is need, furthermore, the guiding hand of a living teacher—the Shepherd of the Church. For the Reformers the Shepherd of the Church is anti-Christ. One is reminded of the statue that the Socialists raised to the great jurist in the Piazza of San Andrea della Valle in Rome. On hearing that the Church found nothing in his writings against the Faith, the Socialists petitioned the government to tear down the statue, but in vain, and today may be seen the peculiar sight of a Socialist statue to a Catholic jurist in the center of the Eternal City; and then—wasn't St. Patrick himself a Protestant?

The greatest problem to solve in Dante's life was his opposition to the Popes, especially to the great Boniface VIII. In Canto XIX, of the *Inferno*, Dante discovers Nicholas III in the third circle of hell and because of his Simony. Historically speaking, Nicholas could not be accused of Simony for, as the great Dollinger says, such a crime is neither proved nor probable. Undoubtedly Nicholas was not the best of the Popes, but

nothing in history shows that he was guilty of Simony or deserving of the awful fate given him by Dante. Celestine V is another one of the Popes to come under the leash of the Florentine Poet. After a short reign, in which he showed a total incapacity for his difficult office, Celestine resolved that his place was the hermit's cell and not the fisherman's throne, and so he abdicated. Perhaps this alone would not have merited a place in hell from Dante were it not for the fact that it was the occasion for the election of Boniface VIII—Dante's arch-enemy. Boniface VIII ranks with Gregory VII, Innocent III, John XXII and Leo XIII as the greatest political Popes the Church has had in the course of her career. Like all politicians, Boniface had his enemies—men who differed with him in political tenets. Among these was our own Dante, who all along favored the Imperial Party as opposed to the Papacy. This was the beginning of his aversion to this great Pope. He accuses Boniface of avarice, of sensuality, of simony and of cruelty. All of these heads of accusation are unproved and unknown to historical research. It is well explained by the difference of political views of the Pope and the Poet. In proof of this one need only recall that when Boniface VIII was insulted in his own palace by Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, Dante saw therein an insult to Christ Himself. Politics are not in the Pope's field, reasoned the Poet, and so are not a subject of infallibility. One may differ with the Pope in politics and yet be a firm believer in his divine mission. This was Dante's stand, and although one may regret the bitter things said against the Pope, he cannot, on that account, accuse Dante of heresy or disrespect of Papal authority.

Interest in the study of Dante is ever on the increase. It is nothing short of providential that the study of this great Catholic poet should flourish so much in an age that is quickly losing all taste for religious literature, and especially providential in Italy, where a Masonic government is ever trying to rob the people of their religion.

Dante is studied in schools that will soon have no other sign of the Catholic religion. When the Catechism is gone Dante's *Divina Commedia* will be the great means of keeping alive the Faith of their Fathers in the growing-up generation of Italians. A clear sign of this increasing interest in the study of the *Divina Commedia* may be seen in the many Commentaries that constantly see the light. Of the modern Commentaries, those of Palmieri and Bartolini would appear to be the best. Of course, the classical guide to Dante will always remain the "Summa" of St. Thomas. For the great majority of English-speaking people, Dante is accessible only in the form of a translation. Of all

translations, Dr. Carey's has enjoyed the greatest popularity and is the most readable. The notes to Cary's edition are not the best, but are often very useful.

In conclusion, what would Poetry be without Religion? What would any of the Fine Arts be without the inspirations that Religion affords? Take away religious influence from Music and what would it be? Eliminate the immortal compositions of Palestrina, Mozart, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Rossini, Gounod, Elgar and Perosi (not to mention a host of others), and what is left? Just a few rag tunes. Suppose that Michelangelo, Raphael, Guilio Romano, Rembrandt, Bernini and all those who were inspired by Religion had never existed, what would Sculpture, Painting, Architecture be? Without Dante what would Poetry be? Six centuries have only given him greater lustre. His poem has delighted innumerable souls, and will continue to illumine darkness and spread the kingdom of Gód on earth. When the Angel's trumpets will announce the second coming of Christ, one may suppose that the mission of the *Divina Commedia* has come to an end, but not until then. Not because of its delightful imagery, not because of its pleasing rhyme, not because of its poetic passion, but because it touches the religious sentiment of mankind is the *Divina Commedia* imperishable.

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NATURAL MYSTICS.

"I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of light,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light."

—Thoreau.

Mystics, like poets, are born, not made. They are of all ages, of all climes, of all creeds, of all nations; we find them in the East and in the West, among the old Jewish prophets, among the mediaeval Christian monks and recluses, among the ancient Hindoo yogis, among the modern dervishes, among the Thibetan lamas, among the Mahometan saints, among the old Buddhist monks, among the modern Mahatmas, among the poets, among prose writers, and it is with this last class that we propose to deal here.

The mystical temperament is not an easy one to define; that it is nearly related to that, which doctors for want of a better word for something that baffles all their science call hysteria, can hardly be denied; but then as hysteria can simulate every disease, every physical state, so can it imitate spiritual states, including the raptures and ecstasies of the saints, or at least it can superinduce, by physical means, a state resembling outwardly the rapture and ecstasy of a Catholic monk or nun.

Catholic theologians do not consider raptures and ecstasies in themselves a proof of sanctity, though some of the greatest saints, as St. Paul, and St. Theresa, and St. John of the Cross, have been favored with them. There are other saints as great, who, as far as we know, never had either, perhaps, because their natural temperament was unsuited to their development; moreover, mystical writers are careful to warn us that such spiritual manifestations may come from three sources: from God, from ourselves or from the devil.

The mystical temperament is one capable of intense power of concentration and of abstraction; it is usually joined to a highly wrought nervous system; it is one which will suffer almost any bodily privation for the sake of the exquisite spiritual delights its mystical experiences bring with them; therefore, the power of endurance must be mentioned as one of its attributes; it is also emotional, contemplative, introspective. It may be as well to say, before we go any further, that we are here speaking of mysticism in general, not of divine mysticism, because Almighty God, when He calls any one to the mystical life, can overrule all natural impediments, though He may, perhaps, choose those naturally fitted to lead this life in preference to others.

But Catholic mystics have ever found, and shown by their lives, that it is only by triumphing in an heroic degree over the body that they can fit themselves for that union with God, which is the goal of that divine mysticism which is only to be found within the pale of the Catholic Church, though it may exist in a very imperfect degree outside her sheltering arms.

The love of nature is a very conspicuous element in the temperament of what we call secular or natural mystics, like Shelley and the two writers with whom we here propose to deal, Richard Jefferies and Henry Thoreau, whose passionate love of nature stood them in place of the love of God.

Jefferies says his mysticism was based on the real, not on the imaginary; it would be truer to say it was founded on the seen, not on the unseen; on nature, not on Almighty God. Its goal was emotion for emotion's sake; ecstasy for the sake of the rapturous. In his case, sensuous delight; it brought with it, rather than union with God, of which, in the case of divine mystics, the emotion is only an accident, the ecstasy to be feared rather than courted, deprecated rather than sought.

"All things seem possible in the open air," says Jefferies. "All things are possible to him that believeth," said our Lord. His reiterated cry, which resounds almost to weariness through his mystical writings of "Give me soul-life," is only the natural craving of man for God, for faith; though he was of such a sensual, passionate, undisciplined temperament, that this cry of his came from his carnal nature quite as much as from his spirit. The wonder is that he who denied everything believed he had a soul at all, for a more thoroughgoing atheist never lived.

This Wiltshire yeoman, naturalist, journalist, poet, thinker, mystic, was born in the village of Coate, near Swindon, in 1848 and passed his early years there till, in 1874, his journalistic work took him to London, or rather to Sushiton, to be within easy reach of the great city; four years later began the long and painful illness, which, after six years of intense suffering, ended his career in 1887.

As we are here only dealing with his mysticism, we shall merely briefly touch on the external circumstances of his life, which were not outwardly particularly eventful; but in the development of a nature like his it is the interior life which counts, apart from the fact that the most uneventful lives externally are often the fullest interiorly. Suffering, in some of its most acute forms, was one of the great factors in the evolution of the mystic element in his nature; it was at the root of his pessimism, and probably of his atheism also.

Not only did he, as his biographer says, suffer physical torture, from which neither operations nor medicines could bring him any permanent relief, but he suffered also from poverty and anxiety, two of the sharpest whips to which poor, quivering humanity is exposed; from all the cares and disappointments incident to the literary career of one dependent on it for support, and only those who have rowed in the same boat know how harassing are the cares, how bitterly galling the manifold disappointments, to which even those who ultimately reach the harbor of success are exposed.

The certain knowledge that an early death was his inexorable fate was for at least for the last six years of his life an ever-present weight on his mind, for few have loved life more passionately than he did, in spite of all his trials and sufferings. Nor was his life sweetened by the joys of friendship to any extent, for he made very few friends; he was constitutionally reserved, and mentions the difficulty he experienced in making even acquaintances and the still greater difficulty in contracting friendship.

Moreover, he had but little in common with the Wiltshire yeomen from whom he sprang and among whom his lot was cast; and who for their part regarded the long hours he spent wandering about the downs communing with nature and his own soul as idleness. They could not understand him, and so he led a life quite apart from them, a life of solitude devoted to study and the contemplation of nature; his only companions his books and the birds and the dumb creatures he loved so well. We must not forget in this connection "the man in the tumulus," wittily said by one of his biographers to have been his only friend.

He was in the habit of meditating on the top of the hills on which were grass-grown tumuli; he would prostrate himself on one of these, and imagine the grave beneath him held some prehistoric warrior; then, concentrating his mind and his thoughts on "the man in the tumulus" as he lay basking in the sun, in a deep silence broken only by the song of a lark falling like liquid music on his ears, he would imagine he was like the spirit that once animated the dust under his body until, in his own words, "He was as real to me two thousand years after interment as those I had seen in the body. The abstract personality of the dead seemed as existent as thought."¹ As he projected himself back through two thousand years to the days when the unknown hero hunted over these very downs, he felt time was nothing.

¹ "The Story of My Heart," by Richard Jefferies, p. 38.

Two thousand years were as a second; the spirit of the man in the tumult was really alive and very close to him, and it seemed to him that the immortality of the soul was beyond any doubt. The idea of annihilation or extinction would require a miracle, a supernatural act, to make it conceivable.

Nevertheless, this did not lead him to believe in immortality. He was content to have enjoyed the idea of it while he lived; for the rest he neither hoped for it nor feared it, while as for believing it he had no faith in anything supernatural. All he knew was the prehistoric warrior was not dead to him after two thousand years.

Surely seldom was any one so lonely before or since as to be reduced to cultivating the friendship of the spirit of some ancient Briton who lived before the Christian era. There was undoubtedly a good deal of intellectual pride at the bottom of Richard Jefferies' friendlessness. He confessed that he held others in contempt, and this is not an attitude which conduces to making friendships. Proud and reserved by nature, he was rendered prouder and more reserved by circumstances over which he had no control. Thrown thus back upon himself, he cultivated in his own way the mystical element in his character; too sensual, too fond of bodily ease before his physical sufferings began to mortify his flesh in any way, for he had a horror of asceticism, which he considered as "the vilest blasphemy, blasphemy toward the whole of the human race."² He used to exhaust his physical nature by tramping all over the country in all weathers, finding, perhaps, by experience, that this predisposed him to the ecstasy he then consciously or unconsciously was able to induce.

Whether he had read of the Eastern yogis and their method of holding their breath for producing an ecstasy at this early period of his life is doubtful; more probably it came to him spontaneously, for it was part of the process he employed. He tells us in that wonderful book by which of all his writings he is mostly likely to be known to posterity, "The Story of My Heart," that when he reached some favorite haunt he used to look at the hills, at the dewy grass and then up to the blue sky through the branches of the trees. "In a moment all that was behind me; house, people, sounds seem to disappear and leave me alone. Involuntarily *I drew a long breath, then I breathed slowly.* My thought or inner-consciousness went up through the illumined sky, and I was lost in a moment of exaltation."³

He goes on to say this ecstasy lasted but a very short time, perhaps only for part of a second. Exquisite as it was, it was

² *Ibid.*, p. 125.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 76.

unsatisfying. When it was over, it left him craving for what he calls "soul-life," for some increase or enlargement of his existence to correspond with the largeness of feeling he had momentarily enjoyed.

Here we pause for a moment to call the reader's attention to the wonderful power which Jefferies had of putting into words the spiritual experiences and mystical states of the soul, which, as a rule, baffle the subject of them to describe, words being too coarse a medium wherein to translate the things that belong to the spirit.

In the storm-wind he would feel this same momentary exaltation, this secular rapture, and pitiful is his misunderstanding of his own feelings. He desired, he tells us, "that the beauty of it all, the inner subtle meaning, should be in him, that he might have it, and with it an existence of a higher kind." But it was not the storm-wind, or the beauty of it, about which there might be two opinions, that he was craving for, but the Holy Spirit, of which the mighty rushing wind is but a symbol, the Holy Ghost, Who only could lead him to an existence of a higher kind, to the life of faith, instead of the dreary unbelief in which he was dying.

He had a most passionate, sensuous love of beauty, particularly that of the human form, of statues and of pictures representing it. Strange to say, the greatest of all the arts, archisensing it, did not appeal to him at all; its majestic beauty could not move him. Emotional as he was, he could never have understood that the sight of the Coliseum at Rome, or of St. Peter's, or the facade of the Duomo of Florence, for the first time has moved some people to tears. To him architecture, which he oddly links with the very inferior art of pottery, "was stony, dead, meaningless, sometimes even repellent." It was only the human form in nature, in statuary or in painting which could produce the mystic state, which he calls ecstasy, which in his case was undoubtedly of diabolic origin.

We are not surprised to find that his sensuous nature reveled in color; it was as magic to him, a kind of trance that required a new language to clothe in words the rapture it called forth. He went so far as to say, "Color is a sort of food; every spot of color is a drop of wine to the spirit." In another place he says, "Pure color is rest of heart," which only shows how little he even suspected what rest of heart really is, if such an accidental, purely aesthetic joy as pure color could bring it.

Sad beyond words to those living in the light of faith is the spectacle of this highly gifted man, who might have been a Catholic mystic, a Christian saint, striving to satisfy the crav-

ings of his immortal soul with a sensuous, we might almost say sensual, enjoyment of the beauty of Nature—with the earth, the sky, the sun, the woods, the forests, the trees, even the grass. As he contemplated all these, he says, there always came to him "a desire for greater perfection of physique, of mind and of soul, that he might be higher in himself"; that what he calls the inner meaning of all these things, that is, the mystical meaning which he saw with his interior eyes, the eyes of his spirit, "might be transmuted into increase of excellence in himself." And truly there was plenty of room for improvement in him in many ways.

Possibly never before was the gift of prayer so perverted as in this man. A born contemplative, he wasted his time and his talent in contemplating the works of God's hands, without ever perceiving, apparently without even suspecting, that all the beauty, all the mystery, all the marvels of Nature are but the visible signs of the infinite beauty and mystery and power of the Invisible Creator of all things. He felt, as he contemplated Nature, a desire, not, indeed, for greater, personal holiness as the Saints have felt in contemplating Christ, but a desire for improvement, physical, mental and spiritual, that he might, as he puts it, be "higher in himself." We could hardly have a stronger proof than this last quoted phrase of the diabolic origin of all his contemplations and raptures. It is the very reverse of the experiences of the Saints. The result of their contemplations has ever been to desire with St. Paul that they might decrease; the outcome of their raptures is always an increase of humility, a desire to be lower in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, rather than higher.

In describing what we might almost call his method of prayer, and indeed it was a counterfeit prayer, in "The Story of My Heart," a psychological record which took him seventeen years to write, he says, "he now sees that what he labored for was soul-life, more soul-nature, to be exalted, to be full of soul-learning." Here we have the same idea again, the wish for self-exaltation. He was as blind really when he wrote these words as when, years before, he had experienced the emotions he so luminously describes. What he really unconsciously labored for was union with the God he did not know, whom he denied; the learning he wanted was the knowledge of God, the wisdom of the little child of faith, of the unlearned believer. "Soul-life," indeed, he wanted, but in another sense to that he intended; his soul was dead, because it had never felt the quickening power of faith.

He evidently thinks he is describing a very abnormal condition when he says that this prayer of his was not for an object,

that it was in itself a soul emotion, a passion, a wrestle in the course of which he was rapt and carried away. Now, of course, the prayer which is merely asking for favors, even be they spiritual graces, the mere vocal prayer of petition, is the lowest degree of prayer; the strange thing is that this man, whose spiritual, mystical experiences were a sort of travesty of Christian prayer, should have discovered something analogous to the highest degrees of prayer, into which adepts in prayer can pass at once, without exercising themselves in vocal, or even the lower degrees of mental, prayer.

He seems to have practised a perverted, and so to speak secular form of what Christian mystics call the prayer of aspiration, which he calls "speaking not in words, but by an inclination towards" the things he aspires to, which, it need not be said, were not Almighty God, but the stars, the earth, the grass, the sun, the sea, and as he realizes the greatness, the power, the mystery of all these, he prays that his soul may be enlarged, that he may have a deeper insight into them, "a broader hope." We should have thought his hopes, like his opinions and thoughts, were broad enough, and much too vague, for he has nothing real or solid for which to hope. In contemplating the sun and the stars and the sea, he does realize his own insignificance, and confesses that "he is little and contemptible"; but this, again, is a mere counterfeit of Christian humility. He is not really humble; he only feels small and overwhelmed by the infinitude of the stars, the glorious majesty of the sun, the vast magnitude of the sea. It is a physical rather than a spiritual abasement.

As with Catholic mystics, the prayer of aspirations leads to the prayer of union; so as he practised his secular prayer of aspirations toward all these created objects, he attains to a sort of union with them. He prays, he says, that he may take all the energy, the grandeur, the beauty from them into himself, and then he feels as if he were so united to the glowing clouds of sunset, to the morning star, to the rising sun, to the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, the trees, the grass, nay, even the grasshoppers, that he describes himself as praying with them for this increase of soul-life, of soul-emotion, which is the burden of all his song.

In reading this "Story of My Heart" we seem to be perusing the outpourings of some fallen spirit, rather than of a human heart, so perverse is the author in his conception of the unseen. While denying in the strongest terms all faith in the supernatural, he yet asserts that everything around us is supernatural; he denies the existence of Almighty God, and yet "realizes the existence of an inexpressible entity infinitely higher than deity";

he denies all miracles, yet confesses his own existence is a miracle; he denies the existence of heaven and hell, of the angels of another world, and yet admits "that there is so much beyond all that has ever yet been imagined"; he denies a future life, and yet "sees other and higher conditions than existence"; he denies in a Christian sense the immortality of the soul, but yet "sees in addition to immortality a soul-life illimitable"; he scorns and rejects all written traditions, all systems of culture, all modes of thoughts, and "strives to give utterance to a Soul-Entity yet unrecognized, a Fourth Idea."⁴ "But yet the pity of it, Iago. Oh! Iago, the pity of it!"

Here, indeed, we have a real tragedy, more tragic than any tragedy of fiction, more strange because more true; a soul eminently fitted for the highest kind of spiritual life, endowed with some of the highest psychological gifts, wasting and squandering them on temporal and physical things, and finally falling like the angels lower than others less gifted, because starting from a higher point, a twentieth century Faust with no voice from above to cry, "Er ist gerettet," when the wicked spirits claim him. And yet, it should be mentioned, that, after the death of our mystic, a discussion arose in some of the periodicals as to whether or no he died a Christian, some of his orthodox admirers believing that he did; but Mr. Salt, in his brilliant little work on him, greatly questions whether he did so, even in the loosest sense of the word Christian.⁵

We now turn to another natural mystic, Henry Thoreau, of Concord, the American counterpart of our Carlyle, the recluse of Walden, which place of retreat gives the title to one of his principal works. He was the son of a small farmer, and was born in 1817 in the village of Concord, Massachusetts. He went to the village school, and when sixteen was sent to the University of Harvard, where he excelled in Greek, and later in life was a master there for a time.

A mystic, a transcendentalist and a natural philosopher, as he summed himself up, he devoted himself for twenty years to literature, but he did not earn enough by it to supply even his modest requirements, so he added the profession of lecturer to that of author, and gave lectures in Concord Lyceum.

He was a contemporary of Emerson, with whom he once lived for two years, and of two other distinguished countrymen, Alcott and Hawthorne, with all of whom he was on terms of friendship. He was undoubtedly greatly influenced by Emerson, but he was too original a thinker to be counted as one of

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 54.

⁵ "Richard Jefferies," a study, by H. S. Salt, p. 93.

his disciples, still less as an imitator. He never came to Europe, nor did he ever travel beyond Canada; unlike Jefferies, he never married; he died when only forty-five, in 1862, and has never been so well known and appreciated in England as he deserves to be.

As we intend only to touch upon his mysticism here, we can only make a passing allusion to his wit, which is very conspicuous in his writings; his originality, his wisdom, his love of nature and poetical appreciation of her; his deep and lofty thoughts clothed in luminous language, sometimes polished, sometimes as forcible as Carlyle's, of which philosopher he constantly reminds us. He was steeped in Hindoo and Greek philosophy, and often quotes both; he was widely read, and had the supreme advantage of intercourse with such choice spirits as Emerson and Hawthorne. His style, though often rising to a high level of poetic prose, is sometimes terse and epigrammatic, and he is fond of cryptic sayings, such as, "Much is published, but little is printed."⁶ "Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads."⁷ His mysticism savors of Quietism; had he been a Catholic mystic, Molinos and the Jansenists would have attracted him; but his quietism was perilously near sloth, yet in its deeper spiritual aspect it is akin to that state of the soul which divine mystics define as the union of nothing with nothing, a kind of prayer so purely spiritual that it cannot be clothed in words. The process by which Thoreau arrived at the condition of absolute abstraction, from exterior things, corresponding to this mystical state of Catholic mystics, resembled faintly the prayer of Interior Silence, which, as first taught by Antonio de Rojas, was condemned by the Holy See.

Briefly summed up, the prayer of Interior Silence consists in simply waiting on Almighty God, without meditating at all or making any acts of the will or of the affections, but in Father Baker's words, is "rather a kind of virtual and habitual attention to God than a formal and direct tendence to Him."⁸ The great merit of it is the absolute self-annihilation it involves and the scope it provides for interior mortification of the most soul-searching kind.

Thoreau, as he sat by the lake of Walden, contemplating Nature and falling into a state of pure abstraction, experienced what we may describe as a natural development of this spiritual state; his was an intellectual self-annihilation; he feels he knows nothing at all.

⁶ *Walden*, p. 2.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 282.

⁸ "Sancta Sophia," by Father Baker, O. S. B., p. 490.

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. *I cannot count one. I know not the first letter in the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born.* The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things."⁹

This secret of things he was forever trying to fathom; it was for this that when he was twenty-eight he retired to the woods about two miles from Concord, and there at Walden, by the side of a pond, remarkable for the transparent clearness and purity of its well-like water, he built himself a wooden hut, and lived in it for two years.

We might almost call this a natural exposition of the anchoritic life, only that, unlike Christian anchorites and recluses, Thoreau, though ostensibly he had fled from the society of men, nevertheless sought it, and every other day made a pilgrimage to Concord to visit his friends and hear all the gossip at the Lyceum. There he would spend the evening, and walk back to his hut in the dark, often with great difficulty finding his way through the wood.

As in mediaeval times, the recluse's window was sometimes the center of village gossip, when the cell was tenanted by a lax anchorite or anchoress, so Thoreau's hut attracted large numbers of visitors, travelers, tramps, curious sightseers, all sorts and conditions of men, including what he defined as "so-called reformers," who bored him to extinction, and he wittily says that they little knew the third line of the song he was ever singing was:

"This is the house that I built.

This is the man that lives in the house that I built.

These are the folks that worry the man,

That lives in the house that I built."

He tells us that he went to the woods because he wished to live deliberately, to learn what life had to teach, "to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life," to experience its sublimity, if it were sublime, and to be able to tell the world its meanness if it were mean, and he did not want to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary.

He certainly lived deliberately at Walden, for he constantly passed a great part of the day, and sometimes of the night, in a reverie, doing absolutely nothing except practicing his secular

⁹ Walden, p. 96. The italics are ours.

prayer of Interior Silence; and though part of his scheme was to live by the work of his hands, so he cultivated the land round his hut to provide himself with food, yet he reduced his wants to so few that he only had to work for a few months in the year, and then at the longest from five in the morning till noon; and one of his articles of faith is, "Man is not bound to live by the sweat of his brow, but need only work for a few hours, and that not always, if he is content with a spare diet."

Few would be content with Thoreau's meager fare; his principal food was the beans he grew, rye and Indian meal, which he made into unleavened bread without any yeast; rice and potatoes. To this he sometimes added the fish he caught in the pond, and still less frequently a very little salt pork. He eschewed tea, coffee, milk and wine; his only beverage was water.

His reasons for this rigid abstinence were several; he knew that high thinking and low living go together; he did not care to spend more time or more money on providing himself with better food; he would rather spend his time in thinking than in hoeing; one of the cardinal points of his philosophy was the simplification of life; it was better to eat one meal a day than three, five dishes instead of a hundred; and, lastly, he was naturally ascetic; had he been a Christian mystic, he would have practiced great austerities, and probably would have adopted the extreme form of the ascetic life, the anchoretic.

He denied himself in sleep as well as in food; he not only was a very early riser, and had all a poet's love of the mystery of dawn and of the early morning hours, but he sat up late, and often spent a great part of the night on the lake fishing, or walking and contemplating the starry heavens and the beauty of the night. Here, again, his natural asceticism prompted him to keep watch and vigil, just as the Christian ascetic rises to prayer, only Thoreau rose to hold communion with nature, the saints rise to hold communion with God.

"Moral reform," he says, "is the effort to throw off sleep," and he had never met a man who was quite awake, "for to be awake is to be alive." "The millions are awake enough for physical labor, but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life."¹⁰

He loved solitude and silence; he never found any one who was so companionable as solitude; he was never lonely any more than the north star, or the loon on his pond, or a single dandelion in a pasture, or a bumble bee is lonely, though alone. "God is

¹⁰ *Walden*, p. 88.

alone—but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company; he is legion.”¹¹ And he rightly says, “solitude is not measured by the miles which separate a man from his fellow-man”; he knew that the loneliness of a crowd is the worst kind of loneliness; and that a man thinking or working, though surrounded by others, is always alone.

The Christian recluse was not lonely in his cell, because he had the Presence of God to console him; the communion of saints and angels to comfort him. Thoreau for his part held communion with the birds and beasts of the woods, the insects the flowers, the winds, the storms, the clouds, the lake; while Nature, which was the object of all his contemplations, stood to him in place of God, and to a certain extent seems to have contented him.

He was less emotional than Richard Jefferies; his transportations were subtler, of a higher, more intellectual kind, than the ecstasies and raptures of the author of “The Story of My Heart”; his power of abstraction was greater. He tells us that sometimes, when he walked home under great difficulty, on a dark, tempestuous night, through the woods to his hut in a storm, when he had to feel his way by touching some familiar tree or landmark, he was nevertheless so lost in thought that on reaching home he could not recall a single step of the way, and sometimes wondered whether his body could not have found its way home without his spirit, as easily as the hand finds its way to the mouth.

He seems to have shared that power of getting out of the body which is peculiar to the mystical temperament possessed in the most remarkable degree by Eastern mystics, who can transport their spirits thousands of miles, from one hemisphere to the other, while the body remains stationary, as is testified by modern theosophists whose credibility we have no reason to doubt; whether or no in these nocturnal walks Thoreau’s spirit was really roaming in space while his feet were feeling their way home, he seems uncertain himself, so we will leave it at that.

As divine mystics take Our Blessed Lord for their model and endeavor to imitate Him, so this natural mystic took Nature for his model, and was ever endeavoring to learn from her whom he took as his example and tried to teach others to do so too. “Let us spend one day as deliverately as Nature. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and company go; let the bells ring and the

¹¹ *Walden*, p. 135.

children cry—determined to make a day of it. Let us not be upset in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner," etc. Advice we fear only a very select few would be disposed to follow, even for a day; but the world is not made up of mystics and transcendental philosophers.

He loved to trace the analogy between the laws of the natural and spiritual worlds; for example, he discovered that the deepest part of Walden pond was at that point where the line of its greatest length and the line of its greatest depth intersect each other; and he believed this to be a general law of nature applicable to all lakes and bodies of water, even to the ocean itself, the law of averages. This law, he says, is true in ethics also; and if we want to find the deepest part of a man's nature, we must draw lines across the length and breadth of his daily behavior, into the coves and inlets of the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and where these lines cross each other, there is the deepest depth in him.

His ascetic appreciation of the value of the hard things of life peeps out in the reflection, that if the surrounding circumstances of a man's life are mountainous, they argue a corresponding depth in him; but if his shores are flat and smooth, so is his character shallow on that side.¹²

His love of poverty would have drawn him to the Franciscan Order had he been a Catholic; he despised superfluous wealth as being only able to procure superfluities; "Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage," he says, and he practised the poverty he preached in food and clothing, in lodging, in everything. He had a profound contempt for the world, riches, society; he took no interest in any such things; their conversation was mainly about costume and manners, but he adds with one of his flashes of wit, "a goose is a goose still, dress it how you will."

He abandoned his life of a recluse, because he felt he had other lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one; it had been an experiment from which he had learnt that unexpected success will come to him who endeavors to live the life he has imagined in his dreams; and that to build castles in the air is not labor in vain if we afterwards put foundations under them.

Thoreau has been well summed up by one of his editors as "the man who expected";¹³ that indeed was his attitude towards nature, towards life, towards the unseen; he waited and, as he says, "he sometimes expected the Visitor who never came," and

¹² *Walden*.

¹³ "Essays of Henry Thoreau," edited by W. H. Dirckes.

in that sentence is summed up the tragedy of his soul; he never found Faith, he never found God, though sometimes he was so close to Him that he said, "*Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, but the workman whose work we are," but the name of that workman to Thoreau was only Nature, not Almighty God.

He died in 1862 at the early age of forty-five, and was buried at Concord near his friend Hawthorne.

DARLEY DALE.

Book Reviews

LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF RIGHT REVEREND ALFRED A. CURTIS, D. D.,
Second Bishop of Wilmington. Compiled by the Sisters of the Visitation,
Wilmington, Delaware. With a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons.
8vo., pp. 446. Illustrated. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "Although Bishop Curtis was self-educated, in contradistinction to a college-bred man, yet he early attained to a real scholarship in ecclesiastical learning. His knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, which he read in their original Hebrew and Greek, and of the fathers of the Church, also read in their Greek and Latin texts, was deep and accurate. From these pure sources of Christian truth he drew rich material for his unique preaching, his sermons portraying an originality of thought, a precision of language and an earnestness of delivery peculiarly his own. Moreover, his character of sterling honesty, his hatred of sham, his practices of mortification, sense of duty and many other virtues are even stronger motives for writing his biography. Then there was that test, proof of religious faith and love, next to martyrdom; that uprooting of himself from dear lifelong surroundings; that tearing of tendrils and breaking asunder of interlacing branches of personal friends and religious bonds, suffered by every man who is transplanted into a higher place of spiritual obedience in the vineyard of the Lord."

The Bishop's fasting and penance bordered on the austere; his long hours of prayer might be called extreme, his love of poverty and simple living appeared almost eccentric, while his views of important questions were not always fully compatible with modern ideas; but in all these things he resembled the saints and gave unquestionable proofs of his own sanctity. His biographer says of him: "He was afflicted with the true homesickness of the saints and lived on a plane elevated above the law and perishable things of earth. His occupation with the invisible world caused him to soar to the Infinite, and in the extremity of his anguish to cry out, 'I long to be dissolved and to be with Christ.'"

About one-half the volume is made up of Spiritual Counsels,

Letters, Exhortations, Sermons, Notes for Retreats, Notes for Three Hours' Prayer and Extracts from the Early Fathers.

The Letters are few, and they have not been chosen because of special fitness, but rather because they were accessible.

As to the Spiritual Counsels, Exhortations and Sermons, it is to be noted that none of them is complete. The collection consists of quotations, apparently from memory, and not verbatim. These have a certain value, but most speakers are generally surprised and not altogether pleased when they see such reports of their sermons.

The tales for Retreats are from the Bishop's pen, and were found in his notebooks. They should be especially pleasing and useful to those who made the retreats.

Altogether the book is an admirable one, excellently made, and it will make the saintly Bishop better known and loved.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL. Compiled and Arranged by the Marist Brothers. Complete Edition with Notes. Net, \$1.50; in quantities, \$15 per dozen. Black cloth cover, Morocco leather back, size 7 by 9, pp. 512. Edition with words only: Net, 25 cents in any quantity. Cloth cover, rounded back, size 4 by 6, pp. 540. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A collection of Hymns, Sacred Songs and Latin Chants remarkable for verses, tunes and harmony, arranged according to and in the spirit of the judicial code of sacred music promulgated by Pope Pius X. in his notable *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903. Containing 232 Hymns, 84 Sacred Songs, 60 Motets for Benediction, 5 Litanies, 3 Masses and the Psalms to be sung at Vespers complete for the year. The Gregorian numbers are according to the Vatican edition and in modern notation. The hymns are as varied in character as in source, the editors having attempted to meet the requirements of trained choirs, of congregations singing in unison, of children in school and of the family at home.

There can be no question as to the extensive and varied character of this collection. The best of judges have also conceded its excellence in selection, in arrangement, in music and in text. There is one question, however, which will be universally asked, and that is, Does the book contain our favorite hymns? The answer to that question will be as various as the tastes of the persons who

ask it. No book can be made large enough to hold the favorite hymns of all persons and communities and localities, and therefore even so large and carefully made book as the one before us will not satisfy every one in every particular. Unfortunately, there are fashions in hymns, as in almost everything else, and they have their good points as well as their bad ones.

Here is a splendid American Catholic Hymnal which we may be proud of and should encourage.

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE. By *Joseph Donat, S. J., D. D.* 8vo., pp. 419. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

In the announcement of this book we are told that the author undertakes an inquiry into the "unprepossession" of modern science, and finds that the freedom it seeks is the freedom from the yoke of unpalatable truth; and that the earnest truthseeker will be aided by a perusal of this volume in answering to his satisfaction the question, Is it true that science and the agnostic critics of the age just passed have riddled the religion of Christ?

In other words, we are brought face to face once more with the ever-recurring question of the conflict between faith and science. Of course, the answer is simple and self-evident; there is no contradiction between them, because truth cannot contradict itself. Whatever is certainly scientifically proven and whatever is undoubtedly divinely revealed, is true: no amount of argument or dispute can change it. The trouble begins when we try to decide what has been scientifically proven and what has been divinely revealed; and that trouble will continue as long as we live in this world. Man's very nature, his limitations, his interests, his passions, his intellectual pride—all combine to prevent him from recognizing and acknowledging his inability to go beyond a certain well-defined point in his search for knowledge. That is the point where science ends and faith begins. The true scientist, the really learned man, is the one who recognizes this truth and reasons with it. He understands that science is free in the true sense of the word, but he also remembers that science is limited. The so-called scientist, who prates so loudly and persistently about the freedom of science and does not

acknowledge its limited field nor the claims of faith, is doomed to failure and disappointed and humiliated, because he will be constantly forced to shift and change until he discredits himself and has no stable ground left on which to stand. Dr. Donat deals with this question with the hand of a master. He treats the subject in a clear, convincing and satisfying manner. He has made a book which should be a classic, because the question has been asked from the beginning and will continue to be asked until the end, and he has answered the question.

BIBLIA SACRA; Vulgatae Editionis, Sixti V. Pont. Max. Iussu Recognita et Clementis VIII. Auctoritate Editae. Ex Tribus Editionibus Clementinis Critice Descriptae, Dispositionibus Logicis et Notis Exegeticis Illustravit, Appendice Lectionum Hebraicarum et Graecarum Auxit P. Michael Hetzenauer, Ord. Min. Cap., Professor Exegesis in Universitate Pontificii Seminarii Romani. New York and Cincinnati: Frederick Pustet & Co.

A glance at this book is sufficient to convince one that the years of labor which the author devoted to it were all necessary to produce so monumental a work. The exhaustless manner in which he has introduced even possible excellence is amazing. The production of even one page is no mean labor, but when page after page, chapter after chapter and book after book show the same indefatigable effort to produce the perfect book, with its correct orthography, references, cross-references, divisions and sub-divisions and marginal notes, the question naturally comes to the mind, Can human ingenuity or skill or learning do anything more?

The book is also remarkable for compactness. It is large, 8vo. in size and about an inch only in thickness. It is especially well suited for study and reference.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, 1901-13; member of the Philippine Commission, 1900-1913. In Two Volumes, with 128 Plates. 8vo., pp. 1,000. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Probably no man who has written on the Philippines since the

Islands came into the possession of the United States has had the exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the subject which the author has had. Eighteen years' residence in the country, beginning in 1887 while yet a student at the University of Michigan, and while the Philippines were under Spanish rule and continuing after the accession, principally as Secretary of the Interior, gave him opportunities for gaining knowledge no less remarkable than his eagerness and ability to acquire it. The result is a very interesting and valuable book, full of information of the most authentic kind, and written in a style that makes it not only instructive, but entertaining.

Dean Worcester published in 1898 a work based on his impressions during two scientific expeditions, entitled "The Philippines and Their People." He had not at that time learned the truth about them. Now, however, as the Jesuit priest Father Finegan has said, here is the truth. This is high commendation, because Father Finegan has spent years in the Islands, and he has an extensive and accurate knowledge of them. Those who want to know the truth about the Philippines, especially under American rule, must have this book.

BOHN'S POPULAR LIBRARY: THE HISTORY OF THE POPES DURING THE LAST FOUR CENTURIES. By *Leopold von Ranke*. Three vols., 16mo. Cloth, 35 cents each. New York: Macmillan Company.

The Macmillans are making a splendid reprint of the best of the famous Bohn Library, which was inaugurated as far back as 1847. The reprints are even more attractive than the originals, and they are sure to appeal to a larger number of readers who still follow the study of serious matters, in spite of the general trend towards fiction and the magazines.

A better choice could not have been made to show the solid value of the reprints than "Ranke's History of the Popes." It was first published in 1834, and the sixth revised edition appeared in 1874, when the sections on Pius IX. and the Vatican Council were added. The reprint is from the sixth edition.

The author is a historian of the highest rank, and his work has always been acknowledged as of the highest value, although he

was not a Catholic, and although the Catholic historian cannot subscribe to all that he has written.

We must remember also that the historian of his day had not the same free access to the treasures of the Vatican that the historian of the present day has, and therefore it was much more difficult for him to arrive at the truth. He deserves all the more credit, then, for having accomplished so much in the face of so many difficulties, and his book will continue to occupy a place of honor and trustworthiness.

HISTORY OF DOGMAS. By *J. Tixeront*. Translated from the French Edition by H. L. B. Vol. II, 12mo., pp. 524. From St. Athanasius to St. Augustine (318-340). St. Louis: B. Herder.

The present volume of this excellent history of dogmas brings us to a very interesting period, for with the fourth century begins what is generally called the period of the great controversies. Long before Arianism the Church had witnessed some important doctrinal conflicts that had shaken the faith of her children: even in the midst of the persecutions, the Christian mind did not remain inactive. But the great heresies date from the Peace of Constantine, and in the present volume we find Arianism, Appollinarianism and Pelagianism, including a number of minor and kindred heresies, with the relations of the churches and the Fathers to them. The next volume will open with semi-Pelagianism, and while in some ways it were more desirable this should be included in volume two, the bulk would have been increased so much as to make the thought prohibitive.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE. Tomi Quatuor. Auctore, *Christiano Pesch*, S. J. S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

The exceptional excellence of Father Pesch's larger work is the best a priori argument we can have in favor of this book. The same clearness, completeness and convincing power found in the former are present in the latter. Of course, there is not the same

abundance of references and citations, which indeed are foreign to a compendium, but there is no sacrifice of the essential in any instance. Each section is introduced by the names of authorities, and each thesis is fortified by quotations from the Fathers.

Truly an excellent work.

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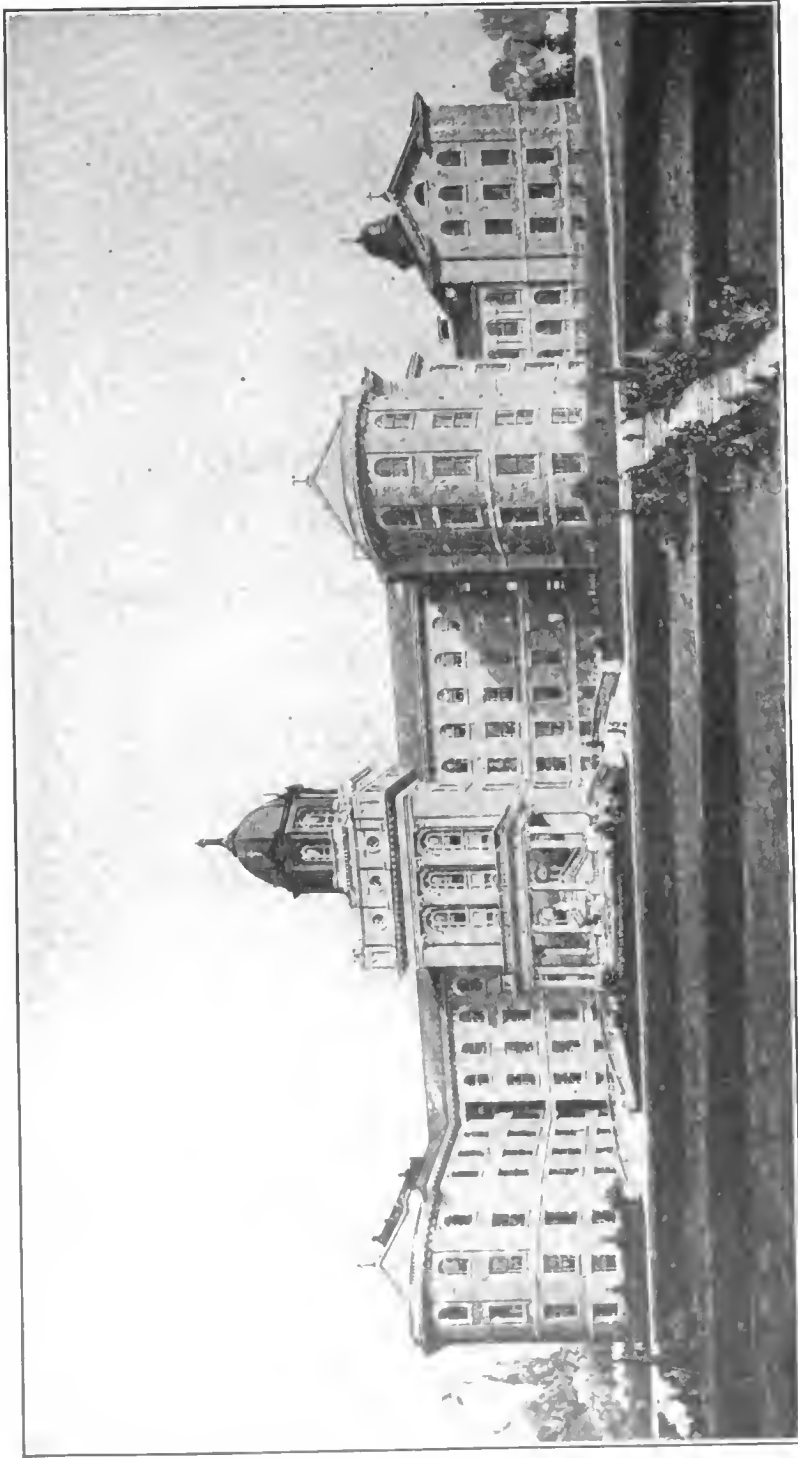
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(Extract from *Salutatory*, July, 1890.)

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SILENT SANCTUARIES.

GLASTONBURY—A CRADLE OF THE SAINTS.

A SINGLE lonely tower standing on Glastonbury Tor, a hill that rises sheer four hundred feet from a plain in Somerset, not far from the Bristol Channel, in Southwestern England, is the sole relic of what was for many centuries the holiest shrine in the British Isles. Around no other spot, with the exception of the Eternal City and the sacred places of Palestine, have history and legend intermingled in more fascinating combination. The names associated with Glastonbury during the thousand years of its existence as a sanctuary of pious pilgrimage carry one in a living link from Our Lord's own Disciples to that ominous day when Blessed Richard Whiting, gentle of spirit, but courageous of soul, last abbot of a great house, shed his blood at the instance of a faithless and avaricious King.

The beginnings of Glastonbury, sometimes called a "Second Rome," because of its sanctity, go back to a time so remote that it is difficult to distinguish fact from the body of tradition by which it is surrounded. There is nothing, certainly, to disprove the genuineness of the stories that cluster about the foundation of the church and abbey, and it may well be, as they assert, that St. Philip the Apostle, with his twelve companions, chief among whom was St. Joseph of Arimathea, built here the first Christian temple in Britain. In subsequent chronicles it is spoken of as the "vetusta ecclesia," or the "church of willows," because of the fact that it was constructed of willows, or osiers, twined together.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1914, by J. P. Turner, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

The land upon which this first rude church stood was originally an island, none other than the Isle of Avalon, the seat of King Arthur, his Queen, Guinevere, and their Knights of the Round Table—the spot that the poet Tennyson has sung of as “deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer seas.” To it, long after St. Philip and his disciples had died, leaving in their places other holy men, came St. Patrick, who gathered around him the scattered hermits and organized them into a community. Here we know for a certainty either lived or were brought for burial St. Aidan, the Bishop of Northumbria, St. David and the fiery St. Dunstan, at one time abbot of the monastery and later Archbishop of Canterbury; and on down the centuries, as long as the abbey stood, saintly men and women, nobles, and even Kings, found their last resting place within its walls. The very soil was held to be holy, and was sent away in vast quantities to the faithful throughout Christendom.

A chronicler of the latter part of the twelfth century tells of the finding of the bodies of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere in the year 1191. He says that beside the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, seven feet below the surface, there was found a large flat stone, on the under side of which was affixed a leaden cross. Upon the removal of the cross it revealed on its side a Latin inscription setting forth the fact of the burial of King Arthur in this place. Further excavation disclosed a huge oak coffin of two compartments. In one of these were the bones of a man of great size, the skull bearing ten sword wounds. The other contained the bones of a woman, together with a great tress of golden hair. The old chronicler goes on to relate in his quaint way how “The Abbat and Convent, receiving their Remains with great joy, translated them to the great Church. . . . in the Choir, before the High Altar, where they rest in magnificent Manner ’til this Day.”

Glastonbury was one of the first abbeys in England to follow the Benedictine rule, and from the time of its introduction until the end it ranked as the first and richest English house of that famous order. Church after church, each more substantial than its predecessor, arose to the east of the sacred little “*vetusta ecclesia*.” None replaced it, however, for it was held in extreme veneration. Finally, in 1184, a disastrous fire swept away the entire abbey, including the first church. Immediately work was begun on a magnificent edifice, the only marks of which remain to-day in the few broken arches on Glastonbury Tor.

It is hard for us, in imagination, to rebuild and repeople this great monastery of St. Mary. We have need to remember that the monks were not only master builders, decorators, illuminators and workers

in gold and silver. They were large landholders as well. Whole communities grew up around the monasteries and were dependent upon them for employment. The monks were the dispensers of charity and the promoters of civilization. They had gone fearlessly into the swamp lands and waste places of England and had quite literally made them "blossom as the rose." When Henry VIII. demolished their houses and confiscated their revenues, they were not the only ones who suffered. Nearly eighty thousand of their dependents were deprived of employment and rendered destitute.

Besides the noble fabric of Glastonbury Abbey, the pride and glory of all England, with its wonderful sculptures and altars, among which was the "Sapphire Shrine," a gift from St. David of Wales, there was a great library of such size and beauty as to excite the admiration of the most learned men of the time. In it were hundreds of volumes bound in fine tooled skin and studded with precious stones. After the destruction of the abbey these priceless treasures were scattered abroad and put to the commonest uses, as were the sacred vessels and the gorgeous vestments that had been made and used in the service of God.

The broad lands and extensive revenues of St. Mary's were likewise stolen by Henry. From supporting in peaceful and happy employment several hundred people and ministering to such charities as the entertainment of strangers and the care of the poor, the sick and the aged, they were diverted to the personal uses of a blood-thirsty King and a ring of rapacious nobles.

On Friday, September 19, 1539, the royal commission, headed by one Layton, of decidedly doubtful reputation, appeared at Glastonbury and demanded surrender in the name of the King. The saintly old abbot, whose rule had been a wise and beneficent one, was taken from one place to another for trial. It is a matter of recorded fact that he was actually sentenced to death before he was tried. On November 15 he was dragged on a hurdle to the top of the Tor, where he received the glorious crown of martyrdom. In the meantime the monastery had been sacked and its inmates dispersed.

Time has almost finished the work begun by the agents of the King. As the ordered beauty of the great abbey, with its splendid services and its abundant charities, testified to the efficacy of Christ's religion when it has free play among men, so the mournful ruins on Glastonbury hill bear their witness to the violence of a will undisciplined by the fear of God.

LINDISFARNE—"THE HOLY ISLAND."

It is a far cry from Glastonbury, among the wooded hills of Somerset, to the wild Northumbrian coast, two miles off which lies

Lindisfarne, the "Holy Island." Sanctified it has been, every inch of it, by the footsteps of two as glorious saints as England ever knew—St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert, Apostles of the North.

It is a well-established fact that the members of any race are influenced in great degree by the physical characteristics of the country in which they live. So the inhabitants of this wild, wind-swept border kingdom were turbulent and barbarous. All attempts to convert them had failed, when, in the early part of the seventh century, they gained a Christian King in the person of Oswald, who in the year 635 called St. Aidan from Iona for the purpose of winning his people to the faith.

Iona is a tiny island off the west coast of Scotland. There, for long years, St. Columba had his monastery and training school. From it missionaries had been sent out through all the north, reaping a harvest of souls for Christ and His Church. The story goes that the first Bishop sent from Iona to Northumbria returned after a year's time completely discouraged. He declared that the people among whom he had been trying to work were so headstrong and uncivilized as to be impossible of conversion. Springing up in the midst of the assembly of monks, Aidan cried out, "Was it their stubbornness or your severity?" Upon this the brethren were all of the opinion that God had chosen him for the work in which the other had failed, and, in answer to the King's request, he was consecrated and sent to the Northumbrians as their Bishop.

Perhaps Lindisfarne, as he saw it for the first time, suggested to St. Aidan that other island from which he had come and for which he had such deep personal love. At any rate, he chose it for his seat and from it he and his successors went out with the message of the Gospel until the whole of the North had been won for God. "Holy Island" was an outpost of the army of the cross. The history of its early struggles has a modern counterpart in that of the Jesuit missions on our Canadian frontier. No hardship was too severe to be undergone, no obstacle too great to be overcome, so that these heathen nations might be brought to a knowledge of the faith.

At about the time that St. Aidan set forth from Iona on his mission to the Northumbrians there was born, of humble parentage, in what is now Southern Scotland, a boy whose future was to be bound up intimately with Lindisfarne, St. Cuthbert, the glory of Northern England. First a shepherd lad, like David; then a soldier, like St. Martin, he finally embraced the religious life at Lindisfarne and became its Bishop-abbot and the most illustrious of those who followed St. Aidan. There he died and there his relics were preserved and venerated until a century after his death, when the storm of the Danish Invasion broke over the land. Few word pictures are more

vivid than that drawn by a modern writer, who describes for us the flight of the monks across the narrow channel between the island and the mainland, the glow from their burning buildings lighting them on their way. They carried with them the body of St. Cuthbert, and for seven years the precious burden was borne from place to place until it found a rest in the abbey of Durham.

For a space of three hundred years after the devastation by the Danes "Holy Island" lay desolate. Then, in the eleventh century, a little company of Benedictines, holding in memory St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert and the monks who had met death at the hands of the Viking host, came to possess themselves of Lindisfarne. With patient labor the newcomers quarried and brought over from the mainland the huge blocks of red sandstone out of which was fashioned their monastery home. Although later generations added somewhat to it, it must have stood very much as at first when the last prior, Thomas Sparke, together with his few brethren, vacated it at the command of Henry VIII. All of value fell prey to the King, as in the case of the other abbeys. Plate and vestments were scattered and taken away, the altars were broken down and the lead was torn from the roof of the church and the conventual buildings.

In spite of the long period of decay that set in after the departure of the monks, the strong sandstone walls have, on the whole, well withstood the siege of time. Such of the abbey as remains speaks in sturdy language of happier days. The Norman pillars and round arches are very like those of Durham Cathedral and are among the best of their type in England.

The history of "Holy Island" for three centuries before the so-called Reformation was exceedingly uneventful. It was, relatively speaking, a poorhouse. Unlike Glastonbury, it had no extensive lands or large incomes. Its purpose was to perpetuate the lives and to carry on the work of the saints who had trodden its soil.

The ruins of Lindisfarne stand to-day uninhabited and silent. It is significant that their very color is that set apart by the Church for use on feast days of the Holy Ghost and of martyrs.

WHITBY—A ROYAL SHRINE.

Sixty miles to the south of Lindisfarne, on the summit of a bleak cliff overlooking the North Sea, stands all that is left of Whitby Abbey, founded by a King and ruled, in its early days, by women of royal blood.

Oswiu was the brother of King Oswald, St. Aidan's friend and patron. When about to engage in battle with the heathen King of Mercia he made a vow that if God granted him victory he would

build a monastery and consecrate his little daughter, Elfreda, to the religious life. His prayer was heard and answered, for at Win-waedfield he put his enemy to rout. In fulfillment of his vow, Oswiu built at Whitby a double abbey; that is, an abbey composed of two houses—one for monks, the other for nuns.

Over this new foundation the King placed as abbess the Lady Hilda, who was herself of royal blood and a convert to the faith. It had been her intention to go to France, then known as Gaul, and there to enter a religious house, but she was prevailed upon by St. Aidan to remain in her native England. She presided for some little time over a convent at Hertlepool, and it was while at that place that she was called to Whitby.

Under St. Hilda's wise rule the new abbey flourished apace. As Lindisfarne was preëminently the house of missionary activity, so Whitby was the home of learning. The list of scholars whose names became identified with it is a long and honorable one. Foremost of them all was Caedmon, at first but a humble monastery servant, from whose lips flowed, at God's bidding, sweet songs that startled a waiting world.

When, in 664, the memorable controversy arose concerning the time of keeping Easter, it was natural that the council held to decide the matter should meet at Whitby Abbey. The churches of the North had heretofore followed the Celtic reckoning; those of the South that of Rome. As the contact of the missionaries had grown closer, the difference in the date of Easter observance had occasioned much embarrassment, and it was for the settlement of this difficulty, once and for all, that the council of Whitby had been called. It turned out that the council was divided in its opinion, and King Oswiu delivered final judgment in favor of the Roman reckoning. The reason he gave for his decision has been preserved for us, and it is as terse as it is quaintly expressed. "I will rather obey the porter of heaven," said he, "lest, when I reach its gates, he who has the keys in his keeping turn his back on me and there be none to open."

In the year 680 St. Hilda died. She was succeeded by the Princess Elfreda, who, in turn, was followed by a long line of renowned men and women. And so the torch of sacred learning that had been kindled by the foundress of the abbey was handed on, undimmed, from generation to generation.

At the time of the first Danish invasion, in 793, Whitby was spared, but seventy-five years later it shared the fate that had overtaken Lindisfarne. The abbot and the monks fled, as had their brethren of "Holy Island." It is a matter of uncertainty as to what finally became of the body of St. Hilda. It was long believed to

have been carried to Glastonbury, but later writers have thought that it was deposited at Gloucester.

The story of the repossession of Whitby, two centuries after its destruction by the Danes, is almost as interesting as that of its foundation. A soldier, Reinfred by name, passing the cliff on which the abbey had stood and touched by the scene of desolation, was filled with a pious desire to establish a monastery there. He straightway applied for admission to the house of the Benedictines at Evesham, and spent ten long years in preparation for his work. At the expiration of that time he made his way northward to Whitby, where he gathered about him a body of earnest monks. Under the protection of King Henry I. and William de Percy, who was to die later as a crusader in the Holy Land, the abbey prospered greatly. The beginning of the fifteenth century found a stately group of buildings on the spot made holy by the lives and deaths of Hilda and her company of saints.

The last years of Whitby, like its sister foundation of Lindisfarne, were uneventful. The monastery ran its daily round of prayer, study and good works until the year 1539, when, at the demand of the King's visitors, Abbot de Vall and his eighteen monks yielded the buildings and their contents to the royal will.

Scarcely anything could be more picturesque than the shattered columns of the abbey as they stand outlined against the sky upon their stormy height. The sea birds circle about them and the waves crash at their feet. Although the situation is wild and exposed, there is nothing forbidding in the ruins themselves. Fretted arches and fragments of delicate tracery point sorrowfully back to a time when the great monastery was a hive of activity, with sweet bells constantly calling to a life of devotion to God and of service for men.

JAMES LOUIS SMALL.

Glastonbury, England.

IN ANSWER TO THE EGOISTS.

Nous cherchais de bonne f  r la v  rit  .

THOSE who hope to be sufficient unto themselves are egoists. They are of all times and of all places. They are independents in literature, art, society, politics, economics or religion. They announce their freedom and speak in glowing phrases of the "emancipation of the mind;" believe in their own desires and aversions, their own rewards and punishments; and plan boldly to follow their own arrogant inclinations, not for their own good (oh, no, of course not!), but for the good of "society." And they, in their vanity, have absolute faith in a subjective idealism, in their own ability, integrity and strength. They grope toward the skies and, if they are propagandists, expect that humans on lower levels will reach as high as they. Nor have there ever been egoists more interesting or more dangerous than those who expounded their principles at the time of the French Revolution,¹ those who advocated a sheer "intellectual radicalism."

Shelley is familiar to most of us. Behind the flashing colors and glancing sunlight of his prismatic poetry we have learned to see a solid core of doctrine. We know the anarchistic principles of William Godwin, and realize that he stood for the exaltation of the individual on the grounds of his right, his reason and his perfectibility. We read *Queen Mab* and the notes thereto and we recognize this same idea of individual freedom based on the inherent perfection of a personality. We look over the Shelley-Godwin relations which began in January, 1812. Then we realize that there is real connection between Shelley's recent reading of *Political Justice* and his subsequent communication with Godwin, between these two things and the writing of *Queen Mab*, first heard of at Lynnmouth, August 18, 1812. We can say with truth that Shelley "sat at the feet of Godwin."

In *Queen Mab* Shelley looks forward with hope, for he knows that "every heart contains perfection's gem" and "a brighter morn awaits the human day." In *Prometheus Unbound* there is a lesson and a dream. The evils, the traditions of the world, are cast aside. Through self-knowledge and self-discipline man may rise to higher levels—and this by discarding external influences and adopting one only guide, "the light of circumstances flashed upon an independent intellect," as Wordsworth has put it. This dream flattered; it held forth infinite perfectibility to the human spirit.

Take, my reader, your volume of Shelley from off its dusty shelf.

¹ Examen du Materialisme, vol. I., p. 3.

Turn over the pages and discover lines of noble hope and rich promise. The verses in *Queen Mab* and the closing scenes of *Prometheus Unbound* fairly teem with aspiration, with a pleasing view of the future of man. This is the final statement of human perfectibility, "attainable through reason and experience," a formulation which derives directly from Godwin's *Political Justice*. But, before Shelley, there was a long succession of men whose writing contributed to the development of the theory. William Godwin, a mild-appearing Nonconformist clergyman of radical views, and Thomas Holcroft, stable-boy, dramatist, novelist and revolutionary radical, occupied the stage in the progression immediately before Shelley.

But let us see whence the reasoning came. Tracing back through Godwin, as we must, we come to Helvetius, Holbach and Rousseau and to the French Rationalists before them. By turning the mind in upon herself, by rejecting all the heritage the past had left, by clinging to necessarianism and to a downright materialism, the Revolutionary thinkers hoped to attain perfection. They rejected belief in need for external spiritual aid. Shelley expressed their highest hopes, carried far beyond the premises of the Rationalists.

This idea of self-perfectibility resulted from the combination of two other ideas—that of the progress of the race and that of the improvement of the single individual. The first of these two grew with a new conception of history, which recognized causes and results as such, so different from the point of view of the older historians—of Bossuet, for example, who attributed most events to the grace of God. In turn, Voltaire, Montesquieu and Turgot brought forward more and more the feeling of causal connection in historical phenomena. At times the philosophers made mistakes and ran off the beaten road into barren bypaths, as when Montesquieu tried to show the effect of Spanish and Italian climatic conditions on the respective nations; but, in the main, the tendency was a true one. Gradually men came to think of the present as the product of the past, as unavoidably linked with it. Turgot it was who finally said in a much-quoted phrase, "All the ages are linked together in a chain of causes and effects." Once arrived at the realization of a definite trend through the ages, the next and most obvious step was the recognition of the progress of human society from epoch to epoch and the probability of future advancement.

At about this time, or, in fact, almost contemporaneously with these discoveries, basing their studies to some extent on the revelations of Locke, certain other writers presented the problem of advancement from a psychological point of view. The general spirit of an age and the intellectual achievement of that age can

never exceed the individual ability. Helvetius, the author of "*De l'Esprit*," Baron d'Holbach, author of "*Système de la Nature*," and the well-known Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose *Emile* showed how a mind might, of itself, attain the whole of necessary knowledge, were idealists and dreamers and looked beyond the present to describe the future levels of humanity, and yet they founded their theories upon a rigid examination of human abilities and capabilities; they were essentially students of the nature of thought and intelligence. According to them, psychologically speaking, the elimination of existing deterioratory associations and impressions—essentially a step of revolt, involving the obliteration of long-established, though harmful, institutions—would result in the proper education and training of future generations. Thus is progress made.

We have called them egoists—and such they were. Theirs was a materialistic universe. They studied the human mind as mechanism only—as something receiving impressions merely and emitting expressions. They neglected to inquire into the deep and fundamental matters of the spirit, deeming that the brain and the senses of man were the sum total of his strength, and that by these he was ruled. They thought that man, if he acted properly, could improve himself—and, if the opportunities of all were equal and if all were similarly educated, all could rise to the high level. Social condition, politics and morals were alike to be regulated on a *natural* basis. Different methods were advanced to attain this purpose, but each of these writers refused to admit the efficacy of the spiritual element. Their theory traced back to the value of natural inclinations and the ability of the individual properly to decide for the good of himself and society—and so to act at all times. To Rousseau and Holbach, the senses, to Godwin and Shelley reason were all that were necessary to human welfare—and it is because of their refusal to admit the divine control that we call them egoists. They deemed the stored-up experience of eighteen centuries inferior to the judgment of any single man. The totality of their teaching was a reaction and revolt toward nature and away from all mechanisms, traditions and ordered institutions, and so from the venerable religious heritage of their age.

Now, was not this the extremest form of egoism? They believed that by exercising love for humanity and by means of reason man might attain perfection. "Benefits were weighed in Reason's scales." This was the whole of their morality and their religion. In each individual case the decision of one materialist in the interpretation of "natural law" availed more than the accumulated wisdom of ages. They sought the truth with a great and pure zeal; but they seemed to forget that when Jesus of Nazareth stood before

Pontius Pilate and the Roman governor asked, "What is truth?" the Christ had replied, "I am the Truth." These materialists did not hesitate to assail traditional truth which had been verified by the experience of eighteen centuries. They remained not only indifferent, but hostile to it; they preferred rather to trust themselves to the workings of "natural law," to believe that years of reasoning might bring them to the truth.

In the last analysis that arrangement and labeling of the facts of nature which are not really understood, which men have called Science, is but an idea in a man's mind. If a mathematician, if a physicist, if these rationalists push a beautiful and true synthesis into the darkness of undiscovered mysteries, the outlines, the truths were there—they but discovered them, they but labeled them to their own purposes, in accordance with their own ideas. To Frank M. Colby we are indebted for a happy definition: "A 'new thinker,' when studied closely, seems to be merely a man who does not know what other people have already thought." The scientist is merely making his discovery of what God has done. The fact—if it is a fact—was there before it became a "scientific" fact. The truth was there—if it is a truth—before the rationalist discovered it for his philosophy.

Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built
Some uncouth superstition of his own.²

These men deemed the Christian religion one of the harmful impediments of the past and desired to sweep it aside to improve the environment of the growing man. They did not stop at this; they condemned it as outworn and, in much the same fashion as Emerson would have done had he lived a half century or so earlier, wished to substitute for the old Faith, as Wordsworth has phrased it, "some uncouth superstition" of their own. Perhaps they dared not say so directly, but such was their intent. They offered an explanation of the problems of life and furnished motives for human action. And is not that the part of a religion?

It was but natural that there should immediately come into the field a sturdy champion of the old Faith.

"You express the wish that God speak to men only through their reason. Thus it was that He did speak to them all, from the beginning of the world to the time of Jesus Christ. You know how submissive they have been to that voice, and to what state religion had been reduced even among the most enlightened and intelligent peoples. Is it surprising that, since men had not profited by this means, God, in a new turn of graciousness, had chosen to use another for that purpose. . . .

² Wordsworth: *The Borderers*.

"You protest, without doubt, that you have a religion and, I add, faith. You believe in a God, in His Providence, in spirituality and immortality of the soul and in the life to come. You pay homage to the righteousness of the Gospel *morale*, because your reason shows you the truth of it all; you even prove those essential truths with all the force and energy of your style.³ In this you render glory to God, and we praise your zeal.

"But this creed includes nothing other than natural religion. Jews, Mohammedans and pagans willingly agree with you, since you present the Gospel to them only as a moral system, as the manual of Epictetus, although more perfect. Tutored in the principles of Calvinism, you have retained what coincides with your ideas and some religious terms to which you have given a sense of your own. You call your belief, which is only a system of philosophy, divine and revealed religion, true faith, pure Christianity, true cult of God. But, *monsieur*, you misuse terms in calling faith and revelation what reason demonstrates to you."

There are many reasons why M. Nicholas Sylvestre Bergier, he who wrote the lines above quoted, makes a very interesting study as a reactionary at war with the new ideas.⁴ He was distinctly a theologian with the accepted ideas of the Church and, holding offices and honors of distinction, seemed to speak with true authority. He wrote at an opportune time. Public interest in the decade from 1760-1770 had not yet turned from intellectual and theoretical observations to political and economic and more practical discussions. He hurled forth his answers while the *Système de la Nature* and the writings of Rousseau were still fresh from the press. Of prime importance, however, is the fact that the development of the ideal of perfectibility had not yet transcended reasonable bounds. Shelley was an idealist and dreamer, and none can ever hope to question a fantastic dream which is frankly admitted to be such. Holbach and Rousseau, on the contrary, claimed to base their arguments on scientific facts of human behavior and to have developed them properly and logically. As Lowell has said, "Never before in France had materialism, necessarianism and atheism been so clearly and forcibly expounded. The very philosophers were alarmed."⁵ Theirs was a downright materialistic system, and it was to them that Bergier replied. It would have been interesting had there been attempted an adequate reply to Godwin, he whose remorseless "egoism" Sir Leslie Stephen declared to be so relentless and bold, he who really completed the theory of perfectibility

³ *Examen du Materialisme*, vol. I., pp. 348, 361.

⁴ Vide Catholic Encyclopedia for note on life and bibliography.

⁵ *Even of the French Revolution*, p. 270.

and then, in his second edition, became frightened and retreated from the stand he had taken. But he wrote so very much, at a time when people were so excited over the actual events of the Revolution, that they seemed to have little time for details and formal reasoning; and for our purposes Bergier offers many possibilities.

Three titles, "Le Déisme réfuté par lui-même, ou Examen des principes d'incrédulité reponus dans les divers ouvrages de M. Rousseau, Paris, 1765;"⁶ "L'Origine des Dieux du Paganisme, Paris, 1767;"⁷ "Examen du Materialisme ou Réfutation du Système de la Nature, Paris, 1771," constitute the chief part of his polemical writings which concern us.

"We maintain the cause of God and humanity. This philosopher bids us inquire into nature, reason and experience. We take it upon ourselves to follow this advice more faithfully than he himself."

Thus does Bergier take up the challenge and reply to the materialists. He never minces his words when he believes himself to be speaking truth, and, though long stretches of his books are filled with dry logic, many "purple patches" lend excitement and variety. Once he speaks his mind very frankly to Rousseau: "The atheist Spinoza, the impious Epicurus, were more virtuous than you. . . . Jean Jacques, you are an impostor; you believe neither in Jesus Christ nor in His doctrine; you fear neither God nor man; you are neither Christian nor fit member of society. The strongest motive which keeps me from atheism is the fear of resembling you."

Bergier has no hesitation in his attacks on Holbach, either. The Baron is charged "with assuming always what is in question," with speaking language less that of philosophical reasoning than that of delirious dreams, and with intentional use of obscure and inexact terms. The system of Holbach, which was to have driven away shadows, calm all doubts and, show the unobstructed truth, he stigmatizes as a collection of "vain promises, insidious talk and philosophical fraud."⁸

He quotes the *Contrat Social*, where Rousseau attempts to ridicule the idea of identity in gods of different nations, and then the old churchman replies:

"Such is the philosophical tone which certain writers have foisted on the world; all the knowledge which they do not possess, all the studies to which they have not applied themselves, are ridiculous; that is decided. It is much easier to criticize erudition than to

⁶ Edition used by present writer was 1766, second edition.

⁷ Edition used by present writer was nouvelle edition of 1774.

⁸ Déisme Réfuté per lui-même.

acquire it; but if voluntary ignorance gives the privilege of condemning all that is unknown, where shall we stand?"

The book called *La Systême de la Nature* of the Baron d'Holbach was the last of a series which led logically and directly to formal atheism and pure materialism. There was nothing new in the volume; it was but a restatement and a contemporary application of the hypotheses of the Epicurians and of Spinoza and other previous assailants of Christianity—a single book to which all the so-called *philosophes* had contributed. A new volume, it stood for nothing new, but simply for the dangerous ideas of the materialists of other years. "And what," asks Bergier, "has materialism availed in the past?" Were the Epicurians, who looked at nature with the same eyes as the atheists—were they better moralists than Socrates, who believed in another life? Were they better versed in philosophy than Aristotle and Plato, who respected divinity? In science and art alone have the materialists achieved success, not in the moral sphere. The marvelous *morale* which the French materialists have endeavored to establish has, in experience, failed. It was the reign of Epicurianism in Rome which signalized the fall of the Republic and the destruction of decency. "When Epicurianism spread through Greece it destroyed public spirit; dissensions and seditions multiplied; it furnished the Romans with a means of weakening the different Republics separately and of subjecting them. The same system produced the same effect in Rome; its appearance was immediately followed by the ruin of the Republic and the horrors of the Triumvirate. . . . Atheism does not set up amid civil wars and domestic misfortunes of a nation; minds are then occupied otherwise than with assailing metaphysical systems; it is the fruit of idleness, luxury, voluptuousness, corruption of customs, ordinary accompaniments of the peace and prosperity of an Empire; but it never fails to augment the corruption, to loosen the reins of government and to pave the way to decadence. . . . The temper of disciples is not always as peaceful as that of their masters. Epicurus, Lucretius, Bodin, Spinoza did not cause civil war themselves; they were simple persons without authority; but the "opinions adopted by those who ruled would have been the scourge of the human race." But what shall we say of those men who, in the eighteenth century, wished to carry their principle into widespread and practical application at once? Epicurus venerated the Athenian gods; Holbach had nothing but hatred for religion. If these men of old time worked a harm—simple closet philosophers, whose chiefest quarrel was with the logicians of other "schools"—what a harm would it be possible for such an aggressive man as the Baron d'Holbach to do!

The next objection of our churchman is against the principle that the general fixed and determined laws of movement—continually altering and destroying, in order to form and reform—are necessarily from the very essence and properties of matter itself. Matter and movement make up the whole of Nature, says Holbach, and movement is a property of matter and nothing more. Bergier quickly marshals argument after argument, raises objection concerning inertia, uses Holbach's own words that all movement results from impulsion and is not spontaneous, and declares that movement is thus acquired by matter. His final statement is that matter is neither eternal nor necessary; that movement is not necessary to it, and that it has received movement from the initial Mover, Who is God.

A pause to contemplate a thoroughly materialistic world is interesting. There is no such thing as spirit; all runs on in an ordered course like a huge mechanical contrivance. "Ne-suis-je qu'un automate?" objects Bergier almost at the outset; even sentiment, happiness and thought result from the arrangement of matter. "Whatever we do or think, whatever we are and shall be, is only a consequence of what universal nature has done for us; our actions are the necessary results of the essence and qualities which this nature has put into us." To which M. Bergier replies, turning the argument back, "Such is the enlightened doctrine to which they wish to lead us. If, then, man has misunderstood nature [as Holbach declares], it is nature which has misunderstood itself." The greatest service which philosophy can do man would be to give him a noble idea of himself, of his nature, of his work and of his destiny; and this materialist has taken away hopes of a bright future. He has reduced man "not only to the level of the brute, but to the state of a simple machine." "And am I only an automaton?" we can hear generations of outraged humans asking. If man is a machine, Holbach has not said whence he came or whither he goes, or why he is upon this earth, or how he shall act.

The objection which will immediately be raised to a materialism is, "What is morality?" In a mechanistic universe, where man is but the instrument of the laws which govern him, how can there be a morality? Bergier has protested that Holbach's promises to speak of the moral man are unfulfilled; that the Baron has dealt entirely with the physical man; everything in the human being has been made the direct result of natural laws and forces. "*All is matter*" is the symbol; "*follow the desires of your heart!*" is the totality of the work. Thus, ignoring the spiritual heredity and the need for spiritual correction, the passions are allowed to hold sway. Why? That is the law of Nature and "everything is necessarily

as it is." Man does not even possess his own being: he is made, rather than makes himself what he is!

Bergier's reply to this line of argument is the reply that thus to take away the fear of a God and the prospect of a future life is to give free play to the passions and to render them more ardent and impetuous. And so belief in a God makes the wicked to tremble and does not frighten, but rather sustains and consoles the good. In the past, "if a man has forgotten his duties and interests, it is not the fault of knowing them; it was because stronger passions have taken hold of him. . . . The man who falls under their yoke, in spite of the double motive which ought to sustain him. . . . would he be in a position better to conquer than if the stronger of the two supports were denied him? Has materialism the virtue of recasting nature and of annihilating passions? On the contrary, where materialism binds, religion gives freedom. Wish and not circumstances cause the movement."

The principle of the freedom of man is the basis of religion; a wise and just God could only require from us a free and voluntary worship; He could neither reward nor punish us for actions to which we were impelled by necessity, for an intelligent being could not be worthy or unworthy if he were not master of his own actions." Thus the materialists must abandon all idea of crime where there is only necessity, and all idea of expiation where there is no crime, and all idea of God where there is no necessity for expiation. And so the picture must be all drab—a monotonous and inevitable succession. Centuries have seen philosophers attempting to bridge the chasm between man and his God, between Life and Death. They may have failed; but is that a reason why we should refuse to enjoy the bounty given to us and overlook the revelation that is granted?

All of which concerns the relation of this mechanistic universe to the individual. Let us consider the position of God in this universe. Holbach designated, by Nature, all the laws of all the world; he makes Nature an intelligent ruling cause, yet refuses to personify it. He puts it in the place of God, and then declares no such thing to exist. There is in the universe an admirable order without which it could not exist, and the belief in a God is the necessary and inevitable effect which the phenomena of Nature have made upon man. As for the nature of God, must we have a perfect knowledge of what is unnecessary? Must we have an intimate knowledge of the essence of matter or of electricity to be convinced of their existence? If we knew of God only as *the Author of our Being*, that should be enough to make us adore and love Him!

"Had Descartes and Newton been materialists, would they have been better able to divine the secrets of Nature? Would the laborer,

who is convinced that all is matter, be more attentive to the cultivation of his field or have more courage to bathe the earth with sweat? I maintain, on the contrary, that this opinion would stifle all activity and industry. A man occupied with the present alone, destined as beasts to satisfy the needs of a machine, would live only for himself and lead the brutal existence of a savage. And that is the sum of the benefit which this doctrine will bring to the human race!" On the contrary, life is more than it seems, more than a mere assemblage of movements of an organized being. It is as well a succession of thoughts and wishes as an assemblage of movements. *Spirituality* and *immortality* of the soul are not vague words or attributes of an unknown substance. We know our soul by its workings. . . . The distinction of soul or mind from body or matter, of physical and corporal functions from spiritual and intellectual, of the physical man from the moral man, is not founded on wild suppositions, but on the personal feeling and knowledge of our works and on the clear light of good sense."

The study of mythology is no longer simply an object of curiosity. . . . It is necessary in order to make it known that the true religion has come from a different source, from a revelation and a primitive tradition, since, among all peoples, worship of a single God has preceded worship of many. Whence it results that this revelation has existed and has been necessary since the beginning of the world.⁹ Passions are of the material, physical side; and our will to resist them is of the spiritual part of our endowment. Our opportunity lies in our spiritual development.

If man had never suffered, he would never have thought of God. He looks to God for consolation and aid. Misfortune is necessary in that it brings him to a realization of himself; it teaches him what to avoid. It teaches him to look behind the surfaces and at the meanings. Thus does he, and thus do we, come to realize that there is "an eternal weight of glory to be wrought in us who look not to the things which are visible, but to the things which are unseen."¹⁰

Bergier is naturally a firm believer in the spirituality and in the strength and truth of the Catholic faith. He tires of the petty attempts of the jugglers of words and says to Rousseau: "You are not a follower of the priests, but whosoever does not follow them does not follow Jesus Christ; it was the priests whom Jesus Christ commissioned to teach His doctrine, and never shall you attain it truly elsewhere."¹¹ In another passage, Bergier declares frankly:

⁹ *L'Origine des Dieux du Paganisme*, p. 10.

¹⁰ Robert Southwell.

¹¹ *Déisme Réfuté par lui-même*.

"A child of twelve, moderately well instructed in the Catholic religion, has a better knowledge of the perfections of God, of His own destinies and duties, than the most renowned of the philosophers of antiquity."¹²

The realization of spirituality in man, and of man's debt to God, and his dependence on Him, is the keynote of Bergier's work. It is in direct opposition to the attitude of the materialists whom he answered. According to them, man might arrive at perfection of himself through the power of his own mighty reason and as the result of the workings of natural psychological laws. Over against the high hopes and large boasts of the philosophers, in all their egoism, Bergier bespoke an humble and reverent subjection to the divine authority as represented by the living Church of the living God. By "confining" oneself, as the *philosophes* would have said it, man is enabled to reach higher and more sublime company. Thus does Bergier address the wavering:

"This majestic forehead which you bear beneath the heavens, the variety of your thoughts, the rapidity of your desires, the extent of your projects, the immensity of your hopes, attest the dignity of your being, the nobility of your origin, the greatness of your destiny. The control which you exercise over matter, the movement which you impress upon it, the forms which you give it, the qualities which you discover in it and use, the docility with which it bows to your will—these things make you realize that you are superior to it and that it was made to do your will. In the vast extent of the heavens that seem beyond your comprehension you progress as the Creator has prescribed, you calculate the moments, you foresee the revolution, you formulate the laws concerning it; under the eyes of the Master, Who is Author and Arbitrator of it, you are witness and admirer. Learn in what records you must seek your titles, ;hilosophy of religion. One says you are the freak of nature destined to be suffocated almost at the moment of your birth; the other teaches that you are the child of the Creator, heir to heaven, citizen of eternity."¹³

In opposition to the true faith of M. Bergier, let us see what sort of structure the other men have raised. It is, in all its essence, a system of egoism. It says that man, though a machine, is sufficient unto himself; that he, if he follow the dictates of his natural inclinations, has no need for assistance from without, from the experience of the past, or directly from a Divinity. By the use of reason, and by following the sentimental influences of Nature—received through the senses—he may attain perfection. The "voice

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ *Examen du Materialisme*, vol. I., p. 150.

of Nature" speaks to him and he obeys. This is the sum and substance of their social morality, politics and religion; and every interference is held inimical to the best interests of man—alike all venerable conventions, governmental institutions and traditional Christianity. In each individual case the decision of a single materialist in the interpretation of a "natural law" avails more than the accumulated wisdom of the ages. As one has expressed their viewpoint, "Whoever admits the existence of a God is mad; he who believes in a future life is a blind enthusiast, and he who wishes to have a religion is a fanatic." Now this is a bit extreme, and we wish that Francis Thompson could have written his *Hound of Heaven* a century and a half earlier, so that these men might have realized the futility of seeking in love of nature and of man the satisfaction and exaltation to be found only in the love of God.

They were moved with a great and pure zeal for the Truth. "The Truth is made for man; his spirit yearns for it incessantly; his heart desires it; his happiness demands it," they say. And yet, in spite of this pressing need, they were content to act indifferent; to sit still and let natural law work its course, or to hope that years of reasoning would bring it to them. Had they only realized, as they in their egoism could not, that their fellow-citizen of Paris, M. Bergier, offered it to them, how quickly would they have answered the call and enrolled themselves among the followers of the Vicar of Christ!

Their creed, for such they called it, was for the few—practically admittedly so. Perfection of education, opportunity and enlightenment was so far in the future as to be but a dream. The elect, who by their superior reason seemed best able to order their lives for themselves, did not realize that universal equality could be but a myth and a vision, if attained by their own path. Equality in spiritual matters was open to all in the Catholic faith, which stood then, as it stands to-day, as the most democratic of institutions. But they, deeming themselves incapable of deceit, still groped darkly toward their illusion of the infinite, and, in a mechanistic conception, lost sight of the distinction between good and evil, when all the while their God was offering them the revelation whereby they might see face to face—if they had only believed.

So it is to-day; from blindness and prejudice persons refuse to accept Truth when it is offered them. In many Protestant churches emphasis is placed on the individual, and so placed on the assumption that he has a great pride concerning his own ability to decide all religious questions unaided and would resent dictation or explicit direction as an interference with his own high liberties of thinking as he pleases. And therein lies their weakness.

We feel continually that there is something beyond us—something of the infinity of things which we finite beings cannot comprehend. We read the recent utterance of Sir Oliver Lodge: "It is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants and fall far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright." Science is but a classification according to our own ideas. When the rationalist builds his system, he asks the whole world to conform to his ideas. That which we derive from God is universal. How lasting is the satisfaction derived from these eternal convictions which are founded upon a rock! And opposite to them we see the frail, human structures of an "intellectual radicalism," a scoffing and cynical misunderstanding, or false and perverted conceptions, which are lifted against the blue by fantastic workings of metaphysics, and which, since they are founded upon ever-shifting and mutable sands of "scientific hypothesis" and "public opinion" and individual mortal reason, must inevitably be threatened and destroyed with each turn of the tides which come with unrelenting strength, as month succeeds to month, to wipe out these childish castles of a limited and finite intelligence.

Let us see what is this religion which we are asked to accept. A professor of history¹⁴ has recently told us that religion in its origins traces back, through accompanying awe and reverence, to mystery, and that science has been, and probably ever will be, baffled by the eternal mysteries of life and matter. Scientifically, speaking from the psychological standpoint, as Professor Shotwell says, there is legitimate place in human nature for this awe and reverence concerning these eternal mysteries. Then, on this purely scientific basis for religion, a basis admitted by an historian with downright materialism—on this we shall superimpose a fine idealism, a great spiritual religion, divinely established, which offers a solution for these mysteries.

With the advance of civilization and the progress of science the power of the Church has seemed to grow less. In the Middle Ages, when the monasteries were the only great centres of learning and education, the learned men in the Church assumed prominent position in secular matters. As with the march of time science and education increased, the power of the Church grew less in these things. But in matters of faith and morals it still stood supreme. The Catholic Church teaches a great lesson. Times change, opinions vary to their opposites, "modern thought" may come and go; but there are

¹⁴ James T. Showell: *Religious Revolution of To-day.*

certain fundamental things in the human spirit which do not change from age to age. "Semper idem."

We should be less willing to cater to "advanced thought" and the "spirit of the age." We should remember that, however materialistic a man's conception of life may be, there is still room for the two great mysteries—What is life? What is matter?—for the consequent awe and reverence, for belief in a great divine spirit. We should remember that the Christian religion should stand before the world, as it has stood for twenty centuries, and declare with confidence, "I am the Truth." We should remember the high dignity of this position and admit of no compromise. We should not let each man to build "some uncouth superstition of his own."

"I am the Truth." There is something great and inspiring in the full import of this assumption by Christianity. We are all earnest seekers after truth; we all feel a definite need of spiritual assistance. We suppose that, since humans may know things only as they come through psychical impressions from without, a Church is in the last analysis but an ideal in a man's mind, that every religious conception is necessarily subjective. Yet, in the very face of this, we see no reason why the egoist should elevate his individual subjectivity to the rank of divinity. If there is an absolute Truth—that Justice, for example, toward which Maeterlinck gropes in the pages of "The Buried Temple"—we must recognize that our variant individual conceptions of it are not and cannot be that Truth itself. It is for our own good that we admit the existence and the worth of this Truth, and try to bring our conceptions as nearly in conformity with it as possible, that we may have something secure and objective with which to square ourselves.

If the Scripture says the Kingdom of God is within us, it thereby grants no egotistical self-sufficiency, no conception of "benefits weighed in Reason's scales." The true interpretation of Scripture is that the Kingdom within us is the Key of Belief which opens the gates to the great Spiritual Kingdom of the God that is above us.

Religion should seek to bend the will of man to the will of God; those men seek to bend the will of man—well, to what else than to suit the will of man himself? An eighteenth century theologian, Bergier, roundly berated Rousseau and Holbach for assuming that perfectible man was capable of rising unaided; and to-day we need a great militant churchman who shall stir the millions from their egoism and scourge them to a realization of the futility and the sacrilege of deeming the judgment of each individual superior to the great revelation of God.

I shall close with a four-line quotation from the English poet, Pope:

Go, wondrous creature, mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air and state the tides;
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

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THE BURIED CITIES OF THE EAST—EXCAVATIONS AROUND NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

A VISIT to the Assyrian department of the British Museum in London will amply repay the student of archæology or even the professor in our academies or high schools. It was my good fortune, on one of my several visits to London, to wander into the British Museum; I was on a hunt for observation lessons, and I found them. I drifted into the Assyrian department, and here I discovered what I had long been wanting to see—a collection of unbaked clay tablets, covered with cuneiform characters, and taken from the ruins of palaces in Babylon and Nineveh. I copied some twenty-five or thirty. Among others was one containing "astronomical calculations for the thirty-fourth and twenty-first years of the Silaku (Seleucus) and the ninety-fourth year of Antihukso (Antiochus) Babylon."

Another contained a "Syllabary" in four columns, "the first containing the *pronunciation of groups* of signs; the second, the *groups themselves*; the third, the *name of each character*, and the fourth, the Assyrian renderings."

Another tablet contained the "Genealogy of Cyrus—an account of the taking of Babylon, etc. B. C. 539-528—Babylon."

A terra-cotta tablet dealt with "Portents from the flight of Locusts;" another with "Incantations against Evil Spirits."

A portion of a fine terra-cotta "cylinder of Assur-banipal" contained a "list of standard works of the royal library at Nineveh," reference to which will be made more fully further on.

Still another contained a "record of a sale of plantations, slaves, etc.; letting of fields, contracts for grapes and wine; exchanging of slaves; loans of grain (at 50 per cent. interest, if not paid back on time)," and still another tablet contained a "judicial decision concerning the ownership of a female slave."

Having made these copies, the pedagogue began to ask himself what kind of people these Assyrians were. From the tablets before

him he began to reason (by deduction, more or *less* accurate) in this way:

The Assyrians must have been a civilized people; they had a knowledge of astronomy and, naturally, of other sciences. They had certain forms of education at their command, since they taught their children by means of a "syllabary." They had a written history. But, with all their knowledge, they were not free from certain superstitions, as indicated in their faith in "portents" and in the practice of "incantations." They had a royal library at Nineveh for the use of the *literati* of their time. The middle classes must have engaged in commerce and agriculture, some of their farms or fields being worked on shares; they cultivated the vine and "manufactured" wine. Usury was not uncommon among them, since they could charge interest at the rate of 50 per cent. Slavery, too, seems to have been one of their institutions, and human flesh was bought and sold like any ordinary chattels. They had courts of justice and went to law very much like the people of our own day to recover property, as evinced in the "judicial decision" referred to above "concerning the ownership of a female slave."

If all this could be learned, approximately, by deduction, what a mine of interesting and instructive information could we not obtain by consulting Sir Austen Layard, Herr Julius Muhl, P. E. Botta, M. Vigneront and others. This the writer of this article hastened to do, and he feels that he has been amply repaid for his research.

Nineveh and Babylon will always be fraught with the deepest interest to the novelist, the historian, the archæologist and the artist, because these two names are inseparably connected with their earliest recollections of ancient history.

Sacred history, it is true, gives us some succinct information concerning the early times of these mighty cities, and describes more in detail the struggles in which they engaged from the eighth century before the Christian era against the Jewish people, now divided as they were by internal discord and by their constitution into two independent States. The Assyrians, to whom proud Babylon was then subject, are the first to come upon the scene. They imposed their sovereignty upon the kingdoms of Israel and Judea, laid waste to Jerusalem, destroyed Samaria and transported the ten dissenting tribes to the banks of the Tigris. Nineveh disappeared. Babylon now became the aggressor. Jerusalem was taken; the second part of the people of God shared the fate of the first and was carried away into captivity. It was upon Babylon that the prophets now directed their maledictions, and Babylon fell.

Apart from the few scattered fragments left us by profane writers, the pages of the Sacred Scriptures comprise all that was

known, down to our times, of Assyria and Chaldea. Valuable as they are, their pages contain only detached chapters of the history of the two Eastern Empires, and they afford us a glimpse of just enough to excite our curiosity. Who is there that does not yearn to know more?

It may be proper in the outset to make a few remarks that will render this article more readily understood and permit the writer to dispose very briefly of many points.

Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, and Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, situated some 300 miles north, in the Tigris, may be considered, in a general way, as integral parts of the same Empire. Nineveh was founded shortly after Babylon by a people from Chaldea. For many centuries the two States disputed the supremacy with each other, and one often became the vassal of the other.

"The traditions of Nineveh," says M. Vigneront, "are essentially Chaldean. Everywhere along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates we find the same religion, the same forms of worship, the same language, the same writing, the same civilization, the same customs."

It follows, then, that in many respects what is said of Nineveh will apply to Babylon and *vice versa*.

When we consider the vast results obtained by the explorers of Nineveh, we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of Dr. Kaulen when he exclaims, "Nineveh is risen again!" Yes, the mighty city of Assyria looms up again before our eyes—not merely before the mind's eye, by means of books and documents, but in reality. After a disappearance of 2,500 years it once more reveals its existence and its splendors to the astonished eyes of the explorer. Nineveh stands before us! True, no proud dynasty and no highly civilized people now animate its buildings and its streets, but the ruins it displays and the eternal silence in which it is buried neither prevent us from contemplating the magnificence of its ancient rulers nor from wandering through their apartments, nor even from hearing their voices, for they speak to us in the very stones. Their palaces, in which are still preserved a host of plastic statues and objects destined for daily use, tell us of the mode of life of the Assyrians, their manners, their religious practices, the development of their minds and their civilization.

Innumerable parchments, discovered in these palaces and finally deciphered by the unwearying patience of the *savants* of the West, throw a flood of light upon the history of that country and its rulers. The knowledge now acquired concerning Nineveh removes more than one cloud that hung over the early history of mankind; it helps to solve many interesting questions upon the moral and intel-

lectual progress of the nations of the ancient West, and finally it not only clears up, but confirms many passages of sacred history.

Babylon, or, to give it the name it bore, Babel, was the holy city, teeming with gods and priests, with temples and schools; it was the centre of astronomical science and of judicial astrology—the land of the magi. As such, it exercised over its rulers a powerful prestige. The Assyrians, the born enemies of the Chaldeans, did not dare to lay their hands upon this sanctuary. Cyrus selected Babel as the centre of his military exploits; his successors overwhelmed it with indignities, despoiled it, but left it an existence. Death alone prevented Alexander the Great from making it the capital of his Empire.

The material decay of Babylon advanced with rapid strides, especially after the period when Seleucia was erected in its vicinity, with stones carried away from its buildings, as in later times palaces were built in Rome with stones taken from the ruins of the Coliseum. Nevertheless Babylon preserved for centuries longer certain indications of a great city.

The fate of Nineveh was far different. Nineveh possessed a certain political importance. The centre of a purely material power that crushed the other nations; divested of that religious prestige that might have inspired them with superstitious terror, it beheld, at the very moment when its cup of bitterness was full, subjugated motives uniting against it in a common feeling of revenge. These nations despoiled it not only of its splendor and power, but even of the very air it breathed. With the year 625 it vanished from history as if swallowed up by an abyss.

Buried beneath its own ruins, it did not retain even a place in the recollection of men. Xenophon, Alexander the Great and the Roman armies passed over the scenes it once occupied without ever dreaming of their historical significance. But this oblivion protected it, as it would seem, against an irremediable death and preserved it in a condition that made its resurrection possible. Its conquerors vainly thought that its annihilation could be effected by the destruction of the upper portion of its edifices, but in reality the only thing they accomplished was the piling up, at essential points, the ruins, which, in preserving the buildings, at the same time protected the works of art and other valuable objects they contained against the weather and the depredations of neighboring peoples. Thus it is that our age can hail the return of Nineveh to life and that the slow designs of God come to pass.

With regard to Babylon, doubt was not even possible in the face of a constant tradition that went down even into detail. Thus a mass of ruined masonry near the banks of the Euphrates was pointed

out, from time immemorial, as the ruins of the Great Tower. Further on the Hanging Gardens and other wonders were thought to be recognized. The interest in these ruins, so often described, was increased by the discovery made by the Englishman, Claudius J. Rich, some fifty or more years ago, of fragments of bricks bearing inscriptions in cuneiform characters, a sort of peculiar writing then in vogue, in the palace of Persepolis and in the tombs of the Kings of Persia, and which learned men had been trying to decipher for more than 200 years. The discovery at this time of the same writing along the banks of the Euphrates produced quite a sensation among Orientalists and attracted increased attention upon the city watered by this river on the sides of the hills that hem in the valley of the Tigris in the vicinity of Mosul. Indeed, few travelers, in wandering over these mounds, called by the Arabs "the tomb of Jonah," ever dreamed that they were walking over the ground where Nineveh once stood; but the hurried visits they made to this unhealthy region were attended only by vague results. Nineveh was still buried in oblivion.

The *savant* who first interested himself in real earnest in this city was Mr. Rich, whose labors are well known. After studying the ruins of Babylon and making a correct plan of their location, he left Hillah for a short sojourn at Mosul, during which he visited some of the mounds in the vicinity of this city—the so-called tomb of Jonah, the hill called by the Turks Kouyoundjik, and the one called Nimrud by the Arabs. Here, as at Hillah, he discovered fragments of bricks bearing cuneiform characters. He collected them together, made a chart of the mounds and sent all his discoveries to the British Museum. They were for many years the only collection of antiquities from Western Asia in existence. A case a few feet square contained all that was known of great Nineveh and mighty Babylon!

These simple relics, especially those from Nineveh, were enough, however, to inspire the mind of the explorer with hopes of greater success. The examination made of them by Herr Julius Mohl, a German professor of the Persian language and secretary of the Asiatic Society of Paris, suggested to him the idea that these were only the forerunners of further remarkable discoveries. When, in 1842. P. E. Botta was appointed by the French Government Consul at Moscow, Herr Mohl immediately put himself in communication with this learned and energetic man. He earnestly urged upon him to examine the mounds in the vicinity of this city and to pick up as many relics as possible; he predicted that M. Botta would have the glory of discovering Nineveh, and he succeeded in firing him with the ardor of his conviction. In this man-

ner he gave an impetus to works of exploration which the latter commenced as soon as he reached his post.

M. Botta soon became convinced that the Khorsabad hillock consisted of a platform made by the hands of man and covering the ruins of an immense building. He later on learned the name of its founder, King Sargon (Sar-Kin). Everything about this building was highly interesting. The walls were covered all along with an ornamentation of alabaster leaves, enriched with sculptures of a high order and with cuneiform inscriptions. Many objects that once belonged to the inhabitants of the place were picked out from the rubbish that covered them.

Thus it came to pass that in the nineteenth century M. Botta found himself transported, as if by the wave of a magic wand, into apartments where over 2,500 years ago the destinies of so many nations were decided. He beheld the terrible King of Assyria upon his throne, or mounted on his battle-chariot, surrounded by his vassals; he contemplated his warlike exploits, his adventures in the chase, his journeyings, his festivities; he wandered among the Assyrian gods and their priests; and everything that met his gaze was so real, so striking, so eloquent, that the most persevering and extensive studies could never have given him half the insight into the mode of life of this ancient nation that a mere glance around him now afforded.

[The student of archæology can well understand the emotions that filled the bosom of M. Botta as he gazed upon these ruins. They are perfectly natural. The writer of this article experienced similar emotions when contemplating the ruins of the Roman Forum or when wandering through the sepulchral galleries of the Roman Catacombs. What had long been pictures in the imagination now became realities.]

Nineveh was restored! Botta lost no time in acquainting Mohl with his success and in sending him designs, diagrams and copies of inscriptions. His friend published the whole affair in the *Asiatic Journal*, and in this manner made it known to Christian and enlightened Europe. The French Government immediately placed large sums of money at the disposal of the explorer and supplied him with a draughtsman, which enabled him to continue his undertaking on a much larger scale. After purchasing all the houses in Khorsabad and settling its inhabitants at the foot of the hill, he was enabled to study in detail all the parts of this mighty edifice (Sargon Palace). When, three years later, he was recalled to his own country, he carried away with him a rich collection of sculptures and inscriptions, much of which may be seen in the Assyrian department in the Louvre, Paris, where I have seen them.

The appointment of M. Botta, in 1845, to another field of duty removed him from the scene where he had displayed so much fruitful activity. His mind, however, lingered around it still. Study, the deciphering and explanation of these inscriptions and other objects discovered occupied all his spare time and added greatly to the celebrity of his name. The French Government assisted him munificently in his new labors.

There was no more extensive exploring at Khorsabad until 1851, when the architect, M. Place, was commissioned by the French Government to continue the researches in the Palace of Sargon. M. Place proved a worthy successor to M. Botta. He brought to light all manner of objects that gave an insight into the mode of living of the Assyrians. He discovered a whole store full of iron utensils in a good state of preservation, as well as other objects wrought in ivory and in different kinds of metals, which denote the refined care the ancient possessors displayed for their own comfort, their practical ideas and their tastes.

In a vault, hermetically sealed, M. Place found a large quantity of clay urns, about two feet high, some broken and some intact. They were situated in compartments hewn out by blocks of stone, arranged in double rows along the walls. The coating of brownish-red on the inside of these urns was at first supposed to be varnish; but the rain having fallen on and tarnished these colors, there was such an odor of wine dregs as to immediately dispel all doubt—they had discovered King Sargon's wine cellar.

After a period of four years the researches made in the name of the French Government were again interrupted, to be resumed later on in another part of the East. In the meantime England had been making researches on Assyrian soil with the most satisfactory results. They were conducted by Sir Austin Henry Layard, Western Ambassador to Constantinople—a gentleman gifted with a discerning mind, a strong will, an iron constitution, and who in his diplomatic positions, as well as in his scientific expeditions, familiarized himself completely with the languages and manners of Western Asia. As unyielding before dangers and difficulties as he was obliging in every legitimate demand, Mr. Layard possessed the secret of making himself loved and feared at the same time by the Orientals.

Sir Stratford Canning, who had already enriched his country with a valuable collection of Greek antiquities, was, in 1845, Ambassador to Constantinople. Anxious to gratify the strong desire manifested by Mr. Layard, at that time his subordinate, to make researches in Assyrian soil, he generously offered to bear the expenses for a given time, knowing full well that if the undertaking proved

a success there would be no difficulty in procuring the means to continue it. On his arrival at Mosul Mr. Layard, warned by the experience of M. Botta, was presented to the Pacha, but did not give him the remotest idea as to the object of his coming. With the design of arousing his suspicion as little as possible, he selected the Nimrod Mount, some fifteen miles from Mosul, as the object of his exploration. He secretly procured all the tools necessary and, under the pretext of going hunting, he set out, accompanied by a friend and a servant. He sought the acquaintance of the Arabs of the country and soon engaged six stalwart laborers.

With all these precautions his labors were attended with still greater drawbacks than M. Botta had encountered. Always guarding, as his predecessor had done, against the propensity for stealing that characterizes the Arab tribes; against the fanaticism of the Mahometans of Mosul; against the hostility of the Pacha, who was ever ready to pounce upon him, and against the fatal rigors of the climate, he had, besides these, other obstacles to contend against. The miserable dwelling he occupied disappeared one day without leaving a vestige after it—swept away by a sudden monsoon. He replaced it by a clay hut, but during its erection the materials became so thoroughly soaked by heavy rains that they never dried and the interior of the habitation was continually covered with mold.

In spite of his strong constitution Mr. Layard was more than once compelled to seek the fresh air of the mountains, being overcome by the intensity of the heat. To make up for all this, however, during the two years he was engaged in his labors (1845-1847) his cheerful and pleasant manners always brought him hosts of laborers, and from the very first he met with the most gratifying success. This is how he describes one of his discoveries:

"One morning as I was returning from a visit to a friendly chief the Sheik Abd-er-Raman, two Arabs belonging to his tribe rode toward me at full speed. 'Hasten, Bey,' cried one of them, 'hasten to the ruins; they have just discovered Nimrod himself! Allah! All this is beyond comprehension, yet it is true; we saw him with our own eyes! There is no other God but Allah!' They had scarcely uttered this pious exclamation when they disappeared in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruin I went down into the trench that had just been dug and found the Arabs, who had seen me coming, gathered around a heap of baskets and cloaks. As Awad, who was superintending the work, came forward and asked me for a present with which to celebrate the great event, the Arabs raised the covering they had hastily improvised and revealed a gigantic human head,

cut out of the alabaster of the country. It belonged to a statue the greater portion of which was still buried under the earth. I saw in an instant that it was the head of one of those winged lions or bulls that had already been discovered at Kohrsabad and at Persepolis. It was in a marvelous state of preservation. The expression was calm, but majestic, and the features of the face denoted a delicacy and skill of touch that would never have been suspected in works of such a remote period.

"The emotion and fright of the Arabs did not at all surprise me. It required no great amount of imagination to awaken the most fantastic ideas in their minds. That colossal head, bleached by time, and rising up, all at once, from the bowels of the earth, might readily pass for one of those terrible beings that frequently, according to their legends, come up from the lower regions and appear to mortals.

"At the very first glance one of the laborers gave this strange object he overturned his basket and ran at full speed toward Mosul. I heard of this circumstance with regret, because I foresaw the disastrous consequences it would entail.

"While I was having the rubbish removed from around the statue and was giving orders for the general resumption of work the sound of galloping horses broke upon our ears. It was Abd-er-Raman, followed by half his tribe; for, as soon as the two Arabs I had met on the road reached their tents and spoke of the wonderful discovery, their comrades who were present immediately mounted their horses and came to be convinced by their own eyes. On seeing the head they all exclaimed in one voice, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet!'

"Some time elapsed before the Sheik could make up his mind to go down into the trench to convince himself that it was nothing but stone.

"*'This is not,'* he declared, *'the work of men, but of those great giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—said that their height exceeded that of the tallest date-trees; it is one of those idols that Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the deluge.'*

"This opinion, after mature consideration, was shared by all his companions. I soon directed the men to dig to the south of the head, hoping to find its body, and before night we found it, some twelve feet further on. After ordering two or three men to keep watch over the sculptures I repaired to the village to celebrate the event by killing a few sheep, and invited the Arabs of the vicinity to the feast. I sent for some wandering musicians from Selamijch and the greater part of the night was spent in dancing."

Sir Austin evidently knew the value of graft in its various forms,

and the East is the land of graft. Our explorer saw trouble ahead and he planned to avert it. The account carried to Mosul by the workmen was not without its effect, as he announced, out of breath, that "Nimrod had reappeared." The Kadi, who was not at all friendly to Sir Austin, lost no time in summoning the Mufti and the Ulema to deliberate on so grave a matter. They went with great solemnity before the ruler of the city and presented a protest on the part of the Mussulman people against an enterprise so directly in opposition to the Koran.

Like all Orientals under similar conditions, the Kadi resorted to delays, perhaps with "an eye to the main chance." He was undecided as to whether the object unearthed was "the skeleton of Nimrod or merely a statue of him." Ismail Pacha was greatly troubled in his mind as to whether that mighty hunter "had been an orthodox prophet or not." As the result of these brilliant lucubrations, Sir Austin received a significant message from His Excellency, hinting that the relics were to be treated "with respect" and not to be disturbed any further.

While discharging his laborers Sir Austin retained two trusted men, who were ordered to continue the excavations already commenced along the wall quietly and without attracting attention. This work, slow as it was, later on revealed the existence of another pair of man-lions, which were found to be intact and twelve feet long, the body and limbs admirably wrought, and, though the muscles and bones were very much exaggerated in their development to show strength, they nevertheless displayed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy. Sir Austin says that the sculptures in one of the excavated halls are executed half in bold relief and half in bas-relief. Lost in admiration of the great work before him, he says: "I have spent whole hours in musing over these mysterious figures and in studying out their object and their history. What nobler symbols could have been used to introduce men into the temples of their divinities? What more sublime figures could a people deprived of the light of revealed religion have borrowed from nature to convey its ideas of the wisdom, power and omnipotence of a Superior Being? To express the ideal of intelligence and knowledge they took a man's head; as a type of strength, the body of a lion; as a symbol of the gift of ubiquity, the wings of an eagle. The winged lions with human heads were not creations devoid of ideas, the products of a fantastic mind; they carried their meaning with them. They contributed toward the education of races that existed 3,000 years ago. The thresholds they guarded were once crossed by Kings and Princes and warriors, leaving their offerings to the altars, long before the philosophy of the East had penetrated into Greece, and

introduced into that country, with its mythology, the antique symbols of Assyria. Perhaps they were already buried in ruins and their very existence forgotten long before the foundation of the Eternal City upon the banks of the Tiber. Hidden from the eye of man for a period of 2,000 years, they now appear once more in all their pristine grandeur. But how changed is everything around them! The pride and civilization of a great nation have been succeeded by the misery and ignorance of a semi-barbarous people. Now the eye rests on ruins and rubbish where magnificent temples once stood. The ploughshare passes over these mighty structures and the grain ripens on the soil that hides the last traces of them from mortal eyes."

Sir Stratford Canning having sent Mr. Layard full powers from the Grand Vizier, the indefatigable explorer resumed his work and the vision of old Assyria gradually broke upon his eyes in all its splendor. The monuments and works of art at Nineveh had been far better preserved than those at Khorsabad. The sculptures represented everything remarkable in Assyrian life—war and hunting scenes, **offerings and processions**, traveling by land and water, and domestic habits. Sir Austin Layard also discovered arms, helmets, bronzes, objects made of ivory and vases. Far more important than all these were the countless inscriptions he found on every hand, from the foot to the very top of the walls. He sent some of the most interesting sculptures to England and kept his friend Canning informed of the progress of his researches. Sir Canning, having in the meantime declared that he surrendered to England all the discoveries made and to be made in Assyria, the British Museum voted an appropriation for the furtherance of the work. Mr. Layard, being now in a position to increase the number of his workmen, entirely unearthed all the buildings in the large Nimrod hillock and extended his excavations to those of Kalah-Schergat and of Kouyoundjik. He was everywhere rewarded with the most wonderful results. At Kalah-Schergat he discovered, among other things, the documents concerning the origin of a palace which, according to Assyrian and Chaldaic usage, were walled in near the four principal corners of the edifice. They consisted of octagonal clay prisms, forty-five centimetres long, and on each side there were 100 lines of cuneiform writing. These documents, reproduced four times, told that the palace had been built by King Tugat-Phalasar I. about the year B. C. 1130.

When Mr. Layard had exhausted his means he began to think of returning to England; but before doing so he had two important things to do—fill up the trenches to save the ruins from utter annihilation and pack up all antiquities that were transportable. It was

indeed an unrivaled collection. The explorer never rested until he knew it safe on its way to England, and it was only then that he consented to follow it. Some time after, in 1848, he was sent back to his old post on the British Embassy at Constantinople.

His report, published and embellished with numerous designs, was eagerly read in England. Under the pressure of public opinion the British Museum supplied Mr. Layard with ample means, and he once more abandoned Constantinople to return to the banks of the Tigris. A physician and a draughtsman accompanied him.

This time his labors were carried on near the Kouyoundjik mounds, the scene of M. Botta's first efforts. He here discovered the gigantic palace of Sennacherib, and which had been inhabited by him and by his successor, Assur-Haddon.

In the meantime he was continuing or undertaking researches at Nimrod, Nebbi Junus, Kalah-Schergat, Khorsabad, in the desert as far as Armenia, and even in Babylon and among the ruins south of it. These vast researches resulted in the discovery of an enormous quantity of sculptures and inscriptions; of implements of labor, vases, furniture, bronzes, fancy pieces, arms, precious stones, earrings, a mould in which the jeweler had moulded them, harness, bridles, etc.

A discovery, the great importance of which Mr. Layard could scarcely have realized at that time, was the one he made in the halls of the palace of Kouyoundjik, and which consisted of written tablets that were so numerous that they covered the floor to the depth of one foot. They are of fine clay, of all sizes, from a square inch up to a square foot and about half an inch in thickness. They wrote on these tablets with a fine dagger while they were damp; they were then hardened with fire. The cuneiform writing they bear is so remarkably small as to require the use of a magnifying glass to decipher the greater part of them.

Most of these tablets had been broken by the falling in of the upper floors, and to crown the mishaps the fragments were shipped to London, packed pell-mell without any regard to their places in the halls. It is easy to understand how much this circumstance contributed to the difficulty of deciphering them. Learned men, however, have partially succeeded, and no one has regretted the labor. It was the *library* founded by King Assurbanipal, the successor of Assar Haddon, and it consists of historical narratives, letters, authentic documents, chronological tables, astronomical observations, poems and songs and text-books in which many ideographic signs of the Assyrians are explained. It was a part of this collection that the writer of this article had the good fortune to come across and to which he referred at the opening of this account.

In 1852 Mr. Layard, after acquiring a vast knowledge and an illustrious name, returned to his native land to publish an account of his discoveries and to work at deciphering inscriptions.

Up to the year 1854, when excavations ceased, the most valuable treasures flowed into the British Museum. The directors of this institution lost no opportunity of giving all the publicity possible to their work and to the treasures poured in upon it, in the hope of stimulating scientific men and of obtaining, through their assistance, the key to many things still shrouded in obscurity.

Europe now entered with more energy than ever upon the study of cuneiforms. The rich accumulation of twenty years of these curious writings was found to be inadequate, and for them researches were set on foot. George Smith, a young engraver on brass, employed by set on foot. George Smith, a young engraver on brass, was seized with a perfect mania for deciphering them. His first step was to acquire the necessary preparatory knowledge, and his rapid progress earned for him his admission into the British Museum as an assistant.

Constantly engaged in reading and classifying these tablets, he discovered the fragment of an ancient Babylonian narrative concerning the *Deluge*, and which is wonderfully in harmony with the Bible account. He made it the subject of a lecture before the "Biblical Archæological Association" on December 3, 1872. It created quite a sensation, and Mr. Smith became the hero of the day.

During a vacation of six months granted to Mr. Smith he visited Kouyoundjik, and among a number of tablets he found were many the contents of which intimately related to the Holy Scriptures. He was given every facility for making other voyages in the hope of finding King Assurbanipal's library, but, unfortunately, in 1876, just as he was about to return to his native land, Mr. Smith died, a victim to his indefatigable zeal and leaving a great void in the scientific world.

Dr. Kaulen gives us a description of the only palace that has been entirely uncovered and explored to its utmost recesses, a palace that may be considered a specimen of the large buildings in Nineveh, and a knowledge of which is the surest guide of every explorer of Assyrian soil, and of every man who desires to familiarize himself with the civilization and architecture of this country. It is the palace of King Sargon, at Khorsabad, discovered by M. Botta and studied attentively by him and M. Place. These distinguished archæologists have fully described it in works beautifully illustrated and in every way worthy of the interest and importance of the subject.*

* See Botta's "Monuments de Ninive" and "Ninive et l'Assyrie," Place et Thomas.

It is to be regretted that so few American tourists find time, when in London or Paris, to do more than *look* into the Assyrian departments of the British Museum and of the Louvre. They will not see Venuses or Apollos, but they will find works of art of equal, if not greater, historical value, and they will acquire a living knowledge of many things described in Sacred History.

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A NOTABLE CONVERT.

AMONG the numerous files of "Rome's recruits" who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, joined the lay ranks of the Church Militant, was Aubrey de Vere. The family, whose original name was Hunt, subsequently altered to De Vere, is of aristocratic lineage, being descended from the Earls of Oxford, a title now extinct. Aubrey Vere, second son of the sixteenth Earl of Oxford (born *Circa*, 1555), was the poet's direct ancestor. This Aubrey Vere's daughter Jane married Mr. Henry Hunt, of Gosfield, Essex, from whom was descended Sir Vere Hunt, of Curragh—now known as Curragh Chase, Adare, County Limerick—a Cromwellian officer who settled in Ireland during the troublous years of the short-lived Commonwealth. The convert's grandfather, Mr. Vere Hunt, created a baronet in 1784, was a member of the Irish Parliament in 1797 and died in 1818. His only son, maternally related to the Spring-Rice family, the head of which is Lord Monteagle, changed the patronymic, Hunt, at the date of the first Reform Act, and assumed the name of De Vere. He was the father of the poet-convert, Aubrey de Vere, and was himself a poet as well, being the author of the dramatic poems, "Julian, the Apostate," "The Duke of Mercia" and "Mary Tudor," published respectively in 1822, 1823 and 1847. Gladstone and Manning agreed in considering the last named as "the finest drama since Shakespeare's time."

Aubrey de Vere may be said to have lived his whole long life at Curragh Chase, where he was born on January 10, 1814, and where he died on January 21, 1902. "This beautiful place," says Mr. Wilfrid Ward,¹ "successively during his own long lifetime the property of his grandfather, his father and his two brothers, was practically his home for eighty-eight years. He lived in his ninth

¹ "Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir." By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1904.

decade in the little room he had occupied as a child in the first decade of his life—looking out on the same spacious deer-park, watching its pleasure grounds develop year by year under his father's loving care, seeing from his window in later days the large stone cross beyond the lake, erected in memory of his dead father, mother and sisters. He read and wrote to the end in the library in which his father had read and written before him." Though he belonged to a literary family and inherited in large measure the poetic gift—"the great poetic heart," which, as Tennyson said, "is more than all poetic fame"—he did not impress his tutor, who, when his pupil, a boy of ten, was stumbling through the Latin grammar, pronounced him "an idiot." This teacher, with the shortsightedness and lack of sympathetic insight common to too many schoolmasters, was self-deceived, like the Dublin dominie who looked upon young Brinsley Sheridan as a "dunce." When the boy grew into youth, even before he reached his early manhood, he reversed the erroneous verdict of his tutor, whose successor, one Edward Johnstone, Mr. Ward notes, "was the first to tap the vein of the remarkable mental qualities of his pupil" by teaching him to appreciate Wordsworth, whose elevating influence exorcised the "Byronic sulk" which a month's eager reading of Byron had wrought in him. Shelley, Keats, Landor and Coleridge helped to develop his latent poetic talents, while his letters at seventeen, his biographer avers, "exhibit a power and habit of analysis very unusual at so early an age." When, in his eighteenth year, he began to write poetry himself, without any thought of publication and only with a wish to preserve a record of reflections on occurrences that interested him, his earliest effusions were odes on Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose muse "pursued him as the murmur of the sea pursues a man for hours after he has walked inland," and whose chief merits his father impressed upon him were his "majesty and pathos;" instancing his "Laodamia," which the son read "standing, to the last line, and was converted," seeming "to have got upon a new and larger planet, with

An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

His mind fed on poetry, which became its intellectual nutriment. He used to read Keats, Landor and Coleridge driving about in his pony carriage or at night to the sound of an Æolian harp, or reclining on summer evenings in a little boat on the lake at Curragh Chase. Gerald Griffin, who then lived at the village of Pallas, about four miles from the De Veres' place—a kindred spirit in whom, as in Aubrey de Vere, religious thought was blended with literary culture—was among the friends of the future convert's youth.

The De Veres were among the best of the Anglo-Irish who, if they did not become more Irish than the Irish themselves, like the Geraldines, were sympathetic towards the native race, although at times prone to view things Irish, as it were, through English spectacles, with certain critical deductions. Young Aubrey joined heartily in the national jubilation over O'Connell's bloodless victory when, in 1829, Catholic Emancipation was won, climbing to the top of a pillar on which he stood waving his hat, while bonfires blazed. Of the Relief Bill he says truly: "It was like the concession of Grattan's Parliament in 1782; it had been a concession to fear, not to principle; it included, in deference to unworthy prejudices, several provisions of a petty and offensive character,"² and for forty years it continued to be unaccompanied by that which thirty years previously Pitt had perceived to be its necessary supplement, namely, religious equality. The ancient religious patrimony of Ireland continued to be the endowment of a small minority, and Protestant ascendancy continued to maintain in Ireland a war of religion, where otherwise the old war of races would soon have been forgotten." Even when a Protestant, he was free from that hatred and distrust of Catholicism, those blind prejudices, in which so many Protestants are still hidebound. "These I did not share," he says, "being already an ardent disciple of Edmund Burke, who asserted that there was no religious body in Europe which represented, or at least resembled, the early Christian Church so much as the Irish Catholic Church of his own day. I looked upon her as deeply wronged in the past, and as placed by the consequent political agitations of recent times under circumstances unfavorable to a right estimate of her religious character."

The faculty of reverence, it is noted, was his most characteristic trait. It was this faculty, so beautifully expressed in the Greek word *anthropos*, which more than any other differentiates men of mind from men of a lower range of thought and feeling, that drew his thoughts upward and made him look up to men of genius, such as Wordsworth, whom he almost worshiped; Coleridge, the English philosopher, the "rapt one of the godlike forehead"—then regarded as the great teacher of wisdom among young men of a religious temperament; and his distinguished fellow-Irishman, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, whom the great Lake poet said "was singularly like Coleridge," and who struck De Vere as "a great embodied intellect rather than a human being." A lifelong friendship was formed at first sight between De Vere and the eminent Irish

² Some of these still disfigure the Statute Book of Great Britain, and the Irish party in the Imperial Parliament are endeavoring to have them wiped out, eighty years after Catholic Emancipation.

Astronomer Royal, whose discourse, often prolonged until near sunrise at Adare and Curragh Chase, was to the former the best compensation he could have had for never hearing that of Coleridge. When, in October, 1832, he went to Trinity College, Dublin, he came more frequently under the influence of Hamilton, who directed his metaphysical studies. He confesses to a particular dislike to almost all the university course; he hated Juvenal, never could understand Persius, and thought very little of Latin poetry. In one of his letters to Hamilton, written previous to this, he gives his idea of the mission of the poet in language which foreshadowed one who, as Mr. Ward says, came in the end to be in England—that is, among English-speaking peoples—the Catholic poet of that Romantic movement which gave to Germany so many great thinkers and writers, from Stolberg and the Schlegels to La Motte Foug  , the writer of romance, and M  hler, the theologian; which gave to France Ch  ateaubriand, De Maistre and their successors; to Italy **Manzoni**; to Spain Balmes and Donoso Cortes. "It is surely the duty of the poet," he wrote when a lad of eighteen, "to turn our thoughts and feelings from the difference of degree to the difference of kind; from the splendors of rank to the splendors of mind; from the voluptuousness of wealth to the emotions of the heart; in a word, from circumstances to that which is ideal; from that which is without us to that which is within; from that which is visionary to that which is true—and thus poetry is philosophy; from that which is transitory to that which is permanent—and thus poetry is religious."

Being of a religious bent of mind, he was destined by his father for the Anglican ministry and, with filial deference, acquiesced in the parental decision, though many years were to elapse before he relinquished the idea. However, before he left Trinity in 1837 he won the prize for a theological discourse.

Although literature continued to absorb most of his time and thought, he was deeply interested in the religious revival which succeeded to the indifferentism of the eighteenth century and to the religious philosophy which the pioneers of the French Revolution had made popular and its issue had discredited.* His father had imbued him with Conservative and High Church views. Sectarianism, the outcome of self-confident private judgment, the attempt of the average individual man to construct a religion by means of his own defective dialectic, appeared to him in the highest degree unphilosophical. The Oxford Patristic school, which was striving to link the English Church of the present with the old *Ecclesia Anglicana*, to bring back to the England of William IV.

* Ward, *op. cit.*, p. 18.

and Victoria a Catholic Church as Theodosius had known it, captured and captivated him.

In 1838-39 he paid three successive visits to Oxford, to Cambridge and to Rome. "These three historic centres of thought and religion," observes Mr. Ward, "seem to represent and group the various ideas which had been forming themselves within him. Oxford, which he visited in December, 1838, represented English Churchmanship with its roots in the past; Cambridge typified breadth of sympathy, love of science and energy of thought—issuing in the variety of opinion which Maurice hoped to weld into a new Church Catholic; and Rome, amid all the corruptions with which De Vere credited her, brought before his imagination the worldwide religious polity which should voice the collective religious consciousness of man."⁴ Newman and his coterie greatly impressed him by their earnestness and sincerity, and, intellectually, as grasping the idea of a Church polity—the great remedy for the anarchy of individualism—but the Puseyites seemed to him *doctrinaires* and deficient in a sense of the practicable. Of the latter he wrote: "They want that wonderful combination of firmness and plasticity which distinguished Romanism—*she* never forgot that her foot was on earth, though her head was in heaven." He draws the following graphic pen-portrait of Newman as he then appeared: "Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages, or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, and when not walking, intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much, he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement." At a morning service at St. Mary's, the parish church to which Newman was attached, and where he read beautifully in a "sort of melodious, plaintive and rather quick half chant," he looked to De Vere "like a very young man made old by intense study."

The religious ideals typified in his mind by the three cities—Oxford, Cambridge and Rome—appear frequently in his correspondence; and each, Mr. Ward notes, contributed something to the conclusions he ultimately reached. But as yet he was "far from home," to which the "kindly light" that led Newman was leading him, unknown to himself. He still regarded the Catholic Church as "a giant sect;" and in a letter to his sister, summing up his impressions of Rome, declared that the principles of the Church of

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 27.

Rome are as invariably the same as the principles of pagan Rome, the ultimate object of each being a Universal Empire, and the methods the substitution of universality for nationality, the worship of the beautiful—which he calls “the artistic or Grecian element of Romanism”—and “priestcraft.” He fancied he saw in “this priestly power the most complete and complicated *imperium in imperio* that ever was invented.” “On the other hand,” comments Mr. Ward, “underlying the whole correspondence⁵ on De Vere’s side is the conception, newly impressed on him by his visit to the Eternal City, of the ‘Catholic Church’ as a real world-wide polity, to which the Christian Revolution had been from the first entrusted. The subsequent story of his mind was the history of this latent presupposition becoming more and more apparent, and of the growing conviction that only the Church which had preserved its union with the Apostolic See realized this indispensable condition. The *imperium* of Rome which had so greatly impressed him in 1837 was ultimately held by him to be coördinate with the only ecclesiastical polity which was at once historically the successor of the early Christian Church and at the same time still world-wide and one. Thus the Church of Rome, from being in the intellectual sphere hardly worthy of notice, became in the end the indispensable foundation of the very line of thought to which she had at first seemed to be external.”⁶ When twitted by Hamilton in the fifties with there having been some love romance in his friend’s life, he replied that his one romance had consisted in his religious history, which had culminated in his joining the Catholic Church.

The diary he kept during the years 1841-46 gives us some interesting sidelights on the Oxford movement, which then reached its crisis in the conversion of Newman, a blow under which, as Disraeli said, the Church of England reeled. Every phase of it was discussed in the social circles in which De Vere moved, which included the Gladstones, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, Monckton, Milnes, Dean Milman, Dr. Pusey, Manning, whom he describes as “the most ecclesiastical man I have seen,” and the Coleridges. His cousins, the Calverts, were among those whom the movement led Romewards, although his own attitude towards Rome, Mr. Ward says, “was evidently at this time very hostile.” The suspicion and distrust which the trend of religious events awakened made themselves apparent in many ways. Wordsworth, whom Miss Fenwick desired to see “become a Catholic-minded man and pass the evening of his life under the shadow of some cathedral,” and whose daughter had just been married to a Mr. Quillinan,

⁵ His letters to Stephen Spring Rice.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, pp. 46-47.

De Vere says "was much vexed because the lover was very poor and a holy Roman." The Bard of Rydal said to him that Frederick William Faber—the famous Oxford convert who became superior of the London Oratory in King William street, Strand, and whose poem, "Sir Launcelot," elicited his high praise—ought not to be a clergyman, as poetry should claim the whole man—an arbitrary dictum which Father Ryan, the American priest-poet; Father Mathew Russell, S. J., and others have disproved. De Vere, who, Sara Coleridge already predicted, would "end by becoming a Romanist," was at this time deluded by Maurice's ideal "Church Catholic"—a phantom Church which only existed in his own imagination—and was endeavoring in his own mind to differentiate between Catholicity and what he called "Romanism." A conversation with Pusey, who said that Newman's then approaching conversion" would be a great crisis and by far the greatest blow the cause had received" and yet "hoped the exertions of the Roman Catholics in England might be of use in gaining back dissenters and infidels," left upon De Vere the impression that he was "speaking with much conscientious reserve, and that he himself had drawn much nearer to Rome than of old." Alas! it was a case of "thou art so near, but yet so far."

In 1842, when he was the guest of Wordsworth at Rydal—"the greatest honor," he often declared, of his life—he brought out his first volume, "The Waldenses and Other Poems," followed the next year by the "Search After Proserpine and Other Poems," which elicited enthusiastic praise from Walter Savage Landor. Poetry, however, did not divert his attention from the religious movement. The reading of Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" drew from him the remark: "His argument does not seem to me to shake the true Catholic doctrine at all—hardly to touch it. That unlucky phrase, *via media*, only politically applicable to our Church, is working against us, and prevents us from seeing that Catholicism occupies the whole ground both of Protestantism and Romanism, and reconciles whatever each holds of *positive* doctrine."

But politics, not poetry or polemics, were soon to engage most of his attention, the occasion being the great Irish famine, which brought to the surface all of the Irishman that there was in De Vere and stirred to their deepest depths his sympathies for suffering humanity, being eyewitness of many of the harrowing scenes of that dismal epoch, and devoting himself heart and soul to the work of the relief committees. Writing on October 6, 1846, to his friend Mrs. Villiers, he says: "I was out from after breakfast till nine o'clock at night, a few days ago, making a census of the people in

want of food, and many a strange spectacle I saw while engaged in this occupation. In this part of the country there is little *except want* to contend with; but some of the scenes which I have witnessed in wilder parts of the country are desolate indeed. In one day I have sat within nearly eighty mud hovels, without windows or chimneys—the roof so low that you could not (in some cases) stand upright, and within and around a mass of squalidness and filth. Many a trait of native goodness, or even refinement, I have noticed in such an abode; many a countenance I have marked traced with the character of goodness, long endurance and piety, though seen dimly through a veil not only of pallor and smoke, but one worn by the blasts and rain of many an adverse year. And in the midst of these horrors I have seen such strange gleams of humor, and heard many a sad tale told with a gay indifference. I have never been half so deeply impressed with the duty of doing what in us lies to lighten life's load to the thousands who surround us, and whom, directly or indirectly, we may benefit, if only we take the trouble of going among them, sympathizing with them and understanding them. I am sure that the poor are on, the whole, the best. In all those homes of misery I never heard an impatient murmur." The deaths from cold and starvation which overtook the famished peasants in the dead of night during the terrible winter of 1846 inspired his poem, "A Year of Sorrow," in which are the following pathetic verses:

Fall snow! in stillness fall like dew,
On church's roof and cedar's fan:
And mould thyself on pine and yew,
And on the awful face of man.

On quaking moor and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring at the sky;
And arms extended like a cross,
The long-expectant sufferers lie.

Bend o'er them, white-robed acolyte!
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist;
And minister the last sad Rite,
Where altar there is none, nor priest.

These appalling events he witnessed and others called forth sterner and stronger language in his "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," published at the beginning of 1848, which Lord John Manners pronounced "the most valuable contribution to our Irish political literature since the days of Burke." John Stuart Mill wrote to the author: "No one can sympathize more than I do in the feeling which pervades your book, that England is not entitled to throw the first stone at Ireland, being, so far as that expression can be used of a nation, guilty of all the guilt as well as of all the suffering and folly of Ireland," while Sir James Stephen thus gave vigorous

utterance to his views in language which, if it met the eyes, would have rejoiced and gladdened the heart of Michael Davitt: "You are not a Celt, but a naturalized Norman or Saxon; and therefore to you I hazard the confession of my faith, that the real cause of the calamities of Ireland is the want, not the excess, of the belligerent character and qualities among the Celtic race. Every people on the face of the earth have been oppressed by their stronger neighbors; and all people have sunk under that oppression into a degraded and servile state; those only excepted who have had the heart to fight it out, trusting to God and trusting to each other. If the Irish had resisted your ancestors half as gallantly as my ancestors, the Scotch, wrestled against Plantagenets, Tudors and Stuarts, England would have become just, humane and liberal in the only way in which nations ever acquire those virtues; that is, by being well beaten into them."⁷ Montalembert never remembered ever having met with such a masterly picture of Ireland's rights and of her unparalleled wrongs. It raised high hopes in Smith O'Brien of the author becoming at least a Repealer, convinced that Ireland's welfare and fame can never be protected except by her own sons, armed with power to manage their own affairs. In a long letter to De Vere he laments the aloofness of the gentry from the national movement, shrinking from being leaders of the Irish people—some from abject fear, some from sybarite selfishness, some from habitual subservience to the power, for whom during centuries they acted as a garrison in the island. "Where and what," he asks, "are the nobles of Ireland?—a class despised abroad and hated at home; and this occurs amongst a people of all others the most easily won to the support of aristocratic influence." De Vere's book had convinced him that a mission had been appointed to the author, and he earnestly urges him to gird himself boldly and nobly to the accomplishment of that task and begin by exchanging for a tutored sentiment of dependence upon England a noble reliance upon his own countrymen. William Monsell, afterwards the first Lord Emsay, wrote in a similar strain: "Tell the truth, they say, and shame the devil; but you can't shame the English—they despise us so heartily. I must except English Roman Catholics from this charge. They do sympathize with us very much. I believe there is only one remedy. Let it be your theme. Let the Irish Protestants move into England, and the English Roman Catholics into Ireland, only don't put Lord Shrewsbury into MacHale's diocese."

The solemn spectacle of death, first the death of his beloved and revered father, who died in 1846, and then the agonizing death throes of a nation decimated by famine and bleeding at every pore,

⁷ *E. g.*, by the Boers.

brought De Vere face to face with the supernatural and deepened his sense of the supreme importance of the religious question and the momentous issues dependent on it. He records how his brothers were already feeling dissatisfied with the form of religion in which they had been brought up—how his brother Stephen⁸ refrained from taking the sacrament with the others when his father was at the point of death; how his brother Vere, deploring the disuse of extreme unction for the dying, had said bitterly, "Our Church forsakes her children on their deathbeds."

A study of mediæval religious art, reflecting the lively faith of the epoch "when art was still religion," revealed to him that in the minds of the early masters of the ascetic school, such as Fra Angelico, there existed an ideal of holiness, of moral beauty and of that divine or divinized humanity which constitutes the Christian character, which has never revealed itself in northern regions of modern times to the spectacled muse of Biblical criticism, who forsakes the temple and the wilderness alike for the synagogue and the market place. He was beginning to realize the large share which faith has in the growth and development of the human intellect, that the theology of the middle ages had some sustaining and sublime qualities which Protestant theology did not possess, that the glory of the old pictures, as he expresses it, did not come from superior skill of hand, but from a better head and heart: the ideal of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries transcending ours, and the saints of Perugino, Pinturicchio and a host of almost nameless painters exceeding in dignity, sweetness, purity, strength, pathos, elevation, sublimity, in all that belongs to the human and all that belongs to the divine type of character, which we can now conceive, almost as much as human beings exceed the brute creation. He was justifying the acute observation of his friend Hamilton, who

⁸ He became a Catholic not long after his father's death. "The change," says Mr. Ward, "was not due primarily to intellectual causes. He was dissatisfied with the Church of his birth. He was deeply impressed with the goodness of the Irish Catholic peasantry, to whom he devoted his life. He came after some years of indecision to share their creed." Of his elder brother, Aubrey de Vere wrote later: "From his early youth Stephen's life has been one of labor for Ireland. He has saved sons of hers from the gallows—labored in their schools—abstained from wine for twenty years, that he might encourage temperance among the poor; brought dying men into his house, that they might have more comfort in death; pleaded their cause in public and private life, and during thirty years he has reduced the rental of the property by about a fourth below what would have been considered the fair value. You know of his going out to America as a steerage passenger (I think it was a six-weeks' voyage), that he might sneak as a witness respecting the sufferings of emigrants. He has always been a Liberal, as he is now; and (unlike me) he approved of Gladstone's recent Land Act, having himself recommended nearly the same thing to the Government in 1870."

understood him better than he understood himself, that his deeper sympathies were, from the very first, those of a Catholic. He plunged deep into theology. The Gorham judgment and the "Papal aggression" craze consequent on the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy had pushed the religious question more and more to the front, while the flowing tide was with the converts, a second wave of conversions having followed five years after the movement of 1845. Several of his own friends had "gone over to Rome," as it was phrased. Mrs. Allies, Mrs. Henry Wilberforce and others actually joined the Church before their husbands, drawing them after them. "Never were conversions so frequent as now," he wrote in January, 1851. "Nearly every newspaper mentions the name of some Anglican clergyman who has just seceded, and the lawyers are keeping them in countenance. Mr. Bowyer, Sergeant Bellasis, James Hope and Mr. Baddeley (names among the most eminent at the bar) are gone or going. Dodsworth is gone. Manning is supposed to be just on the move." Of Manning he had written on August 14, 1850, to Lady De Vere: "I returned here on Monday evening, after passing three or four delightful days with Archdeacon Manning. How I wish you knew him, or could even see him! He is the most spiritual, and at the same time the most ecclesiastical looking man I ever met. You would think that a saint of old had stepped out of a picture by Raphael or Perugino. His manners are not less interesting, including a marvelous union of grace, decisiveness and sanctity." He met Manning again, in company with De Ravignan and Dr. Döllinger, when breakfasting with Monsell. "The mode in which the three countries were represented by these three minds," he wrote, "was extraordinary—the depth of the German, the scientific precision of the Frenchman and the grave vigor of the Englishman. Among other things they discussed the religious prospects of Europe; Döllinger took a sanguine view of them; De Ravignan rather a gloomy one; but all three agreed that the world would eventually be polarized into two great sections, the Roman and the infidel, and that all the intermediate theories were used up and worn out. How far this may be true I know not, but certainly I am every day more struck by the great difference which I observe between the Protestants and Roman Catholics with whom I converse. The former seem so vague in their faith and so shifting in their arguments; the latter always seem to me to hold all the great truths of the three creeds as in eagle-talons. Whatever may be the character of their *peculiar* tenets, the great *common* dogmas of the faith seem to me secure with them only. This circumstance, I own, increases my reverence for Rome daily." He was nearing the goal when he could write

like that. He daily saw more clearly the need of a more authoritative dogmatic standard and a surer guarantee for the "sacramental system" and for ecclesiastical freedom than the Establishment or the Anglo-Catholic school could offer. He was daily more disposed to regard the Roman system as the complete type and permanent form of Christianity, that form in which it will be able to do battle at once with the world and with heresy, and, above all, with that vast inroad of infidelity which he regarded as certain and not distant. Writing from the house of his old friend, Dr. Jebb, Canon of Hereford and nephew of Bishop Jebb, of Limerick, who had a choice collection of ten thousand folios and quartos, he says: "The Church must be a living voice, not a library." Alluding to the way in which High Church, Low Church and Broad Church were being shuttlecocked by British statesmen, he asks: "Who does not see what this means? Was ever a 'no Popery' nation so bent on serving the Pope? They (the High Church) *must* go on—their fate is driving them. In the meantime I 'lift up mine eyes to the hills,' and see something based on earth, but irradiated from heaven, which changes not in a world of change, and on whose impassive brow are written strength and peace." He saw this "something," at first dimly adumbrated to the inner vision of a soul groping its way to the light, more clearly as time went on. The effect of a year's meditation and reading, as well as the reflections of fifteen or twenty years, he told his cousin, Stephen Spring Rice, had been that "he saw 'a great ship lifting her shining sides' near our crazy little bark." His old objections to the Church of Rome were gradually dispelled like mountain mist as his dawning faith progressed towards its meridian and became more luminous. The cultus of the saints appealed to him strongly. He rejoiced to find Leibnitz arguing that transubstantiation was consistent with sound philosophy, and he found underlying Catholic theology and practice a profound philosophical system. He saw how Rome realized the idea of one Church, having its roots in the earliest Christian tradition, which had ever jealously guarded and taught, with an unflinching utterance that gave edge to belief, the primary Christian truths; how the faith of the individual enables him to participate in the wisdom of the whole Church; how the reproach of Christianity, its opposition to the natural man, was preserved by Rome and lost elsewhere, and how Protestantism, in making a concordat with the world, had lost so much of authentic Christianity that it had lost its reproach. "The separated religious bodies," he wrote in a letter to Hamilton, "are always regarded with comparative indulgence by mere men of the world and by infidels. The latter will often tell you (as they have told me) that, assuming the truth

of the Bible and the reality of a supernatural order, the Roman Catholic Church is the only logical result of it, the only form of Revelation which can even be conceived as being authentic." The most clear-sighted minds, he told another of his correspondents,⁹ were beginning to see more and more that Protestantism means Rationalism; adding: "Every day, too, I see more reason to think, on independent grounds, that, deceived by a few traditional misconceptions, and inheriting a position originally unsound and daily developing in unsoundness (in which our ancestors, after a few convulsive movements, found themselves caught as in a trap), we are utterly *out* in our estimate of Rome, seeing everything through a false medium, looking at the wrong side of the tapestry, catching therefore at the ends of threads and taking in nothing as a whole." To another¹⁰ he wrote: "I feel more plainly every day what I have long felt, viz., that conversion to Rome can never, so far as the converts go, produce the least estrangement. They simply feel enriched; and hold more fully all that they had ever held in common with their friends, except a few negative points. I have very little doubt now as to the end of all my meditations; but no one is quite certain till he has fixed a day. The one great thing which I look to is the advance in the spiritual life."

Early in November, 1851, in company with Manning, he left for Rome. When bidding good-bye to his friends he said: "I am going to Rome"—and then, after a pause, added, smiling, and with some hesitation, "I mean geographically." It was more than a geographical transition. From Paris the two travelers proceeded to Avignon. In that city, where the Popes sojourned for the best part of a century in what has been called the Babylonish captivity, the final resolve was taken. On that morning of November 15, in the Archbishop's chapel, Aubrey de Vere was received into the Catholic Church.

He hastened to communicate the glad tidings of what he called "the great crisis of my life" to his friends, Mrs. Coleridge and Miss Fenwick, writing to the former on the very day of his reception: "I was this morning received into what I believe to be that one Catholic and Apostolic Church confessed in the Creed and commissioned from on high by God Himself. . . . Such submission I regard as an act of obedience; and yet hardly of self-sacrifice. I firmly believe that in submitting to that authority on which Christ has set His seal, I but exchange a lawless freedom for a 'glorious liberty.' Reason also tells me, after many deliberations and a life, in the main, of thought, that though personal action and personal

⁹ Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, letter dated September 29, 1850.

¹⁰ Mrs. R. O'Brien.

responsibility must ever be ours, it is yet our very highest reason to merge what is merely individually ours in the universal Reason of the regenerate race, and such I believe the mind of the Church to be, guided as it is 'into all truth' by the Spirit bestowed on it at Pentecost. Reason, in itself, is a 'light that shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.' But Reason Incarnate is come into the world; and this Wisdom, I believe, speaks to us through the Spirit and the Church. To contemplate Reason in this personal way and allow Him to speak to us as little children, seems to me the highest act of reason." To the latter he expresses the "deep and tranquil satisfaction" he felt in the course which he had adopted, "though comparatively little of that more enthusiastic and rapturous delight" which he had heard many converts speak of. Nearly a month afterwards, when he had made his general confession and received his first Holy Communion, in a letter from Rome to his sister, he says: "I feel as if I had at last been permitted to grasp the *reality* of those things, the mere projected shadows of which had beckoned me forward all my life to a better land. . . . I seem to myself to have exchanged what, by comparison, was but a religious *philosophy* and sacred *literature* for a Religion." To Mrs. Coleridge he wrote again: "From what Catholicism has taught me of Christianity and from what confession (that most misapprehended of all things) has taught me of my own heart, and especially of the power of pride in its *latent* forms, I do not think that I could have continued a Christian had I not become a Roman Catholic. . . . It is not old affection only that makes me wish that others could know but for one week what Catholicism really is, but also a belief that in many cases they would so realize it in *life* as well as in *mind*, as to glorify God truly, and benefit His family upon earth. If, for instance, Carlyle¹¹ were a Catholic, to what a height would not spiritual elevation rise, built upon a basis so strong as his moral sincerity and probity, pierced through and rendered adamant by faith divine, and enriched with those charities and aspirations which can no more find adequate nourishment in a Protestant soil than cedars can grow upon coral reefs. How soon would all who know him shake off at least the prejudice that Roman Catholicism is in some way connected with weakness or want of integrity. . . . And you, if you were a Catholic, how soon you would convince people that Catholicism casts no fetter on the mind, though it furnishes the laws as well as the ideas through which mental energies reach results and arduous thought attains an exceeding great

¹¹ Of Carlyle, who discarded Revelation, and tried to dissuade De Vere from becoming a Catholic, he later formed and expressed a keener and more just critical judgment.

reward. One of the things which I saw most clearly even before I was a Catholic was that as a Protestant I could never, though I meditated for a lifetime, rise above the very first problem of Revelation, and that after years of labor the question would be still one respecting the foundation of an edifice which might have been half-built, and the answer would probably be a doubt. Could you but know, my dear friend, the complete freedom of thought which a Catholic attached to speculative matters possesses and the utterly *negative* character of that freedom which alone he has abandoned!"

Experiencing a difficulty in finding suitable apartments in Rome, where he sojourned for some months, some one suggested that a young English ecclesiastic, who resided near the Piazza della Minerva, might share his sitting-room with him. He called and, struck by the handsome features of the youth of twenty-two who received him, said to himself, "Good heavens! If you are like that, what must your sister be!" The youth was Herbert Vaughan, the future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. They became fellow-lodgers and fast friends. Cardinal Vaughan once told Mr. Ward that the affectionate Irishman, who wrote constantly to his mother and sister, and talked daily with lingering love of his Irish home, could not understand—could scarcely believe in—the ascetic detachment of the Englishman making him oblivious of family ties, which had ceased to have any interest for him. "I really believe," said the poet in exasperation "that if some one told you that your father, mother and brothers had been burnt to death in the next room, you would simply ring for the servant to clear away the ashes." Though it is said "like begets liking," still, men often come to like their opposites. It was so with Herbert Vaughan and Aubrey de Vere. "I like my companion in my lodgings better every day," he writes. . . . "He is a Mr. Vaughan, the eldest son of one of the great old Catholic families of England. He renounces prospects as brilliant as almost any man in England can command to be a priest in some out-of-the-way village in Wales, and seems as happy as the day is long at his studies and devotions. He is very handsome and refined and as innocent as a child. He sits up half the night reading Thomas Aquinas, and tells me the next morning that he has been dreaming that people had been burning him alive and that it had given him no pain."

He was presented to Pius IX., who recommended him to write hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and made the acquaintance of Monsignor De Merode, one of the Papal Chamberlains, who showed him a little chapel at the Vatican, where he said Mass, the walls and groined roof of which were covered all over with paintings by Fra Angelico, whose works always seemed

to him "the summer moonlight of painting." He could not help thinking that the man who said Mass there every morning at six o'clock had caught from the faces which surrounded him a portion of their luminous stillness. "It is not very uncommon in Italy," he observes, "to see that peculiar expression, utterly unknown in the North; in monasteries especially one remarks it, and so learns that the old painters painted what they saw, not merely what they imagined. If you should chance to meet Mr. Anderdon (Manning's nephew),¹² who has just left this for England, you will observe something of it, especially in an eye which has at once an unsleeping and a never-troubled expression."

His second visit to Rome had the effect of a new revelation. He now saw it with different eyes and it made a different impression on him. He looked upon it, not with the eyes of an antiquarian, a student of history, a litterateur or an art-lover, intent on merely adding to his stock of knowledge, of book-lore or of art-lore, of gratifying his literary or æsthetic tastes; not as a stranger or wayfarer, one of the numerous crowd of uninformed or half-informed sightseers, but as one who, received in the Household of the Faith, was a member of the great family of nations of every tribe and people and tongue who are at home in Rome—Mother and Mistress of all the Churches—who, from whatever clime they come or whatever language they speak, are "all of one accord," like the primitive Christians in Solomon's Porch, when they gather round the Common Father of the Faithful. He saw it as the centre of a great worldwide Church, as the Depository of an unique corpus of knowledge, the ever-vigilant conserve and custodian of Revealed Truth and of the vast accumulated wisdom of saints and scholars of all ages; still an Imperial City as of old, the Metropolis of Christendom, of an Empire far exceeding the limits of the old Roman Empire. The film of prejudice with which Protestantism, even the diluted Protestantism in which he had been brought up, had hitherto clouded his vision, had been removed, and with the unclouded eye of faith he saw Rome and all that it stood for in their true aspect. He saw it not as an accumulation of ruins of the dead past, but as "preëminently the city of the living." "What strikes one in Rome," he told his mother, "is that its whole structure is one stupendous living Reality, based on the Reality of spiritual things." It filled him with a sense of deep satisfaction, to which he found it difficult to give adequate expression. In a letter to Sara Coleridge he says: "I have had a grave and solid satisfaction from the first, moral, intellectual and spiritual, and that satisfaction has been progressively deepening the more I have seen, thought

¹² The late Rev. Dr. Anderdon.

and felt; the Roman Catholic Church is so very much more than I expected to find it, and that, while a Protestant, I ever imagined that a Church could be. It is so distinct from and so raised above the very highest of its precious possessions. Abounding, for instance, in books, it is so wholly distinct from a 'literature' that millions might pass their lives (even among the intelligent) with hardly a remembrance that it has more than a few devotional books, the Bible and the decrees of the Councils. It is equally independent of science. If all the schoolmen and the Fathers vanished in a moment, a Catholic feels that the sacred procession of the Church, her inner and outer life, would go on just as before, even as Nature would carry on her glorious works of mercy and power, though all the books of natural philosophy should be burned. It is so equally with art. The poorest village or mountain church in which there is an altar and the Blessed Sacrament makes a Catholic feel a diviner Presence than I, as a Protestant, ever felt in cathedrals. I feel daily, also, that Catholicism is *really* a service of *freedom*, compared with which every other system founded on Revelation must be either a narrow despotism or possess only the liberty of anarchy." The receptive mind of Aubrey de Vere had already completely assimilated Catholic thought; like the blind man of Jericho, his faith had made him whole and he saw what he had never seen before and glorified God for the great grace and gift.

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R. L. S. THE ARTIST.

THE literary genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was fostered by an unflagging love for his art and by the labor of many a long day. Ability and practice are the two necessary ingredients of art; for without ability there would be no substratum upon which to work, and without practice there would be neither a correct nor a full portrayal of one's thoughts nor any of those pleasing turns of expression. Few men in England have given as much toil and time to the development of their literary genius as gave Stevenson to his. The ideal towards which he ever gazed and tended was set on a mountainside; and its acquirement involved all the labors of a perilous ascent. To give as perfect an expression to his thoughts and emotions and never to flag and remain in a passive state required for his art a devotion which only a restless enthusiasm and an indomitable will power could have kept alive. "The

standard is easily lowered," he wrote, "and the artist who says 'it will do' is on the downward path." "It will not do," is the expressive formula of Stevenson's ideal; it bade him be up and doing; it allowed no respite from work; it would not tolerate his becoming an advocate of slovenly workmanship. And one has only to pause and consider the sleepless days and nights, the careful selection and merciless elimination of materials, the harmonious marshaling of words, that this formula exacted, before one will realize the loftiness of Stevenson's ideal, the courage it required, the love that supported it and the mental and physical labors he expended in embodying it in living words. If long years of imitation, of conning the dictionary, of learning the illusiveness of a sentence, the immortality of a phrase and the treasure trove in a single word, bestow the title of artist, Stevenson's claim to that title will meet with no opposition. "He labored in a craft to which the whole material of his life was tributary and which opened the door to all his tastes, his loves, his hates and his convictions, so that what he wrote was only what he longed to utter."

The English language, with all its words, was something venerable to Stevenson; the respect that it required was something akin to that which we accord to old age. The literary men who had gone before him had helped to mould it, had coined new and necessary words, had fixed new meanings to exact thoughts and had established the vocabulary of the imagination and the intellect. Words of many significations had to be his hail-fellows in the realms of literature; words about whose presence the atmosphere of lofty minds and energetic imaginations was redolent; words of the great men of England; words of solemn import, spoken in the battlefield, from the throne, from the pulpit; words of successful authors and the famous characters of fiction. Stevenson well knew that many poems and many sentences packed with wisdom live, not so much by a mystic joining of hands of imagination, mind and emotion, but by the subtle charm of word collocation. Thus when Keats in his poem to the nightingale exclaims:

"The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

he has created mostly by his language and by the subtle relation existing between each word this thing of beauty to be a joy forever. A word has but one or two meanings, but when it is joined to other words it has as many possibilities as the notes of a song; if it is feeble and unexpressive in sharps and flats, it may be a "joy forever" in naturals. And Stevenson has not lowered our expectations of

him. He possessed the secret in such sentences as these, the first from "Olalla," the second from "A Chapter of Dreams."

"And in whose great eyes He had lighted up the torches of the soul," and "Once more she lifted up to him a face brimming with information."

His vocabulary was not merely acquired by a course of domestication amongst his favorite authors in "The Land of Story Book"; it was the yield of his travels in foreign climes and the result of a superficial and (in some cases) a genuine knowledge of the arts and sciences. The flowers that grew by the roadside or under the shadow of great forests, with all their paraphernalia of botanical names, were not despised by him. He must have been on speaking terms with the humble business of the stable, for he attires his drivers and postilions properly and sends them on long or short journeys through his tales, in vehicles proper to the age in which his plot conspires. The days which he whiled away at Barbizon and Gretz equipped him with at least a gentleman's knowledge of the art of painting: the broad rules; the management of colors; the instruments of the artist. Many a simile of sketch and brush which he calls into play, if they do not date back as far as the nursery, must have originated in these special days of leisure. The reader is not in the least annoyed by the Scotch dialect which comes to the surface in such works as "St. Ives," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Weir of Hermiston," for its introduction is neither hurried nor inartistic, and its handling is neither foreign to nor unnatural in the author. With the apologizing quotation marks he launches into the slang of our own country.

"Literature drags with a wide net," he says in one of his letters. And he applied himself to the arts and the sciences for the sole purpose of making their materials marketable products in his tales and essays. In an essay called "The Education of an Engineer" this fact was stated by him:

"This was when I came as a young man to glean an engineering experience from the building of the breakwater. What I gleaned I am sure I do not know; but, indeed, I had already my own private determination to be an author; I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and *travelers* and *headers* and *rubble* and *polished ashlar* and *pierres perdues* and even the thrilling question of the *string course* interested me (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary."

His acquaintances amongst the professional folk, doctors and lawyers and merchants provided him with the properties of many a tale and essay. The Doctor in "The Treasure of Franchard"; that

double-lived creature, "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; that "entrancing villain" in "Treasure Island," view life from their own respective stations in life. Stevenson well knew that the tribe of stern, unbending scientific facts and theories is only to be admitted into literature under the promise that it will wear a less austere and less rigorous countenance and that it will accommodate itself with better grace to its surroundings.

This continual search for the proper word even amongst the dusty tomes of science has many advantages and drawbacks; it deepens the feel of life in his tales; it expels unnatural and turgid and euphemistic expressions, while at the same time it is liable to make him too technical, too analytic and to send him off to hunt the word with the second or even the third meaning. Yet when one of his buccaneers walks and talks he swaggers and swears like a true pirate, whose conduct all along the line shows that his life for some time previous to the opening of the story has been anything but homelike.

"I've been in places hot as pitch," says one of them, "and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctor know about that?—and I've lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink and man and wife to me; and, if I'm not to have my rum now, I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore; my blood will be on you and on that doctor swab."

Or he can rise to higher characters and at the same time sustain the level he wishes to attain by language suitable to the occasion and the exaltedness of the speaker. Thus Olalla dismisses her lover with these words:

"I have laid my hand on the cross," she said. "The Padre says you are no Christian; but look up for a moment with my eyes and behold the Face of the Man of Sorrows. We are all such as He was—the inheritors of sin; we must all bear and expiate a past which was not ours; there is in all of us a sparkle of the divine. Like Him, we must endure for a little while, until morning returns bringing peace. Suffer me to pass on my way alone; it is thus that I will be least lonely, counting for my friend Him who is the friend of all the distressed; it is thus that I shall be the most happy, having taken my farewell of earthly happiness and willingly accepted sorrow for my portion."

Were the style of Stevenson analyzed in some such fashion as is an unknown in chemistry, the results would show that it was composed of the best from at least six masters in English literature. This fact he confides to us in one of his essays, in his "*Virginibus Puerisque*." His was a labored style, in which the elements, so diverse,

coalesce in a perfect unity. He was not a man who indulged in commonplaces, nor yet did he follow language for the mere sake of language, or "for the vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet, the romance of language." His words, when scrutinized, will not break down into hollow sounds; they have been tempered by thought, and they arrange themselves in sentences based on the subtle laws of emotional and lingual harmony. The substantial parts of his style, in fact, are not expressed in words; they take up their position somewhere between the lines. Even a literary expert who has read widely and deeply into English literature would have much difficulty in producing a writer with a superior or even an equal gift of suggestion. One of the great unwritten literary laws with Stevenson urged him to leave most of his thoughts unsaid; hidden, though, as they are, their whereabouts in his writings is suggested by the thoughts to which he has given utterance. The mass of his writings contains more thoughts than are really expressed in words. He believes that the pleasure derived from a suggested thought and, at the same time, gained by an active operation of the mind was more enjoyable than that which left the reader in a passive state. He was not an author who predigested his thought for his reader.

But the mere insinuation of thought and image was not the only method with Stevenson. For the different provinces in which he had dealings; in the fashioning of character, in setting a plot afoot, in preparing the stage and its scenic effects for the tragedy, he had means of expression peculiar to his art. He neither was dogmatic nor symbolistic in his tendencies; his speech was not the yea, yea, nor the nay, nay of the syllogism; nor did he introduce, upbuild and color the actions of his characters by curved lines in the foreground, or by tossed hair, or by a voice on the winds, or by scattered rose petals. His thoughts were first clearly conceived, then treated from that standpoint by which they might be the most easily and clearly and interestingly viewed and grasped by the reader. Through one thought we see many thoughts. Few intellects can fail to see and grasp them. The fact that Stevenson suggests so much becomes at length easy and natural to the reader. It is only when a sentence is taken from its context that we notice its suggestiveness. A common enough example we have in "Will o' the Mill":

"Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out on this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender under my steps." We know instinctively what he means when he says "three such pairs."

In suggesting his characters, their conversation and the scenes in which they move he uses an entirely different set of tools. His men

and women grow and expand in our minds out of the emotional, the parenthetical, the picturesque phrase. A short dialogue, a sparkle of humor, an offhand statement, a flash of color—and he has created a character that lives or a scene that we really see. Stevenson casts aside those passages whose sole fruit is a few sleepy moments for the reader. He deals with materials that have a first-rate bearing on his plot. And this with greater care in the short story, where the rules of unity are much more stringent, than in the novel, where a certain laxity and freedom of movement are tolerated. A retired English officer in the story of "Olalla" arrives before the residencia of the heroine at nightfall. The house is merely alluded to as a piece of superior darkness; there was no description beforehand. It is only when the tale is half told that he favors us with the dimensions and the style of architecture. It is clearly seen through the eyes of an officer:

"This was a long oblong, flanked at two opposite corners by bastionlike projections, one of which commanded the door, while both were loopholed for musketry. The lower story was, besides, naked of windows, so that the building, if garrisoned, could not be carried without artillery."

Or from many other examples in "St. Ives" there is a perfectly natural scene. The hero arrives, weary and footsore, at his uncle's palace; his page attends to him. When St. Ives is refreshed and attired according to his rank he then notices the features of his page.

"He was about sixteen, well set up, with a pleasant, merry, freckled face, and a pair of dancing eyes."

Some of our authors have attained to a high perfection in their art not so much by their portrayal of the general qualities of mankind, but by their observations on the salient, the distinctive, the manifestative traits. Stevenson never makes his women characters glide before us with an angelic tread, nor does he tint their eyes with every color, from a heavenly blue to that almost latest, elephant's breath; nor does he make their complexion rival the Persian rose, nor daub their lips with cherry bloom, all of which, for the most part, rings falsely in the works of any fiction writer with gifts of even the highest idealism. Even if she possessed all these qualities, he would rather suggest than describe so openly; he would make us feel by an emotional suggestion that this character was a being of a superior order. Thus when he describes Flora Gilchrist, perhaps the highest colored of all his women characters, he writes:

"You have seen a pool on a gusty day, how it suddenly sparkles and flashes like a thing alive? So this lady's face had become animated and colored; and as I saw her standing, somewhat inclined, her lips parted, a divine trouble in her eyes, I could have clapped my

hands in applause, and was ready to acclaim her a genuine daughter of the winds."

A few words touched with emotion, a simile and a metaphor give us a woman of great external and of high intellectual beauty.

The vivid stroke, that brings out one characteristic and suggests an hundred, was not unused by Stevenson. The picturesque idea, the striking detail, bordering very frequently on the gruesome, and the distinctive trait of a character, are all interwoven into an arras-work, heavy with pictured men and showy with stirring scenes. When he deals in humanity his pictures are concrete and tangible and natural and recognizable. The needless detail, the variegated description which Lessing scored so strongly in the "Laokoon" are not part and parcel of Stevenson's style. He acted on the belief that to grasp ten or more physical traits at once was a task too great for the human eye. He also believed that there were certain delicate relations existing between a physical quality and an intellectual and a spiritual quality. And these traits are grouped in a thousand striking attitudes. Thus Mr. Romaine, "who had a face of mulberry color, round black eyes, comical tufted eyebrows and a protuberant forehead, and who was dressed in clothes of a Quakerish cut"—truly an external picture—shadows definite intellectual qualities which are, as the story proceeds, eventually realized. Mr. Utterson, in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," who was "a man of rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable," is a mixture of externals and internals. A single word gives the character of Sim in "St. Ives."

"Ay, man, are ye stench?" inquired Sim, with a gleam of approval in his wooden countenance.

This feel for the proper and suggestive detail rid Stevenson of many errors and made him heir to a few peculiarities and virtues. A mere glance at his works suggests such names as "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "The Wrecker," "The Dynamiter," "The Body Snatcher," "The Bottle Imp." Apparently, all that they lack is the thrilling but cheap paper cover of the dime novel. True, there are pirates in "Treasure Island" and in "The Master of Ballantrae," Satan in "The Bottle Imp," an evil genius in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a murder done in cold blood in "Markheim," a terrible scene in "St. Ives," and, had his work not been cut off in "mid effort," there would have been an unnatural climax in "Weir of Hermiston." In fact, the material for most of his tales seems to be and in many cases is the legitimate offspring of "the raw-head-and-bloody-bones nightmare." But there is always a reverse which gives the value to the coin—the obverse is used for the decoration.

On turning over the pages of his tales the devotee of that disreputable branch of literature, the dime novel, would be naturally disappointed; something is wanting, or, rather, there is something present which he had not expected to find—a style which holds up everything to the level of respectability, of credibility, of probability. The gaudy, the blood-and-thunder scenes, the loud-mouthed hero or heroine, the nick of time, the necessary “*deus ex machina*” in the rich uncle of the impoverished family, or the long-lost brother, are nowhere to be found. And the secret of it all was this faculty of choosing the proper detail.

Many a dilemma must have stared Stevenson in the face while he was treating plots of such a tragic character. An open disgust on the part of the sensible public would be his, whether he fell below the level of the respectable novel or, rising too high in his search for the proper detail, made his plot weak or his meaning undecipherable. The drama and the sensational and the spectacular melodrama were his two problems: to attain the one, to disdain the other. Though in the drama we hear the angry word or the clash of swords, and see the bloody knife and the smoking pistol, our sensibilities are never shocked, for the element that causes pain is deadened; the gross and the cheap are neglected; all of which cannot be said for the melodrama. The style of Stevenson helped him over many a dangerous pitfall. Mr. Saintsbury in “*The English Novel*” writes as follows:

“In fact, ‘*Treasure Island*’ (1883), with which Stevenson at last made his mark, is today classed as a boy’s book by some people who are miserable if they cannot classify. It certainly deals with pirates and pieces of eight and adventures by land and sea; but the manner of dealing—the style and narrative and the delineation of the chief character, the engaging villain John Silver—is about as little puerile as anything that can be imagined. With a few exceptions, this criticism can be extended to most of Stevenson’s writings. In ‘*Markheim*’ we have an excellent example. A murder occurs in cold blood, yet all the disgusting details, the cry of the murdered, the blood, the fact that it was done with premeditation and all the other points that lend their special horror to a murder, are neither omitted or treated with a delicate hand.

““This, perhaps, may suit,” observed the dealer; and then, as he began to rearise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.”

In a few cases, such as the funeral procession of a suicide, in “*St. Ives*,” the style cannot uplift the matter; passages like these become

disagreeable reading to, at least, nervous temperaments. Some portions of the gruesome, which he seems to treat with a special delight, are irreconcilable to even the daintiest style. Suggestion is helpless in their presence.

The evils which this careful selection of details forestalled were many. His characters have the happy faculty of not being too talkative; his style, having about it in places the atmosphere of the Bible, especially in some of his letters and short stories, the atmosphere that suggests and very frequently openly carries a moral, bears no resemblance to a catechism; his views were not narrow; his religion was an universal sympathy with all men's views. He who could say in *The Old Pacific Capital*

"So ugly may our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism appear besides the doings of the Society of Jesus"

could sympathize, as he does in his "Vailma Letters," with the religion of the South Sea Islanders. Then he would allow the reader some leeway in grasping his meaning and in seeing and feeling his characters. In the following example from "Night and Morning," by Bulwer Lytton—and I have a sincere admiration for many points in his style—we would find Stevenson suggesting "the care that showed the speaker's decorum in trifles," than calling the reader's attention explicitly to that fact. "Whenever they address me in a proper manner, they shall not find me revengeful or hard hearted; but, since we are on this topic," continued the father, smoothing his shirt frill with a care that showed his decorum in trifles—"

He was not, however, a faultless writer or even free from peculiarities. His characters generally talk in a too polished style; they lack spontaneity; their manners of action have traces of the chisel about them. Perhaps for this reason they will not appeal as strongly or as deeply as the characters of Scott or Dickens. Even in Stevenson's works we find a tendency towards impressionism. The idea which impressionism conveys to the mind is so broad and includes so many notions that we must carefully distinguish the school, if we may call it such, which claims Stevenson from that which does not. Impressionism in its strictest acceptation belongs to the arts which produce some of their effects by an appeal to the senses. According to Prof. Babbitt in the *New Laokoon*, he who treats so deeply and so learnedly the confusion of the arts, impressionism is "a mysterious intercommunication of the senses in the depth of individual feeling." When the artist attempts to gain an effect by his art, which effect can only be gained by another art, he is treading in the ways of impressionism. Thus, painting should not seek to gain effects which can only be gained by music. This sense merging, this

predominance of matter over spirit, can scarcely have any claims over Stevenson; he was neither a follower of Rousseau nor of Edgar Allan Poe, nor of the school of symbolism. However, there are other less stringent meanings to the term of impressionism: he who strives to portray "local and national peculiarities"; he whose only aim is to convey a thrill; he who subordinates thought to musical expression, who works only for an emotion, is an impressionist. Henrik Ibsen in many of his plays; Grieg, who "was advised to make his next sonata less Norwegian," and who replied, "On the contrary, the next shall be more so"; Velasquez, the painter, according to Mrs. Meynell in "The Point of Honor," were impressionists of the latter type. In the style of Stevenson, which, being prose, is naturally less emotional than poetry, we have a diluted form of impressionism, not of the first type; the confusing of senses, but of one species of the latter type—the word-picture. At times he draws a picture of peace, of contentment, of fear. Thus in "Olalla" we feel that we are traveling through a mountain ravine in Spain:

"The waters thundered tumultuously in the bottom; and the ravine was filled full with the sound, the thin spray and the claps of wind that accompanied their descent." Or, again, that lonely scene at dawnbreak in "St. Ives":

"I had but one encounter—that of a farm cart which I heard from a great way ahead of me, creaking nearer in the night, and which passed me at the point of dawn like a thing seen in a dream, with the two silent figures in the inside nodding to the horse's steps."

His desire for novelty made him view everything from a standpoint entirely different from that seen by the hackneyed, everyday stylist. Unlike the compass, he does not remain stationary; very often he veers due south. Things are turned upside down; the opposite viewpoint is adopted. We do not look at the stars; they look at us. Again, in "Will o' the Mill," the hills soared upward until they soared out of the depth of the hardest timber," or, in "Markheim," "and through a haggard of his upper lip his teeth looked out," or, in the "Merry Men": "At a stride the sunshine fell on Aros, and the shadows and colors leaped into being." This is the land of topsy-turvies and apparent inconsistencies. Everything has changed places; they are invested with life and action. Even paragraphs and entire short stories are opposite in view. "Will o' the Mill" is not like any other Will; his system of philosophy is at daggers' points with the world at large.

Prominent among his literary virtues was that which we shall call massiveness. This ceaseless scrutiny into the nature of things made him select only those images and thoughts which pertained to the subject matter in hand. Naturally enough, every word had its

special meaning and its special position in the sentence. By the end of the paragraph he has managed to convey many important thoughts and messages. One of his favorite sayings was that if a man could express in one sentence what he actually does in two, that man is an amateur. He lived up to this statement in many a story where he manages to combine solid thought with his descriptions. Frequently the whole scene is cleverly summed up in an epigram, while many a thought is neatly pocketed in an adjective. Thus in "The Treasure of Franchard" we have an excellent example of direct thought in conversation. The Doctor is speaking:

"'Jean Marie,' he said, very gravely, 'this world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately, it is filled with eager, shouldering people moving on; and there are very few baker shops for so many eaters.'"

Or, in "The Merry Men," where the uncle is speaking of the sea:

"'If ye had but used the een that God gave ye, ye would have learned the wickedness of that fause, saut, cauld, bullering creature, and a' that's in it, by the Lord's permission-labsters, an' partans, an' sic like, howking in the deid; muckle, gutsy, blawing whales; an' fish th' whole clan of them—cauld, warmed, bluid eed, uncanny ferlies. O sirs,' he cried, 'the horror, the horror of the sea.'"

Undoubtedly, this introduction of thought produces a certain heaviness, a massiveness, a conciseness, in the style of Stevenson. To the student it is the heaviness of gold; to the ordinary reader it is the heaviness of silver or of lead. It cools the emotions which have been aroused, because it has delayed and dulled the plot. In the story of character direct thought is more or less a "persona grata"; it is out of place in the story of incident.

Contrasted with this quality of massiveness, this fulness of detail and thought, is the strain of simplicity which is heard, now softly, now loudly, in his works. But there are so many ways by which a man might show simplicity of style. His diction may, like that of all sublime writers, be simple to a great degree; his characters may be elementary, unadorned; his description may outrival that of nature itself; his converse may be childlike; his conception of plot and of art may be uncompounded with pride and loftiness of view. To many of these qualities Stevenson has but little claim. His choice of words, as has been said, was too exacting, too philosophical. What little spontaneity his nature possessed was choked by its expression in language. Though he gains great effects by this labored diction, he leaves us under the impression that his was the simplicity of art, at times too little concealed; not that of a Demosthenes or of a writer of holy scripture. Neither is his simplicity

shown in his characters. Barring his portrayal of boys, in which he was so much at home, we see that his Markheim, his Master of Ballantrae, his Weir of Hermiston, his Jekyll, his Doctor in "The Treasure of Franchard" are men of complex temperaments. They may be natural; they are not simple in a literary sense, which requires less natural contradictions, less studied psychology, more universal sympathies, like the characters of Homer; more working along the same kinds of temperament. But there is a simplicity which is entirely Stevensonian, and which has greatly influenced our later-day writers. In description, in perceiving nature in its moods, in hitting off the externals of a character, he has a rare simplicity. It is inevitable; it is the "*curiosa felicitas*" of the ancients. It was his only in the palmiest days of his style—those days when he still possessed the master touch and when he had not lost or dulled the temper of his perception. In fact, this delicacy, this simplicity, forms the newel post of all his style. In "Treasure Island," one of his earliest works, there are but a few clues to it; in "Weir of Hermiston," his last work, left unfinished, he has lost much of his skill. It was only in the days when "Olalla" and "Markheim" and "The Treasure of Franchard" and "St. Ives" were forthcoming—the middle season of his style—that his powers were greatest. Thus, in "The Merry Men" we have an excellent example of this simplicity. The uncle of the heroine has gone mad; he has been absent from home for some time. While the uncle's friends, whom he in reality takes as his foes, are pursuing him he plunges into the sea and is lost. The black man is a survivor of a wreck; he is the fleetest of the pursuers; he, too, drowns. This is the concluding paragraph of the story:

"Rorie and I both stopped, for the thing now was beyond the hands of man; and these were the decrees of God that came to pass before our eyes. There was never a sharper ending. On that steep beach they were beyond their depth in a bound; neither could swim; the black rose once for a moment with a throttling cry; but the current had them, racing seawards; and if ever they came up again, which God alone can tell, it would be ten minutes later at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea birds hover fishing."

A terrible climax to a story. The whole effect is gained by the utter nonchalance of the closing words, "where the sea birds hover fishing." The simplicity of it all is summed up in the closing words.

The language of abstraction and of philosophic truth is scarcely the speech of description. A host of eighteen-century personifications would make a sorry disorder with the reader of nowadays. The genius of hurry, for which our age will be famous, cannot brook the capital-lettered columns of Griefs and Joys and Sorrows.

These belong entirely to the intellect. The description of external and of many internal qualities claims the undivided attention of the senses. Fiction pre-eminently deals with the colors and sounds and touch and odors and tastes of things. The impressions of everyday life are furnished to the intellect by the senses; and what more intimately deals with everyday life but fiction? A scene here, an observation there, an accident to life or fame—these are the materials of fiction. Many a tale interests, sometimes to an extreme degree, because the scenes, the characters, the emotions, the crises, are reduced to terms of everyday life. Stevenson by a few choice details makes us tingle with the emotions of the graveyard; in his works we hear the language of the woods and of the earth and of the creatures which he conducts from sunrise to sunrise, amidst scenes of horror or joy. Thus, in "Will o' the Mill," towards the conclusion of the tale, the entire plot is carried on by this appeal to sense. We read:

"One night in his seventy-second year he awoke in bed, in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbor. It was pitch dark; without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two!"

In a short paragraph he has called into play the sense of sight by the words "without a star," the sense of touch by the "wet woods," the sense of smell by the perfume, and again the sense of hearing and touch. The shortness of this article forbids more examples.

The advantages that such an appeal carries with it are manifest. Thought is made more palatable; the attention of the mind is not allowed to stray abroad; the emotions are kept in an active state; the imagination is ever astir. It would be safe to state that the nearer one comes to the concrete, to the tangible, the greater skill will the author acquire in his art. Stevenson can even make us feel the emotions of man by an appeal to the senses. Thus, Will o' the Mill represents his intended wife Marjory to himself:

"To Will her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water and of the earliest violets and lilacs."

Again he realized the propriety of minute details. The handling of such materials needs a careful and a delicate hand. They are so unstable. Many a passage in an author is spoiled, and that irrevocably, by the introduction of trivial and unnecessary details. However, if they are used in the proper proportion, the effects that they produce are beyond the telling. The emotions are deepened; the

truth is driven home. Thus, in the dreadful scene in "The Merry Men" where the ship is swallowed alive we have an example of this minute coloring by detail:

"The strong ship with all its gear, and the lamp perhaps still burning in the cabin, the lives of so many men, precious surely to others, dear, at least, as heaven to themselves, had all, in that one moment, gone down into the surging waters."

But yet this appeal to sense can be of two kinds: realistic or idealistic. The realist achieves his effects by appealing to life and its accidents, often to its sordid side, with a vengeance. The idealist colors life with his own lofty views and emotions. Mr. Kipling is an undoubted realist; Owen Meredith, a true idealist. Stevenson, however, steers a middle course; in places he can paint life in its most gruesome colors, at other times he will be peering out of the clouds.

Between "Treasure Island" and "Weir of Hermiston" there is a wide call. And yet Stevenson possessed a faculty which acted the censor to all his works. After an extended reading the reader will agree that there are no lyric flights of emotion or daring flights of imagination. Everything may be bright and colored, yet brightness and color do not necessarily constitute poetry. In many cases our only criterion for judging what poetry is and what non-poetry is only by the amount and the quality of the imagination displayed. Description in a novel runs into poetry when the author chooses details of an exalted character. Stevenson must have been aware, at least by instinct, when he was encroaching on the grounds of poetry. From internal circumstances it can easily be shown that he, for the most part, sought the lower level of fact. According to the opinion of a noted critic, there is a glow to Stevenson's works; they never blaze with fancy. Thus, when he describes he confines his imagination to a certain round of images. He used his imagination as a critic. If the expression of thought or of image fell below the standard, or did not come up to it, the thought or image was either remodeled or abandoned. Thus, his similes, if taken alone, are ordinary facts, polished to the glow of, say, an amethyst. When we are judging a passage of Stevenson this should be our "point du repere," our touchstone: Is there a glow about this passage? Thus, in "Treasure of Franchard" we have an excellent example:

"The sound of his feet on the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more than usual rarity; and the doctor, walking in long transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning."

As we notice, there is no poetic expression, though the details might well have served the purpose of the poet. The treatment is different both with the poet and with the fiction writer. This glow which gives life and vigor to his descriptions can scarcely be called poetical.

First impressions are in this case confirmed by last impressions. He was a great writer. Though the subjects he chose were never inspiring and even in many cases threadbare, to all his material he has given a new lease on life. His works have the dainty touch and the lasting polish of a classic; and beneath it all is a man of high sensibilities, of broad views and of lofty principles. He was a man with a boy's heart; he was a moralist and an adventurer; he could swing from the ridiculous to the gruesome with apparent ease; in good health he would dream away whole days; when ill and troubled with hemorrhages he could work with saintlike industry. Every man's view with him was worth considering; every man's feelings were inviolate. His personality was one that charmed without, at the same time, becoming familiar; and the style, through which we see the man, is a monument of his painstaking care and industry.

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THE ART OF WRITING.

A YOUNG PRIEST, lately ordained, has asked for advice concerning the art of writing. The following is the text of the reply:—

My dear young friend, I regret to hear that during the last few years you have been so busy with theology that you have been unable to devote your attention to the study of English. I have known priests, who, having passed brilliant examinations during their student-life, came forth from the College, and despite all their information, failed utterly as preachers. The best text-books, undoubtedly, on Theology and Philosophy are written in the Latin language, and moreover, Latin is the Church language; this is argument sufficient for the use of Latin as a school language for Church students. But it is hardly reasonable to relegate the English language to the background during the closing days of your student life—especially when, almost immediately after Ordination, you must begin your career as a preacher.

I am glad that you recognize your limitations, and are prepared

now to do your utmost to make up for the short-comings of a curriculum, which makes such a state of affairs possible.

You have asked me in what the art of writing consists. Briefly, it consists in the acquisition of a "style." I shall, therefore, enter into detail on this subject.

The Latin name for an iron pen "stylus" has, by some strange jugglery of fate, come to mean the facile art that handles, with every fresh and varying life, the hard elements of speech. The most unbending, and perhaps the simplest of instruments has given its name to the most flexible and the most complex of all the arts.

Style in literature means the manner in which words are grouped so as to express thought. But as thought and the modes of thought vary with the individual, and as words are the outward expression of inward thought, it follows that style must vary with the individual. The qualities of human mind and character differ widely, for the Author of creation, being infinite in His own variety, never makes two men alike. When, therefore, any writer has attained to that mastery over a language that he can set down his thoughts in writing on any subject, he must give expression to his inmost nature. "Speak," it has been said, "that I may know thee!" "Write that I may know thee!" is also true. *Vox emmissa nunquam revocabitur!* A word, hastily spoken, cannot be altogether withdrawn, but the word set down by the pen may be corrected, may be withdrawn, so that when it is ultimately parted with, it must be taken as the final expression of the writer's mind. "Style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face." There is no vice, however subconscious it may be; there is no virtue, however coy; no trace of pettiness or generosity in the writer's character that will not find its way, in spite of him, into his writing.

How may a good literary style be acquired? This is one of those perennial questions, which the greatest minds of almost all the ages have set themselves to settle. Some maintain that a good literary style can only be acquired by the patient of nature—nature being taken to mean all that philosophers sum up under the title Non-Ego. Such a recipe naturally repels all who are not ultra-courageous, for few possess ability or patience enough for such an undertaking. Fortunately, however, literary style depends on something which is in the reach of most men. Speaking of the art of writing, Professor John Earle says: "We see in it an art from which no aspirant is excluded, to which rather all men in the degree of their intercourse with others are attracted and invited, an art that creates no profession apart, but identifies itself with every man's business, or taste, or pursuits; an art which admits every

gradation of culture, and in its highest grades excludes ostentation because (beyond all other arts) it verifies the crowning quality of Art, hiding its own perfection in the great simplicity of Nature." (English Prose: Its Elements, History and Usage.)

By way of useful digression, let me introduce a familiar figure, which may explain our position. Watch a bee in the garden and you will notice how it rapidly passes by flowers which are most pleasing to the sight, and rests for a long time on others which do not appeal to our sense of beauty. But the bee, possessed of an instinct not given to man, knows that from some flowers it can most readily extract the flower-nectar that it wants. The bee does not seek for honey in the flowers. Honey as such is not to be found there. What the bee seeks for is flower-nectar, which, when found, it joyfully bears off to the hive. Search in the hive later and you will find not flower-nectar, but a something which is indescribably a product of both bee-life and flower-life—and this something, so composed, men call honey. Without flower-nectar, honey could never exist, and yet flower-nectar might exist in large quantities, but lacking the work of the bee, could never become honey. Applying this figure, let me try to determine for you what literary style really is and how it may be acquired. Harking back to what I have already said, with reference to the inevitable expression of personality by means of writing, I may now define style to be the expression in words of that blending together in an inseparable manner the individuality of the writer with his peculiar gleanings from Nature. It is, then, the voicing of personality that is the Alpha and the Omega of style—the intimate personal quality of the writer, and not the subject-matter as such. Dean Swift once took for his subject-matter a Broomstick, and discoursed rapturously. Look in the newspapers, and you will quickly find what execrable banalities can be uttered on a subject so inspiring as, say, Immortality.

You may sometimes fancy when reading the poems of such Nature lovers as Tennyson or Wordsworth, that they bring to light some new charm of quality of Nature, that they disclose something hitherto hidden in hill or dale, or field or wood. Now the objective thing, Nature, is the same for all men, and what we admire in Tennyson or Wordsworth is not so much Nature herself as Nature interpreted in terms of Tennyson or Wordsworth. What we really admire in those writers, and what we regard as new and entirely their own, is their personal feeling with regard to the objects of Nature, visible to all men.

In ethics as in Nature-culture, in essays as in poetry, it is much the same. Let an essayist like Bacon or Addison state an idea, it is one thing, let an essayist like Macauley or Carlyle or (to come

nearer to our own time) Arthur C. Benson state the same idea, it has quite a different effect. The reason of this is that those writers differ as much in their mental as in their physical features. A writer may not be gifted with a great mind, his view of things may not be of permanent value, but when he can marshal words together so as to mirror forth his peculiar impression of things, such a writer has acquired a style, and his writing has in it the very desirable quality of originality. That which differentiates writers of greater and lesser fame is the greater or less importance of the subjectivity of the writers, and the expression of this is always determined by the individual's power over the language he employs. This consideration leads naturally to the subject of words,—an all-important subject in the discussion of "style."

Words, we are told, are crystallized thoughts, and as literature is but the harmonious expression of good thoughts (that is, thoughts of lasting worth), it follows that literature must concern itself, first, last and all the time, with words. Newman has said that it is the property of genius to dominate, and not to be dominated by, the language used. That writer who thoroughly understands the language he uses as the vehicle of his thoughts, has, in the best sense a "mastery" over it, and can twist it and turn it, at will, to suit his purpose. But such a mastery is not to be acquired by chance or at haphazard. It is something that entails many trials and earnest labor. Take up, for instance, any of the works of R. L. Stevenson, and if you have any critical taste, the smoothness of his phrases will at once attract you. Did he acquire this marvelous power over language merely by chance? By no means. He himself tells us that he heard within him a voice as it were calling him to write, that he heeded the voice and determined to write. Knowing, however, that there are no short cuts to Parnassus, he bent himself to the study of words by the studious imitation of the best writers. He tells us that he carefully read passages from Gibbon and others, and then set himself to imitate their special manner. We fancy we can hear some Philistines ejaculating: "Slavish imitation!" For the satisfaction of such I shall make a comparison. When a student, say of sculpture, wishes to perfect himself in his art, he will, after he has studied theory, set himself the task of reproducing the works of recognized masters. If he has the opportunity, he will travel far and wide to view and study original masterpieces. He may go to Paris to copy the Venus of Milo, or to Rome to copy the Apollo Belvedere. Is this regarded in him as slavish imitation? No, but rather as a legitimate means of perfecting himself as a sculptor. Now, the art of writing is undoubtedly a great art, and a difficult one. Has not the student of the art of writing just as much right to

study the technique of his art by the laborious study, and exact imitation of, the best models? When Stevenson read the works of Gibbon, and studied his use of words and the turn of his phrases, he did so for the ultimate end of giving expression, and accurate expression, to his own personality. No one knew better than Stevenson that the most careful imitation, which stops short merely at imitation, is fatal to the expression of individuality. But he knew also that no one becomes a master craftsman who does not begin by imitating. A fine performance on any musical instrument, a violin say, is rapid and in great part mechanical—at any rate, the consciousness of the player does not fix itself on mere technicalities. But such performance implies almost an infinity of previous careful and critical practice. In this parallel may be found the golden theory of good writing.

You may now ask: "What style is best?" Since style is such a subtle thing, and since obviously it must vary with each individual, the best answer that can be given to the question proposed is: "No particular style is absolutely the best, and yet every style that attains its own end is best in its own order." What style for instance can be better than Johnson's for his purpose in "*Rasselas*," flowing along like some great river majestically oceanwards, or than Macaulay's for his purpose in the "*Essays*," where the words move processionally, ranging themselves in an ascending order till the inevitable climax is reached; or than Addison's for his purpose in "*Spectator Essays*," in which the words polished and dignified tell their tale simply, and tell to the world also how gentle and truth-loving Addison was; or what can be better than the style of Goldsmith for his purpose in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," where the words and the order of their setting are as naive as the amiable Vicar himself; or than Gibbon for his purpose in the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," a style that, like the solid masonry of the Colosseum, is built to stand the shock of ages; or than De Quincey's for his purpose in the "*Confessions of An Opium Eater*," wherein he dignifies the humblest acts by his panoramic grouping of words, and by the glowing suggestiveness of his figures; or what can be better than Emerson's style for his purpose in the "*Essays*," where he registers his bold thought in epigrammatic and tense phrases; or than Carlyle's for his purpose in "*Sartor Resartus*," where the words come tumbling helter-skelter, indicative of the wrestling seething thoughts of his mind; or what can be better than Darwin's style for his purpose in the "*Origin of Species*," where the sentences lie as level as a lance, and as a lance go straight to the mark; or than Matthew Arnold's for his purpose in "*Literature and Dogma*," where his skepticism voices itself in phrases smooth-polished as a diamond's

facet; or than Newman's for his purpose in the "Apologia Pro Vitâ Suâ," where he lays bare his soul with candour and dignity; or—but instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

Though Meander-like I have wandered, I end where I began, and say with Buffon that the style is the man—or, to be more explicit, the style is the exact expression in words of a man's own personality. To be colourless like Walter Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," is good; to be rich in colour like Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," is good; to be fervid and turbulent like Cobbett's "Reformation," is good; to be terse and word-sparing like Bacon's "Essays," is good; to be icy cold like M. Arnold's "Essays," is good; to glow with ornate word-pictures like Farrar's "Life of Christ," is good; to be chaste like Burrell's "Essays," is good; to be laden with ornament like Hazlitt's "Table Talk," is good.

And why do I declare the style, in all those works I have mentioned, to be good? Because in each one of them there is revealed to us a human mind. It is not the book, not the words themselves we admire, but the interesting personality that strives to express itself in words.

You may here object: "I do not wish to write essays for people to read. I wish to write sermons." Herein lies a common objection, and the ground of the objection is a mistaken notion about what an essay is. An essay may be defined as an attempt made in writing to prove or to make clear some particular point. A sermon may be defined as a discourse delivered in a church for the purpose of imparting religious instruction, or the inculcation of morality. A sermon that is a sermon, and not an *ollapodrida*, must contain one principal point—this is the point to be proved, or the point to be made clear. It follows then that the processes of thought necessary in the preparation are necessary also in the preparation of a sermon. If, when you are preparing a sermon you get into the habit of keeping your mental eye on the audience, you cannot fail to give to your written sermon all the energy and directness requisite. Many of the best English essayists wrote with such vigor that I might cull out for you hundreds of essays, regarded as gems of classic literature, that could, with very few alterations, be delivered as speeches or sermons. Do not think that whilst one must be careful about the literary polish and the logical order of an essay, one can afford to disregard those two things when preparing a sermon.

With Sydney Smith, every one dislikes "stale fervour." What all desiderate in public speakers, but most of all in preachers, is spontaneity, which is the true hall-mark of good speaking. But he who prepares carefully beforehand can give all the freshness and fervor of spontaneity to the discourse, which has already cost him much

labour. The real gift of public speaking consists in the lively delivery of carefully thought-out phrases—in the lively delivery, and not (mark!) in the mere recitation. And this can be done with all the air of one whose words are the sudden inspiration of the moment. Previous preparation, properly understood, does not destroy spontaneity, properly understood. Spontaneity, remember, is one thing; that which is called extempore-speaking is quite another. I doubt, indeed, if there be really such a thing as extempore-speaking. That which appears to be such is the reproduction, at short notice, of some thoughts already well turned over in the speaker's mind. Largely, this much bepraised thing is the result of a good memory, and not of heaven-sent inspiration.

Do not be led astray by those who tell you that they can never preach with fervour when they prepare carefully beforehand. It is altogether absurd to imagine that the man who neglects to prepare can, when he faces his audience, muster up his thoughts and give them exact expression. I confess I have little patience with this species of self-conceit. Lacordaire was accustomed to say that he dared not go into the pulpit without preparation, for in doing so he should be at once unjust to God, his neighbor and himself; to God, whose chosen minister he was, and to whom he owed his best service, to his neighbour, who rightly expected from him a clear exposition of the law of God; to himself, because he should thus expose himself to ridicule.

I am not unmindful of Newman's warning: "The art of composing, which is a chief accomplishment, has in it a tendency to make us artificial and insincere. For, even attending to the fitness and propriety of words is (or at least there is a risk of its being) a kind of acting." I hope I have already made it clear to you that the best style is that which best expresses the writer's personality. If one does so to the best of one's ability, must one be necessarily insincere? The art of composition may have the tendency to make one insincere, but though there may be a risk of its doing so, it will not of necessity do so—else Newman, past master of the art of composition, had been one of the most insincere of men. If the art of composition has in it a tendency to make us artificial and insincere, has not the habit of "skipping into the pulpit" without preparation the still worse tendency of fostering flippancy and smug self-satisfaction? The priest who does his utmost to prepare himself for the serious duty of preaching is using his talents in the best cause, but the priest who wilfully neglects previous preparation, and depends on the spur of the moment, is tempting God.

You cannot prepare too much for the pulpit, and in striving to acquire a good style in writing, you are making perhaps the best

preparation. I know there are many honest people in this world who turn away in disgust at the mention of literary style, fearful of fine-drawn rhapsodies about word-cadences. I have even heard of a Professor of Eloquence, who declared in an inaugural lecture that no logical order and no distinction of literary style should be adopted in the preparation of a discourse. What precisely he substituted for logical order and polish of style, I know not; but what the net result of such wholesale disregard of precedent must be, I can shrewdly guess. Good writing (and bear this well in mind!) does not consist in the use of curious words and high-sounding phrases, not in glitter and pomp of expression, but in a clear conception of the subject (obviously this clearness or conception will depend on the mental power of the writer), in the lucid arrangement of the parts (this will be determined by the writer's logical ability), and in clear expression, which can only be acquired by attending carefully to the force of every word used. The most exacting of stylists maintain that poverty of thought and conception can never be compensated for by the mere embellishments of language. If there be not worth in the thought, its expression can never be anything more than a "grammatical nothing"; if there be not distinction in the thought itself, no amount of word-polish can make it other than commonplace.

You have been all your life gathering ideas from various sources. All that you have seen, all that you have felt, all that you have heard and read has influenced your mind, moulded your mental character. All the ideas you stand possessed of are like sleeping companies, which you can rouse into action at the call of a word, and make use of in the pulpit. But your strictly professional studies have all been wisely designed for the distinct purpose of filling your mind with ideas, useful for the preacher. You have studied Theology, Dogmatic and Moral, to gain a clear knowledge of the great Christian truths and the moral law. You have read and re-read the Holy Scriptures, which must have given you numberless fresh ideas of the wonderful providence of God. Philosophy, but especially that part of it which treats of the workings of the human soul (to wit, psychology) has taught you what a creature of emotion man is, and how and in what measure his enthusiasm may be aroused. Church History has set before you the sad and glorious tale of Christ's followers even from the beginning. You have been in great part shaped by your studies and by your own experience into what you are. In your sermons, if you are to be a true preacher, and not a mere imitator, you must give back all that you have gleaned, not, indeed, as you originally received it, but formed as it were in the alembic of your own distinctive nature.

It must have been a cynical wag who once gave the advice: "Thump the pulpit hard and frequently, turn up the whites of your eyes occasionally, say nothing to the point, and you will preach well." Save us from such claptrap! And yet it would seem that too many of our later-day preachers take this cynical advice all too seriously, and indulge in a Billingsgate mode of preaching. Vice, indeed, is hideous and deserves to be hated of all men, it is rampant and must be strenuously combated. But when it is to be denounced from the pulpit it is difficult to understand why the preacher, in one generous outburst, must lose his temper and his common sense. Cultivate an accurate style in writing, prepare your sermons with care, and you will save yourself from the extravagant expressions in the pulpit—extravagant expressions, which, when analyzed, are silly amalgams of bad logic, bad Theology and bad English!

I am well convinced that if you attend to the full value of each word that you set down you will have done much towards acquiring a good style of writing; sentences and paragraphs will flow naturally, and your whole written discourse will have in it all the finish and perfection you aim at. Literature begins and ends with words, but the judicious selection makes all the difference between one piece of writing which may be regarded as a classic, and another piece of writing which may be a literary blasphemy. If you would wish to write correctly, you cannot afford to despise words. Let me, therefore, set down a few simple but useful rules for your guidance in the selection of words.

(1) No matter how trivial may be the book you are reading, attend to the use of the author's words. When you notice that his meaning is obscure, examine, and you will invariably find that the obscurity is the result of the careless or ignorant handling of words. There are no thoughts too deep for words, despite what the poet may say. If an author does not make his meaning clear, it is because his ideas are confused, or that he has not mastered his vocabulary. Walter Savage Landor has said: "Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem as clear as they are."

(2) When in the course of your reading you meet a word that is strange to you, search your dictionary, and make that word your own. This is what is called the "dictionary habit." Cultivate it sedulously!

(3) Let your words when writing be as simple as possible. Acquire a fondness for words of Anglo-Saxon origin. If such a word says all that you mean, use it in preference to a word of Latin or Greek extraction. The Anglo-Saxon word is more simple, more homely and generally more direct and forcible.

(4) Avoid technical terms as much as possible. In studying

Philosophy and Theology you become acquainted with an extensive scientific vocabulary. Do not imagine, however, that words and phrases that are for you full of meaning will be understood by those to whom you must preach. If you do introduce an occasional technical word, be at pains to explain it. You may otherwise gain the reputation of being a "learned preacher,"—a dangerous reputation.

(5) If you are diligent in observing the use of words in books, be likewise in observing the force of spoken words. In conversation be alert to notice the words of others, especially if they be good speakers. This you can do without being captious or pedantic. Think "shop" constantly, rarely talk it!

(6) Seek with all care for the right word. Practically speaking, there are no synonyms in a language. Each new word as it comes into a language spins a web of usage, as it were, around itself. The brilliant writer Flaubert once gave the following advice to Guy de Maupassant: "Whatever may be the thing one wishes to say, there is but one word for expressing it, only one verb to animate it, only one adjective to qualify it. It is essential to search for this word, for this verb, for this adjective, until they are discovered, and to be satisfied with nothing else." Do not be satisfied with the "just-as-good" expression, there is really no such thing. If your thoughts are definite (and surely that is what you aim at), your words must be equally definite. It is not always an easy thing to find the right word, but not on that account must you abandon the search. With J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, I may say: "It's not so easy to find the right word; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel!" But squirrels may be hit if you aim straight enough!

In conclusion, let me urge you to be always natural, be simple, be yourself. Avoid tricks and mannerisms. Acquire, in your writing, the tone of plainness, straight-forwardness, self-respect. "To thine own self be true!" Speak out directly and without artifice the thoughts that fill your own mind. Say manfully what you have felt within your soul. *Vale!*

A. M. D.

LEO XIII AND ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

AS AN ecclesiastical diplomat, as a man of superb intellectual attainments and moral character, Leo XIII. must take a high rank among the Popes of all ages. His moral and religious influence through all the world was remarkably great; he lifted the papacy and gave it a position of world-power such as it had not enjoyed among non-Catholic nations in long years. Yet his rank as a diplomat does not cause him to shine less conspicuously as an exponent of Christian doctrine. As a teacher of Catholic truth he was not content to recommend or encourage reforms and improvements in Catholic institutions of learning; he set the example and led the way himself, issuing learned, instructive and salutary letters on a marvelous variety of subjects and based on the soundest principles of reason and revelation. These all were read with deep interest by educated people the world over irrespective of creed.

But we have here to deal with the Encyclical "*Aeterni Patris*," issued August 4, 1879, counseling a return to the study of scholastic theology and philosophy,¹ pointing out St. Thomas Aquinas as the safest exponent of faith and morals among Catholic philosophers and pronouncing him the prince and master of the great scholastic doctors, the best guide in the battle between faith and reason; between Christianity, on the one side, and modern skepticism and rationalism, on the other. Just one year later, August 4, 1880, Leo conferred a further signal honor on the Angelic Doctor, as St. Thomas is often called, by issuing the "*Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam*," in which the great schoolman is declared the patron of Catholic schools the world over.

Science had never been more arrogant than at the time of Leo's elevation to the papal throne. Tyndall and Huxley were in the zenith of their glory, and scientists were everywhere boldly proclaiming the triumph of science over faith and religion, to the downfall of the latter. Leo XIII declared in his famed encyclical that there could be no victory where there was no conflict; that only half-fledged scientists, unaware of the true nature of both science and religion, could look on them as antagonistic.² The influence of the papal pronouncement was at once felt through all Christendom; a reaction was swift to follow. First Catholics, and then, through them, non-Catholics, were inspired to a more ardent, systematic and judicial study of Christian theology and philosophy,

¹ While the "*Aeterni Patris*" speaks expressly of scholastic philosophy, it is no less the mind of Leo XIII. to advocate a return to scholastic theology.

² Encyclical, "*Aeterni Patris*."

both in themselves and in their relations to science. The result, as might have been expected, was that today our most eminent scientists find no real conflict between science and religion; that the antagonism between them is only apparent and readily capable of reconciliation; that each forms a separate study and from a different point of view of the one great subject—the First Cause, Creator and God of the Universe and His relations to His creatures; that, as truth cannot be opposed to truth, the relations between them, when rightly interpreted, must be those of harmony and accord. To the influence of the “*Aeterni Patris*” was it largely due that a Brunetière could, without eliciting contradiction, proclaim science bankrupt, or a Lord Kelvin declare that, when rightly understood, it positively affirms a Creative Power and forces us to believe in a Directive Agency; that, if we think strongly enough, we shall find ourselves coerced into a belief in God; that science is helpful, not opposed, to religion.

Thomas’ scholastic philosophy and theology had long been too much neglected even in Catholic seminaries and universities, the Dominicans, possibly, forming the most notable exception to the rule. The “*Aeterni Patris*” kindled a new interest in the Angelic Doctor and the school he so brilliantly represents. The reaction, as has been said, was swift and strong. Not for long years was the Thomistic teaching so ardently and so generally studied as after the publication of Leo’s Encyclical. The eagerness with which the principal works of the great Friar Preacher, the “*Summa Theologica*” and the “*Contra Gentiles*” were devoured was not unlike that with which students of the thirteenth century flocked to the universities, where he filled chairs, to hear his lectures. Never before were such numerous or such large editions of these works published; they were in the hands of every ecclesiastical student. New theologies and new philosophies were issued, all, or nearly all, bearing on their title pages words to the effect of “*Ad Mentem Divi Thomae*.” The great moral theologian, Alfonso da Ligouri, was for the nonce in danger of being forgotten; everything was Thomistic. Nor was this all; in many of the flourishing State universities chairs of scholastic philosophy were established, and in not a few instances priests appointed lecturers.

After sketching the utility of philosophy as a means of smoothing and fortifying the road to faith, and reviewing the use made of it by the Fathers of the Church, Leo proceeds in his Encyclical to tell us: “Its solid foundations having been thus laid, a perpetual service is further required of philosophy, in order that sacred theology may receive and assume the nature, form and genius of a true science”; he declares that it is of the greatest

necessity for welding together the various parts of theology into a scientific whole; for religiously defending divinely revealed truth; for resisting the inroads which unbelievers are endeavoring to make into the domain of faith and religion. Appealing then to experience, history and the wisdom of the centuries for the confirmation of his thesis, the great Pontiff again recurs to the use the Fathers made of philosophy in their role of Apologists. Passing from the early ages to those of scholasticism, he says: "Later on the Doctors of the Middle Ages, who are called scholastics, addressed themselves to the grand work of diligently collecting, sifting and storing up, so to express it, in one common deposit, for the use and convenience of posterity, the rich and vast heritage of Christian learning scattered through the voluminous writings of the holy Fathers."

From the consideration of the excellence of scholastic philosophy in itself Leo passes on to its representative exponents, declaring Thomas Aquinas to be by far the prince and master, *facile princeps*, of the learned doctors who toiled so faithfully in its systematic elaboration. His pronouncement is confirmed, from among the many Pontiffs who have spoken in a similar strain, by the authority of Innocent VI and XII, Clement VI and XII, Nicholas V, Benedict XIII and XIV, Pius V and Urban V. The Encyclical then proceeds to tell us that "the oecumenical councils . . . have always been careful to hold Thomas Aquinas in singular honor"; that in those of Lyons, Vienna, Florence and the Vatican "one might almost say Thomas took part and presided over the deliberations and decrees of the Fathers . . . with invincible force and the happiest results"; that the Council of Trent—and this is declared the principle glory of the sage of southern Italy—"made it part of the order of the conclave to lay upon the Altar, alongside the Sacred Scriptures and the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the 'Summa Theologica' of Thomas Aquinas, from which to seek counsel and inspiration." And to be convinced of the truth of these assertions we have but to compare the decisions of the aforesaid councils with the parts of the "Summa" treating of the matters therein defined. Indeed, many of said decisions are couched in almost the very words of the Angelic Doctor.

Thomas is therefore declared the fittest leader of Christian philosophy in the battle of faith and right reason against the skepticism, the agnosticism and the revolutionary tendencies of the nineteenth century. Of profoundest penetration, of tenacious memory, most pure of life, a rare lover of truth for truth's sake, equipped beyond all others with human knowledge, he is the most brilliant luminary in the Church's firmament of great men. Deservedly is

he esteemed the special bulwark and glory of the Catholic faith. From his placid and limpid mind, whether his wisdom be taken from Scripture, tradition, or purely human thought, light shines out upon us in pure radiance. No part of philosophy was left untouched by his master hand; and whether he wrote of God or man, of things spiritual or things corporeal, of the laws of reason or of human actions, or touched on the principles which make them right or wrong, he performed his task in such a manner as to leave nothing to be desired in method, in vigor, in exhaustive treatment, in soundness of argumentation or in lucidity of exposition. Not only has he combated the errors of the preceeding ages, but the principles he has enunciated contain the seed of infinite truth to be unfolded by future generations, supplying them with effective arms wherewith to combat such errors as may arise in time to come.

Two worlds there are of truth; the one of philosophy or science; the other of faith. The first is accessible to man through his own unaided efforts; the second only through the aid of divine revelation. These two worlds are not at war; the two orders must not be confounded. The first is completed and rounded out by the second. By drawing a clear distinction between these two worlds; by associating them in friendly alliance; by exalting the dignity of each; by assigning to each its rightful sphere, Thomas has set at rest the discord between faith and science. In this age of eager study of the natural sciences, the teaching of the Angelic Doctor should be encouraged as a guide and directive, steering minds clear of the dangerous errors that have become so common. For the enlightenment and recall of those alienated from the Catholic faith, apart from divine aid, nothing could be more effective than a proper presentations of the doctrinal teaching of the great schoolman; nothing a better remedy for the evils that affect or threaten the modern home and society. For the spread of the Catholic faith, therefore, for the advancement of civic virtue, for the increase of solid science, all schools are exhorted to restore Thomas Aquinas the place of honor he once occupied in the scholastic curriculum—a place that so justly belongs to him.

Early in his Encyclical Leo aptly and justly remarks that the evils from which our public and private life is suffering, as well as others with which we are threatened, are but the logical sequence of the false principles of our modern philosophy. In the law of premise and sequence only error can follow from error. The human mind will instinctively reason, and eventually will reason logically. Men's minds, therefore, nourished on baneful premises will surely come sometime to baneful conclusions, and apply them to life. The

false principles of modern philosophy have crept into all orders of the State and society; they have become all too commonly accepted among the masses; their conclusions are being reduced to practice with a rapidity that is truly alarming. No less truly, therefore, and no less wisely, does the late Pope deduce from this the necessity of a return to sound Christian philosophy. He does not, of course, maintain that philosophy can ever attain to the sublime heights of faith; yet it is a powerful weapon in the hands of those who believe in defending the rights and principles of faith. A right use of it prepares the way for the acceptance of religion. To be a good speculative theologian, one must first be a good philosopher. And, after all, the *obsequium* which we are to give to the teachings of the Christ, is, in the words of the Apostle, pre-eminently an *obsequium rationabile*.

A careful survey of the strictly regulated uniformity, the rigidly scientific method of procedure, the relentlessly logical sequence of scholastic philosophy and theology, in their most perfect form, must instil in the mind of the impartial and impassionate student a deep respect for them—a fact that is borne out by the attitude of those who, after the fashion of the age, have given much time to the study of the history of scholasticism. And granting the wisdom of a return to scholasticism, the wisdom of the choice Leo made in the person of the Angelic Doctor, as an exemplar of the system, cannot be called into question. He is its most glorious exponent, easily the prince of the schoolmen, and, along with Augustine, the most eminent divine of the Church. A man of rare genius, of rarely profound philosophical acumen, and endowed with marvelous powers of orderly, clear, forcible statement, it was through his master-mind and untiring industry that scholastic teachings were rounded into an admirably developed system, receiving from his sure, scientific hand its finishing touches, its crown of perfection. He expounded Catholic doctrine with lucid, cogent arguments drawn from Scripture, tradition, reason. Those who may imagine the scholastics read little or nothing of the Sacred Text or the writings of the Fathers, will, on looking over some of Thomas' treatises, find how wrong an impression they had entertained of the scholars of the Middle Ages.

The Angelic Doctor lived in the second or great period of scholasticism, the period in which it reached the zenith of its perfection and glory. It was an age of extraordinary intellectual activity, of great universities, of great men. Possibly, in some respects, the world has not seen its equal. His Dominican preceptor, Albertus Magnus, and his Franciscan friend, Bonaventure, Vincent of Beauvais and Alexander of Hales,—the former a

Dominican, the latter a Franciscan—were some years his seniors. Ambrose of Sienna, his confrere in religion and almost a rival, who destroyed his own writings on reading those of Thomas, was nearly of his own age, while Duns Scotus, who by his futile subtleties and hair-splitting distinctions possibly hastened the decadence of scholasticism, and who made it a point to antagonize Thomistic teaching in almost every question of theology and philosophy, belonged to the next generation.

Thomas was born, according to the most probable opinion, in 1226, either in the quaint old town of Aquino, or the family's ancestral castle of Rocca Sicca, not far from Naples, Italy. Of noble parentage, and related to many of the ruling families of continental Europe, possibly the strong Teutonic strain in his blood partially explains the tireless study in which his life was spent. At the early age of five years he was placed in charge of the Benedictine Monks of Monte Cassino, hard by his home, there to begin his education. His lot was cast in the days when the newly established mendicant orders of the Dominicans and Franciscans were attracting the attention of the world. (St. Dominic had died five years before Thomas' birth.) The former had a great church in the city of Naples, to whose university the youthful nobleman was sent from Monte Cassino. It was there he made their acquaintance; there, determining to consecrate himself to the ecclesiastical state among them, he donned the white habit and the black cappa of their order when in the seventeenth year of his age. The family, through motives of ambition, opposing the step, Thomas was seized by his two brothers on his road to Rome, and thrown into prison. But the strong-minded, albeit mild-mannered, youth was not to be swerved from his chosen course; and by way of preparing himself for the cause to which he had resolved to dedicate his life, devoted the time of his imprisonment to ardent study of Scripture, the Sentences of Peter Lombard, and some of the works of Aristotle. At this time it was that he laid the foundation of that familiarity with the Sacred Text which made his citations therefrom so frequent, so easy and so happy through all his writings. A youth of his ready and retentive memory could master much of the Bible during the course of two years, the period he is thought to have been detained in prison.

His freedom finally obtained, the youthful novice was sent to Cologne, having there as his professor the world-famed Albertus Magnus, by all odds the greatest scholar of Germany in the Middle Ages. Members of the Franciscan and Dominican orders having come to the forefront in the university circles at Paris, Albert, whose renown had gone out to the learned world, was called to

that city to fill a chair in its university, not long after Aquinas had been placed in his charge. The silent, unobtrusive youth had already attracted the keen eye of the master, and Albert asked to take his promising pupil along with him to that intellectual center, that such splendid talents might continue to be developed under his fostering care. His student days completed, Thomas was sent to fill a professor's chair in his old alma mater at Cologne, but was returned to Paris after two years, there obtained his doctor's degree with the greatest distinction, and was attached to the university faculty. From this time his career was truly radiant.

Though a man of the highest principles, of practical good sense and of such singular modesty and humility—virtues all the more charming in one of his surpassing abilities—that he alone appeared to be unaware of his great powers, jealousy was soon to cross his path, at one time threatening to wreck his career. The faculty of the University of Paris, headed by one William of St. Amour, saw with envious regret and fear the Friars Preachers and Franciscans gaining the ascendancy in that institution of learning. William, in his capacity of leader of the opposition, began to write and to preach vitriolic things against the friars, maintaining they had no right to fill chairs in the university, and seeking to have them removed. The Dominicans ordered Thomas to write in their defense³; the Franciscans selected Bonaventure to defend them. The matter being carried before the Sovereign Pontiff by St. Amour and his partisans, Alexander IV summoned Thomas to Anagni to present the case of the friars in his presence. The trying ordeal served only to bring his rare genius into greater prominence, to give additional luster to his fame. The Angelic Doctor carried the day. Not only did the friars win their case, but William of St. Amour's book, "*De Periculis Novissimorum Temporum*," written against the mendicant religious, was condemned, and its author forbidden longer to teach.

After professing some ten or twelve years in Paris, Thomas was summoned by the Pope to Italy. There he taught in Rome, Bologna, Naples and other universities of his native land, spending the final years of his life in the last named city. Clement IV and Urban IV honored him with an intimate personal friendship. At the order of Urban it was that he wrote the beautiful, inspiring office and Mass of Corpus Christi. Summoned by the same Pontiff to attend the Council of Lyons, 1274, he was taken ill on

³ Thomas wrote at this time "*Contra Impugnantes Dei Cultum et Religionem*," an apology of the religious orders against William of St. Amour. Some years later he wrote the same St. Amour, "*Contra Retrahentes Homines a Religionis Ingressu*."

the way, dying almost suddenly. When his life-long friend and former preceptor, Albertus Magnus, heard of the untimely death of his beloved pupil, he is said to have shed tears of bitter sorrow.

St. Thomas did not write so voluminously as did the great German scholar, Albertus Magnus, of whom Sighart says, he "was probably the most fruitful of the world's authors"; yet, if we compare the difference in the lengths of their lives, his industry and the activity of his pen will appear no less marvelous than those of his friend Albert. Thomas died in his forty-ninth year,⁴ while Albert attained the ripe old age of seven and eighty, retaining his mental vigor almost to the very last. The Ferreté edition of the Angelic Doctor's works, Paris 1874, comprises some thirty odd large quarto volumes, and other lesser fruits of his pen have been discovered since hidden away in the libraries of Europe. It is a distinct loss that the literary activities of these "two brilliant luminaries on the horizon of the thirteenth century" were lessened—of the one by his elevation to the episcopacy, of the other by his premature death.

The Angelic Doctor was a philosopher of the first order. But, after the manner of his age, his philosophical writings are largely commentaries on the works of Aristotle, the best known of which are those on the Stagirite's *Metaphysics*. It were a mistake, however, to suppose that these commentaries are but a blind, servile following of the Greek thinker. The charge of a fanatical adherence to the "ipse dixit" of Aristotle, all too common a characteristic of the writers belonging to the period of the decadence of scholasticism, cannot be laid at the door of the great doctors of the thirteenth century, much less at that of Thomas. There is a vast difference between his Aristotelianism and the slavish copying which writers not a few erroneously insist on attributing to the scholastic leaders. He says himself: "The weakest of all arguments is that from authority";⁵ and we fancy he must have given fullest approbation to the sentiment of Albertus Magnus: "To believe that Aristotle never erred, were to deify him; but, if we look on him as a man, then, like the rest of us, he must have been subject to error." He subjected Peripatetic philosophy

⁴ Sighart, "Leben Albertes des Grossen," p. 301.

⁵ His biographers are not one regarding his age at the time of his death; but the more probable opinion is that he had just completed his forty-eighth year.

⁶ "Summa Theologica," P. Ia., q. ia. 8, ad 2: "Locus ab auctoritate quae fundatur supra ratione humana, est infirmus." He repeats the same principle, q. xiv., ar. 1; 2 Sent., Dist. 14, ar. 2, ad 1; and elsewhere.

⁷ Albertus Magnus, *Phys.*, Lib. viii. Tract I., Cap. xiv.; Qui credidit Aristotelem fuisse Deum, ille debet credere quod nunquam erravit. Si autem credit ipsum esse hominem, tunc procul dubio errare potuit, sicut et nos."

to a rigid sifting process; a careful examination of his critical studies on the Greek philosopher proves beyond questioning that he refuted and rejected many of the Stagirite's theories, corrected rounded out and completed others. In almost every question, in fact, are revealed clearly defined divergences between the commentator and the commented. And what is true of these commentaries, is also true of Thomas' philosophy, as found in his other writings; for whether the borrowed theories are appropriated unchanged, or whether they are modified, perfected or freed from the confusion and doubts that obscured the Greek's mind, they are unfailingly put through a rigidly scientific process of verification. The result is a new philosophy, yet containing all that is best in the old.

Nor was the leading medieval scholastic content with mastering merely the Peripatetic philosophy; he made a study of the Grecian systems generally, as also the Jewish and Arabian. In many of his choicest productions, especially those of a theological character, there is discernible a strong leaven of Platonism, doubtless largely due to the influence of St. Augustine on his mind. Searching after truth for its own sake, wherever it could be found, Thomas borrowed from the ancients without giving himself up to a blind homage of any great historic personage. A man of his strong mind could hardly have done otherwise. Eager to secure truth, whether from Christian or pagan, like the leading scholars of his time generally, he mounted on the shoulders of the great ones of the past in search of clearer and broader intellectual horizons. Casting his materials, gathered from many sources, in so new a setting as to build up an independent and original scientific structure, his philosophy stands out a superb eclecticism that has drunk in light from many philosophers without becoming a slave of any.

There are those who hold Thomas Aquinas knew little or no Greek; yet the fact that he was so keenly alive to the imperfections of the existing translations of Aristotle as to induce William of Moerbeke, a good Greek, Arabic and Latin scholar, to give the world a better Latin rendition of the Stagirite's philosophy, would indicate that he had no mean knowledge of that language. As there is no convincing argument showing that he needed the translation for his own work, we may be allowed the supposition that, though he seems to have made use of it, once it had been made, his aim was to provide the many scholastics ignorant of Greek with the inestimable advantages of such a Latin version of Peripatetic philosophy. No more does the fact that but few Greek words are found in Thomas' writings prove this contention; for, had he been the first classical scholar of his age, he would have been just as

modestly bilingual. It was no part of his character to make a display of learning; his aim was always and ever to be simple, unpretentious. There are signs, too, despite the prevailing opinion, that he had a workable acquaintance with Hebrew. The exegetical discussions that abound in the works of both the Angelic Doctor and Albertus Magnus show that they must have gone to the sources. Prior to Thomas' entrance into the order, the Dominicans had actively taken up the study of Greek, Hebrew and Arabic;⁸ and it can hardly be supposed that one of his talents and industry, even had his superiors not exacted it, would have failed to avail himself of these linguistic courses.

Besides the above commentaries, the great Friar Preacher wrote numerous other philosophical treatises, found in the complete editions of his works under the title of "Opuscula Varia." Again, like the scholastics of his century generally, he frequently discusses questions of a purely philosophical nature in tracts devoted to theology. To obtain an adequate knowledge of his philosophy, therefore, it is necessary to have recourse to his theological productions. An example very much to the point is found in the "Pars Prima" of the "Summa Theologica" (questions 75-94), where we have a group of eighteen questions devoted to an explanation of the nature and faculties of the human soul, forming, in the opinion of not a few, a complete treatise on psychology.

The twelve "Quodlibeta," or "Quaestiones Quodlibetales," that have survived the ravages of time, are on varied subjects, ranging from subtle points of theology and philosophy to matters positively frivolous, according to the nature of the questions put to him by different correspondents.

Strange to say, too, the "Contra Gentiles," which is justly looked upon as Thomas' masterpiece of philosophy, is really a polemical work, written expressly for the refutation of the Moors, Gentiles, Jews and Heretics. Because of the philosophical nature of a large portion of the "Contra Gentiles," some have given it the name of "Summa Philosophica," a title certainly not intended by its author.⁹ Four other of his controversial writings deserving mention are the "Contra Errores Graecorum," designed to bring the Greeks back into the fold, the "Declaratio Quorundam Articulorum Contra Graecos, Armenos et Saracenos," and his two apologies for the religious life, "Contra Impugnantes Dei Cultum et Religionem"

⁸ Douais, "L'Organization des Etudes dans L'Ordre des Freres Precheurs," pp. 135-141.

⁹ Thomas himself tells us his purpose in writing the "Contra Gentiles": "Propositum nostrae intentionis est veritatem, quam fides catholica profitetur, pro modulo nostro manifestare, errores eliminando contrarios." Turin edition, Lib. I., Cap. I., p. 2.

and "Contra Retrahentes Homines a Religionis Ingressu." These all are crucial tests of the famous schoolman's familiarity with the Fathers, Scripture and Catholic dogma, as well as of his trenchant logic, penetrating mind and critical acumen.

The Angelic Doctor's exegetical works, embracing commentaries on Job, the first fifty-one Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Canticle of Canticles, the four Gospels, the Epistles of St. Paul and other portions of Holy Scripture, fill a number of large quarto volumes. The most admirable of these expositions of the Sacred Text is the commentary of the Epistle to the Romans, while possibly the most striking is that on the Book of Job. In the former, as in all his writings on the Pauline epistles, Thomas' singular depth of thought, remarkable clearness of expression and marvelous knowledge of Catholic tradition, so necessary for the study and safe rendering of Scriptural theology, at once appeal to the student. While illustrations from almost every part of the Sacred Text serve to bring out the true meaning of the Apostle's words, and to clothe them with a fresh light, a new and vivid interest, and while the doctrinal and moral teaching of the epistle is illumined with a wealth of authority, it is the profoundly logical reasoning, the deft argument of the commentator that principally attracts one's attention.

The commentary on Job is not unlike a psychological study of that holy servant of God. Always aiming at the literal or historical as that on which the other senses of Scripture are based, Thomas has here given us possibly the first attempt at a literal interpretation of that edifying and fascinating portion of the Sacred Text.

Apart from a literal interpretation of Matthew and John, the saint wrote a "Catena Aurea," or "Golden Chain," of the four Gospels, at once the best known and the most popular of his Scriptural writings. It has gone through numerous editions, and has been translated into many languages. Posterity has given the work its present title, for the author himself, in dedicating the "Catena" on Mark to Pope Urban IV, at whose order it was written, entitled it a Running Commentary, "Expositio Continua." An exposition of the four Gospels formed of extracts taken from the writings of the Fathers, whose words are so ingeniously culled and so skillfully woven together as to leave intact the flow of the sense of the originals, and yet to form a smoothly running commentary, the "Catena Aurea" is beyond question one of the most remarkable productions of his pen. The only words of Thomas' own in all the two large quarto volumes which the "Catena" fills in the Ferretté edition of his works, are "the few connecting particles which link one extract with the next." More than any other of his writings,

not excepting even the "Summa Theologica," it brings into bold light the saint's striking mastery of patrology—the early classics of theology. A better test of his wide and accurate acquaintance with the Fathers could scarcely be imagined. No less than eighty odd authors, ranging from the earliest Christian writers down to those of the twelfth century, are quoted in this really wonderful book.¹⁰ And the marvel is enhanced by the difficulties under which he labored; for there were then no books of ready reference, such as we of today have at our disposal; no great libraries rich in sources, where he could labor in peace until his task was done. Up and down Europe, so we are told, had he to travel in search of his materials. His memory, which is said to have been ready and yet so retentive that he never forgot what he had once read, must have served him well in this stupendous undertaking."

Among Thomas' "Opuscula" are also found numerous—perhaps as many as three hundred—schemata of sermons he had preached in his apostolic labors, representing an aspect of his many-sided character that is in danger of being forgotten. The story of his life, the influence of his preaching in his day, these sermon-plans show him to have been a prolific and effective preacher.

But the Angelic Doctor was, above all, a theologian; the greater number of his important works are in the domain of theology, dogmatic and moral. Following the example of the noted theologians of the thirteenth century, he wrote commentaries on the Sentences of Peter of Lombard, for long the text-book of medieval universities. Though these were his earliest efforts at writing on religion and were likely completed, or nearly completed, before he had attained the age of thirty, they surpass anything that has been written before or since on the historic Four Books of Sentences, contributing much towards perfecting the work of the Lombard. To the field of theology belong also many of his minor works, or "Opuscula," and the "Quaestiones Disputatae," in the latter of which especially are to be found some of the illustrious Dominican's deepest theological and philosophical thought. Had he written no other book than the "De Veritate," the longest and the greatest of the "Quaestiones Disputatae," it alone would have sufficed to give him a high rank among theologians and philosophers.

His earliest attempt at an independent systematic work embracing the whole realm of the "sacred science" was the "Compendium

¹⁰ For an appreciation of the "Catena Aurea" see Pattison's preface to Oxford edition, pp. 4-5; Gibelli, "Vita di S. Tommaso d'Aquino," Capo xxi., pp. 83-4, Seconda Edizione; Barelle, "Histoire de Saint Thomas d'Aquin," Chap. xx., p. 234-5, Quatrième Edition.

¹¹ Tocco, a personal acquaintance of St. Thomas, "Vita S. Thomae de Aquino," in the Bollandists, Vol. VII., Cap. IV., n. 18, p. 663.

Theologiae," composed at the request of his intimate friend and confrere in religion,—Reginald. An orderly and comprehensive resume of Christian Doctrine, capable of rich unfolding by one versed in the principles of theology, the "Compendium" is one of his most useful productions; a work, however, which his busy life and premature death did not permit him to finish.

But the "Summa Theologica" is his monumental work. The accomplishment of a laborious life and a genius of the first order, conscientiously directed to the attainment of a noble purpose, it is his greatest legacy to the religious world, has placed him on the highest pedestal of his fame, and is destined to render his name blessed for all time.

To understand the place of the "Summa" in the theological world many facts must be borne in mind: The Fathers of the Church wrote no complete Christian doctrines, not even systematic treatises on theological topics. The earliest of them were no more than witnesses of the faith that had been preached by Christ and His Apostles, mainly contenting themselves with a simple exposition or apology for the plain historical and traditional Christianity. They appealed to what the apostolic churches had believed and taught before them, to the unity of their doctrine with that of said churches, to tradition, in short, as the criterion of orthodoxy; or pointed to the purity of the Christian tenets and the good moral lives of the Christians themselves, in contradistinction to those of the pagans, as an apology of the faith, rather than sought to cast it in a systematic setting. The great patristic theologians did not rise until in the fourth and fifth centuries. Verily, intellectual giants lived in those days; yet neither did these bequeath us any theologies in the strict sense of the term. Between the Fathers, it is true, nearly all the vast field of doctrinal truth was covered; under their fostering care the germ of Christian teaching planted by the Master and His disciples, and watered by the blood of the early faithful, grew into a tree, flowered and bore fruit. Yet their writings were on isolated topics and fashioned to meet the rising heresies or growing needs of their day. They wrote no scientific system of theology.

The line of Fathers may be said to close for the Western Church with Gregory the Great or Venerable Bede, and for the Eastern with John of Damascus. The church writers who came after these, until the Middle Ages, lived mostly in the glow of their forefathers; their writings were but the echoes of ages past, with here and there a light somewhat outshining the others. William of Champeaux, Abelard, Hugh of St. Victor and Bernard of Clairvaux were the inaugurators of a new era. By far the greater of these was Bernard. Abelard, through pride, love of novelty and

a temporary spell of immorality, shortened and obscured a career that promised greater things.

The great need of a systematized exposition of Catholic teaching had begun to be recognized by the theological world. The Church's mind and tradition were to be found scattered through the voluminous desultory writings of the Fathers, both of the East and the West; what the awakening age called for was a complete, but summary and scientific, statement of these. Others had labored with partial success to fill the deeply felt want, when Peter Lombard, whose work is known to scholars the world over as the *Four Books of Sentences*, set himself to the laborious task, accomplishing his aim in a creditable manner. Meeting the crying need of the day, the *Sentences* sprang into immediate prominence, and gave their author a reputation that shall not die. Despite their defects, that are many and serious, they filled a great void, and therefore became the text book of the universities. Commentaries innumerable, whose purpose was to continue the work so well inaugurated by the Lombard, were written on his theology, the more notable of which were those of Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus.

Alive to the shortcomings in the efforts of the Lombard and others to give a scientific setting to Catholic teaching, Thomas, it would seem, early determined to write a theology of his own, and for long years labored assiduously in gathering his materials. His numerous earlier writings were a splendid preparation for the greatest work of his life; and we may well believe they were intended by him as such a preparation. He studied and wrote theology; he learned thoroughly the Fathers that he might become imbued with their thoughts and spirit, familiar with the mind and tradition of the Church, with its representative men of all ages; he mastered the philosophy of the Arabs and the Greeks, giving a particular study to that of the Stagirite, correcting his errors, freeing him from the taint of paganism, broadening, purifying, uplifting his theories under the light of Christianity; he enlisted the best in Gentile thought in the service of the faith: all this he did in order to insure the success of a work he had determined one day to give to the world. The "*Summa Theologica*" tells us in no uncertain terms how well he accomplished his purpose. In it the Angelical Doctor has given us the world's masterpiece of Catholic theology, which will forever remain a classic of deep, logical reasoning, of scientific exposition of Christian doctrine; a model after which and upon which future theologians may build; a rich source of information from which they may draw.

We shall abstain from giving in outline the orderly, compre-

hensive divisions of the "Summa Theologica", for to do so were but to repeat what has already been done by writers in our American magazines of late years.¹² To give them in detail would require a lengthy article. Yet we may state that, like the "Catena Aurea," the "Summa" reveals the Angelic Doctor's wide and accurate knowledge of the channels of Christian doctrine—Scripture, tradition, the Fathers, the councils. One has not to spend much time in turning its pages to clearly see the error of a not uncommon supposition that the scholastics of Thomas' age had but a slight acquaintance with the Inspired Word, or were not much given to positive theology. They did not, it is true, feel called upon to make many new and original contributions to exegetical literature; the spiritual truths of Scripture, they were convinced, had been sufficiently drawn out and handed down by the Fathers. To throw these into scientific form, to support them by arguments from philosophy, to draw conclusions from them: this is the task to which the medieval theologian set himself. He used philosophy, not, of course, to demonstrate the supernatural truths of revelation or theology—for this is, in the nature of things, an impossibility¹³—but, as far as may be, to throw light upon them, to show that, though above reason, they are not unreasonable.¹⁴ Thomas in particular was happy in drawing the distinction between science and religion, between philosophy and revelation. Assigning each its distinctive place, making each supreme in its own sphere, preserving each its rights,¹⁵ he places theology above philosophy, as the higher knowledge, both because of the greater certainty of its data received on divine authority, and because of its nobler subject matter.¹⁶ Appropriating the doctrinal and philosophical data of previous times, the scholastics wrought great theological and philosophical systems, did a colossal work, which will place future generations forever under a deep debt of gratitude to them.

¹² "Rosary Magazine," Sept., 1893; "University Bulletin," April, 1909. Thomas did not live to finish his "Summa." At the time of his death he had written ninety questions of the "Tertia Pars," containing the treatises, "De Incarnatione," "De Sacramentis In Genere," "De Baptismo," "De Eucharistia," and the first four questions of "De Poenitentia." The remaining parts, the completion of "De Poenitentia," "De Confirmatione," "De Ordine," "De Extrema Unctione," "De Matrimonio," and "De Novissimis," are extracts taken from his earlier writings, principally from his Commentaries on the Fourth Book of Sentences; in after years by his disciples for the purpose of perfecting the theology he had left incomplete. See Bernard de Rubels, "Dissertationes Criticae et Apologeticae," Leonine Edition of St. Thomas' works, "Dissertatio XIII., pp. cxc-cxcviii.

¹³ "Summa," P. Ia., q. Ia., ar. 1; q. xxxii., ar. 1.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 5, ad 2; ar. 8 and ad 2.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 1, and ad 1 and 2; ar. 2, and ad 2; q. IIa., ar. 1, 2 and 3; *alibi passim*.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, q. Ia., ar. 5.

Thomas is further, possibly, at once happier and more explicit than his brother scholastics in the distinction he draws between the authority of the Fathers and that of Scripture. The Church uses both in her search of truth divine; but while the Sacred Word is final and decisive, the testimony of the Fathers is only probable, and more or less probable according to the authority or number of those who subscribe to an opinion."

His orderly mind, his gift of clear statement, his masterly method, his powers of systematizing summary, no less than his wide learning and profound thought, have given the Angelic Doctor his commanding position among philosophers and theologians. Of the many authorities brought into requisition in the "*Summa Theologica*" two there are whose names appear most frequently—Augustine and Aristotle; they are as two lights by which he is guided in his efforts to give theology a thoroughly scientific setting, a fixed form. Profound speculation, combined with a conscious conviction that in the depths of Christian Revelation there is much truth that appears not on the surface, caused the scholastics to engage liberally in mysticism; but Thomas' eminently practical mind and his aim to write a theology suited to "beginners" prevented him from over-indulgence in anything so intangible. A charm, however, of the "*Summa*" we must not omit to mention is the religious warmth that pervades it, for with him theological speculation was no mere intellectual gymnastics, but a work of love, earnest thought, sincere search after truth, intense desire to know God, how to serve and to worship Him. Without this religious warmth, without the evident noble purpose of the author, without his clear, precise statement and kindly temperament, the severely formal and uniform method of the "*Videtur quod—Ced contra—Respondeo dicendum*" might become insufferably monotonous. With these the study of the "*Summa*" becomes not only interesting, but intensely fascinating to the lover of theological science.

Thomas' earthly sojourn was not much more than half that of his great papal admirer. The former's fame was attained early in life; Leo, though long known as an eminent scholar, as an able churchman, did not come into the full measure of his renown until he had been elevated to the throne of Peter, when he was past three-score years. Leo was pre-eminently a leader of men; Thomas, as far as we may judge, was made for the study, the pen, the lecture hall. This he recognized himself, persistently refusing all offers of ecclesiastical preferment, never filling any office of superior in his order. As, on the one hand, the world must rejoice that Leo was

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, q., Ia., ar. 8.

raised to the dignity of head of the Church, so, on the other, it must ever be deeply grateful that Thomas declined the Archbishopric of Naples.

Thomistic teaching was not slow in gaining a hold in the medieval universities. Naturally the Dominicans were the first to recognize the talents and worth of their great confrere, to follow his leadership, and to substitute his "*Summa*" for that of Peter Lombard, as the text-book in their schools. The beginnings of a Thomistic school may, in fact, be discerned in his order even during the lifetime of the saint; and so soon as 1278, less than five years after his death, an opposition to some of his doctrines having arisen among his own brethren at Oxford, a General Chapter, assembled at Milan, espoused the cause of the Angelic Doctor, and sent a commission to England to calm the disturbance." Two Chapters, held in Paris, 1279 and 1286 (the latter ordained that all Dominican preceptors should labor faithfully for the defence and propagation of Thomistic teaching), following in the footsteps of that of Paris," and those of Saragossa, 1309; Metz, 1313, and London, 1314," giving definite instructions concerning the use of Thomas' works in the schools, there was started in his order a tradition of scrupulous adherence to Thomistic scholasticism that has remained unbroken through the course of six centuries.

Such, then, is the man championed by Leo XIII in the Encyclicals "*Aeterni Patris*" and "*Ad Perpetuam Rei Memoriam*"; such the philosophy he so eloquently sought to revive during the latter half of the nineteenth century—at least among scholars belonging to the Catholic fold.

We think that it can scarcely be denied that there were those who, if they did not hope, believed, at least, that after the pious, holy Patriarch of Venice, now reigning under the name of Pius X, had been placed in the chair of Peter, the influence Leo XIII had exerted in favor of Thomistic teaching and scholasticism would soon begin to wane. But the new Pope was not slow in throwing the weight of his influence with that of his great predecessor. That the desire of Leo XIII is also that of Pius X, that the present Pontiff will labor for the continued reign of scholasticism, is evidenced by the now historical Encyclical "*De Modernistarum Doctrinis*" ("*Pascendi Dominici Gregis*"). It is Pius' wish, no less than it was that of Leo, that "Thomas should again come into his own," and con-

¹⁸ Reichert, "*Acta Capitulorum Generalium*," Vol. I., p. 199; Douais, "*L'Organisation des Etudes dans L'Ordre des Frères Prêcheurs*," pp. 91-96.

¹⁹ Reichert, "*Opus Citatum*," Vol. I., pp. 204 and 235; Douais, "*Opus Citatum*," pp. 91-96.

²⁰ Reichert, "*Opus Citatum*," Vol. II., pp. 38, 64-5, 72; Douais, "*Opus Citatum*," pp. 97-8.

tinue to be, as he was in a glorious past, the leader of Catholic thought.²¹

Possibly the reader may have asked himself: Can it be possible that Leo XIII wished to transport bodily into the twentieth century, with all its progress and achievements, the conceptions and methods of the thirteenth, unchanged and unmodified? Would not this be to turn back the wheels of progress some hundreds of years? Would it not be to attempt the impracticable and absurd, nay, that which cannot by any manner of means be accomplished? Is it not quite impossible to restore, to re-energize the social organism of the long bygone Middle Ages in the intellectual atmosphere of the twentieth century? And were it possible to do so, would it not be unwise?

These same questions, or their equivalents, were asked by not a few at the time of the promulgation of the "Aeterni Patris." But, dear reader, it is a mistake to look with a disdainful eye upon the thirteenth century; it is an error, and an egregious error, too, to fancy it an era of darkness, of ignorance, of intellectual impotency; a backward age of low mentality. Of the same piece is the error of looking upon scholasticism as a synonym for the out-of-date, the superstitious, the scientifically worthless. Careful, critical study of the so-called intellectually degenerate Middle Ages has proven to an astonished world that they are rich in treasures of the deepest and best philosophic thought; that they were an epoch of exceptional intellectuality. One who does not wish to have a low value set upon his own scholarship can no longer afford to sneer at scholasticism or the age in which it attained its zenith of perfection. There is much belonging to that maligned century which could be transplanted amidst our boasted twentieth-century civilization to the vast betterment of the latter. There is its correct thinking, its sane principles, its logical temperament, its superb philosophy, its candid search after truth for truth's own sake, its spirit of faith and religion; these all, resuscitated today, accommodated to present needs, serving as a splendid corrective to the appalling errors current in modern thought and the evils that afflict modern society, would be productive of infinite good. Leo's strong contention for the expediency, nay the necessity, of an infusion of the sane reasoning and sound philosophy of the past ages into present thought is splendidly borne out by the articles of Harold Bolce, running in the *Cosmopolitan* for 1909 and 1910, and dealing with the education received by our young men and women in the leading universities and colleges of the land.

²¹ Encyclical, "Pascendi Dominici Gregis," Print of "Ecclesiastical Review," pp. 38-39.

A keen observer of the times, Leo saw where lay both the evil and the remedy. A deep student, a critical judge of philosophy old and new, he saw that truth is eternal, changing not with the whims, fancies and ways of men; that real philosophy, the expression of truth, does not, cannot, wholly change from age to age; that all that was true in the systems of Plato and Aristotle is true still; that all that was true in scholasticism remains true today. Yet, while philosophy remains immutable in its essence, it is not so in its accidentals; in all the means and appliances or ways for getting at its content; or even in its expression. New truths may be discovered; new methods may be brought into requisition in aid of the old, or some of the latter may be discarded; new sciences may be born. Remaining the same in its ascertained truth, scholasticism has the elasticity to avail itself of new discoveries, to adapt itself to new sciences, to accommodate itself to the needs and ways of men that change from epoch to epoch. The great Pontiff, an enlightened scholastic himself, did not look to the restoration of a philosophy out of joint with the age of living men, removed from its actual influences, but to a vitalized scholasticism in touch with the times and in sympathy with present needs. It was from such an intimate union and collaboration of the old with the new that he hoped good and lasting results might be derived. Though scholasticism, with its vast wealth of Greek thought, assimilated, perfected and systematized, and purified and enriched by its touch with Christianity, was and is an admirable approach to absolute truth, in so far as this may be had in the present life, it still had its defects, its limitations; it did not possess all philosophic knowledge. Appliances, discoveries, inventions that are today familiar to all, have removed for us many difficulties under which its elaborators toiled; the natural sciences in particular have made marvelous strides; our methods for the study of these are infinitely superior to those of the schoolmen. Leo would not have us close our eyes and our arms to these rich fruits of modern culture. While, therefore, he would have us make Thomas our beacon, he would not have us make him our boundary. He would have the great schoolman brought down to the needs and exigencies of the present day, corrected, where correction is needed, supplemented, rounded out, by the aid of the new sciences, the new discoveries, the new methods, the new truths, that have come to light since his time—along the lines of that able and numerous group of scholastics who flourished during the latter half of the past century, and who contributed so largely to the now widespread efforts at a revival of medieval doctrines.

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PETER'S PENCE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Mediæval law and custom of annual offerings to the Vicar of Christ from both king and people reveals to us one of the noblest proofs of filial love and chivalric devotion towards the Apostolic See which the practical Catholicism of those ages called into life. In this annual Papal collection the rulers of Christendom manifested their concern for the enforcement of an ecclesiastical law which had been more than once enunciated in Holy Writ. It clearly evidenced the modest, unobtrusive participation of Catholic nations in the myriad works of charity which the Pope inaugurated or promoted either in the very heart of Rome or in the most distant missions of the Orient. By it both princes and people gave a solemn and substantial pledge of their satisfaction and sympathy with the political policies of the King of Rome, whether they involved defence of the Papal territory and prerogatives against the encroachments of some proud Teuton or some grasping Lombard, or the recovery from unholy Saracen hands of the provinces and shrines made sacred by the life and death of the Master or His saints. It was again a proof of the popular conviction of the faithful, that the needs of the Pope were the needs of the entire Catholic world, and that the administration of his temporalities and the maintenance of his royal power and dignity were to be seconded and preserved as the most just, beneficent and civilizing agencies known to man. If the Pope was compelled at times to insist on the payment or transfer of this tithe, no noble or serf was so benighted as to imagine that the money would be uselessly squandered at Rome. Far better, after all, than avaricious king or modern critic, the august Pontiff knew what needs must be attended to in order to further the ascendancy of his claims to economical sovereignty and the succor of his subjects.

It is necessary to keep well in mind that an essential difference existed, at least in the beginning, between Peter's Pence and the various Papal taxes or imposts of which we find mention in the "Polyptychum" of Pope Gelasius, in the Acts of subsequent Pontiffs and in the "Liber Censuum" of Cencio. These latter revenues were paid in consideration of some favor or service received by nations or individuals at the hands of the Pope who was, during the Middle Ages, the most powerful personality in Europe. Thus there were the rents which the proprietors of the Papal "praedia" and "patrimonia" paid for the use of the fertile estates in Sicily and throughout Italy. The settlers of the Papal

agrarian colonies called "domuscultae" paid in produce, which was frequently converted into cash for the support of the poor of Rome. During the social upheaval consequent on barbarian invasions, we find monasteries and petty states turning to Rome for protection from Visigoth or Lombard, who, lawless, blood-thirsty destroyers though they were, still dreaded the spiritual thunderbolts of the Just Man—the Great Ruler holding his court on the Vatican Hill, and sitting in universal judgment upon all wrongdoers and oppressors. Gratitude which prompted some token or acknowledgment of this protection extended, took the form of a ridiculously low annual tax. Later on bishoprics, monastic establishments, individuals and groups of individuals obtained exemption from secular interference or feudal service by directly placing themselves under the aegies and jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. As a sign and perpetual reminder (canon) of this mutual agreement, the beneficiaries offered a yearly nominal tax to the Papal exchequer. Because the rule of Rome was the mildest and most beneficent known to the Middle Ages, we find incipient states and rising dynasties receiving political recognition under like conditions. These taxes were given "ad indicium libertatis" and "ad indicium perceptae protectionis et pensionis."

The tithe known as Peter's Pence, was essentially a free and spontaneous donation in money or kind for the personal needs of the Pope. No feudal obligations were attested thereby. Love alone prompted the offering which was, in the fullest sense of the word, an "eleemosyne," a "subsidiū caritativum," or a "caritatis debitum," as the Popes often call it in their letters. In England, whence the first donation of this kind came, it was known by varying names at different periods. Thus, during the Anglo-Saxon period, it appears as Romfeoh or Heordpenny, whilst in the Anglo-Norman period it is referred to as a Romescot. Some chronicles borrow the name of Romepenny from Brompton, and others designate it as Petrespenny. The Roman collectors speak of it as the denarius beati (or sancti) Petri, or the census beati Petri. Historians see in these many names direct references to the Papal oboli collected throughout Christendom, either on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, or on Lammas day.¹

¹ Fabre, *Recherches sur le Denier de St. Pierre en Angleterre au Moyen-âge* (Melanges J. B. de Rossi. Paris 1892), 159; Fabre, *Etude sur le Liber censuum*. Paris 1892.—Garampl, *L'danaro di s. Pietro*, in Uccelli, *Il Papato*, I., 484-518.—Jensen, *Der englische Peterspfennig und die Lehensteuer aus England u. Irland an den Papststuhl in Mittelalter*. Rostock, 1903.—Woker, *Das Kirchliche Finanzwesen der Päpste* (Nordlingen 1878), Ch. 1.—Daux, *Le denier de Saint-Pierre*.—Cabrol, *L'Angleterre Chrétienne avant les Normands*. (Paris 1909), 329-385.—Rome, Feb. 13, 1909, sq.

We have said that Peter's Pence originated in England, and no one who is familiar with the early history of that people whose captive sons' angelic beauty bewitched the soul of the great Roman nobleman, Gregory the Great, would be surprised at this enviable distinction. Yet the origin of Romfeoh is accounted for by several traditions which are unspeakably naive and conflicting. It is asserted that Ini of Wessex,² on his return from Rome, where he had stopped at the Anglo-Saxon School in the Burgus Saxonum (to the right of the Tiber), ordered each householder in his realm to pay a tax of one penny for the support of this English College at Rome. Nothing, however, on this point is found in Bede, who is ever alert to record evidences of his people's affection for the Eternal City and its Pontiffs. The older chroniclers, too, are absolutely silent on this proposed tax. Hence, this tradition is generally rejected. Other³ chroniclers relate that Offa II, King of Mercia, levied a tax of 365 marks or mancusi on his kingdom for the Pope. A letter of Leo III to Offa's successor, Knulf of Mercia,⁴ would seem to confirm this act of generosity. But some historians are inclined to doubt the authenticity of this letter,⁵ whilst many reject the facts related of Offa as mere probabilities of popular tradition.⁶

The facts related of Aethulwulf cannot be so easily and peremptorily explained away. It is generally admitted that this kindly monarch sent his youngest son, Aelfred (the Great), in 853, on a visit to Leo IV, who received the lad of eleven years with the most fatherly kindness. Not only did the Pope solemnly anoint the royal youth as future King of England, but he also adopted him to spiritual sonship.⁷ Of course, this benign condescension on the part of Vicar of Christ greatly pleased the aged father in England. His heart was touched, and he cast about for some suitable means of manifesting his appreciation and thankfulness to the Pope.⁸ Like many of his predecessors, he journeyed to Rome in Person, where he gave undoubted signs of his profound gratitude. Returning to England in the following year, Aethulwulf decreed that henceforth an annual sum of gold to the value of 300 marks

² Royer of Wendover, Flores Hist. (ed. Coee, 1841), I., 215-216; Matth. Paris, Chron. Maj. I., 330-331; Symeon Dur. Hist. Regum, III., 371.

³ Gesta Abbatum Monast. S. Albani a Thoma Walsingham Compli. (ed. Riley), I., 5-6; Brompton, Chronicon (ed. Twysden), I., col. 754, 756; Spelman, Concilia, I., 290; Matt. Paris. 330, 331, 360.

⁴ Jaffe 2511.

⁵ Jensen, in, Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, XV., 1901, p. 179. Woker, op. cit. 34.

⁶ Woker, op. cit. 35; Mon. Germ. (ed. Pertz).

⁷ Jensen, Transactions, etc., XV., 179.

⁸ Kemble, Saxons in England, II., 481; Jensen, *ibid.*

should be sent to the Eternal City,⁹ one-third of which was for the basilica of St. Peter, another for that of St. Paul, whilst the third was destined for the immediate purposes of the Holy Father. This gift was no rival of a pre-existing custom, nor even a confirmation of a law fast falling into desuetude, else Aethulwulf would have suggested the fact. An appeal of this nature to the past would have lent great and persuasive weight to his ordinances. It was, it would seem, an entirely new and unprecedented course of action. Another tradition, however, assures us that, on his return from Rome, Aethulwulf levied a tax of one penny on each householder. This evidently was quite another tax than that of the gift of 300 marks. Did the King, therefore, send two separate and distinct offerings to the Pope? Many writers propose this solution of a dual tradition regarding Romfeoh under Aethulwulf. This gift, they argue, was the personal donation of the King, whilst the tithe of one penny was but the nation's exterior manifestation of gratitude toward the Pontiff. This theory is based chiefly on an Anglo-Saxon chronicle which says that during the reign of King Aelfred the Great and Edward the Elder, messengers were sent to Rome with the donation "of the Wessex People and the King."¹⁰ William of Malmesbury, and Brompton, also record this seeming double donation. But we find in the chronicles contemporaneous with the events narrated that not so much as a single word is said explicitly of the double gift. Anser, who wrote during the lifetime of Aelfred, and Florence of Worchester, whose writings antedate the chronicles of William of Malmesbury and Brompton, record nothing of the tax of one penny said to have been contributed in those days by each householder. It may not be doing violence to tradition to suggest that Aethulwulf, during his lifetime, paid the 300 mancusi from his own purse or the national treasury, whilst Aelfred drew not only from the former source, but also from the people to make up the stipulated sum. But the simplest solution is proposed by Lingard,¹¹ who suggested that it was probably owing to the policy of Aethulwulf or his immediate successors that England adopted the custom of rendering Romfeoh. After all, it matters little whether the gift sent to the Pope was the joint offering of king or people. The king was responsible for the collection of the tithe, and thus the words of the chronicler of 908,¹² "on behalf of the people but also the king," are true, and their

⁹ Asser, *Annales Aelfred*; ann. 855, 472; Williams of Malmesbury, *Gesta II.*, 109; Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils III.*, 646; Florence Wigoriensis, *Chronicon* 552; Jaffe-Wattenbach 4757.

¹⁰ Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (ed. Thorpe), II., 68.

¹¹ *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (first Amer. ed.), 70-71.

¹² Jensen, *Transactions*, etc., XV., 183.

meaning patent. The important thing to remember is that in Aethulwulf's reign the first historical trace of Romfeoh is to be found.

It is certain that during the days of Aelfred¹³ Romfeoh was regularly paid to the successor of St. Peter. But the first legal ordinances preserved for us are to be found in the laws of Edward the Elder. Therein it is stated that whoever refuses to contribute the obolo is to pay a fine to the crown. During the reign of Edmund excommunication was inflicted on the delinquents,¹⁴ since it was a crime to withhold the payments of Romfeoh.¹⁵ The secular arm frequently assisted in the observance of this common duty. The laws of Edward and Guthrun¹⁶ punished the negligent with a fine for the king. The laws of Aethelred¹⁷ prescribed a fine of 20 pence to the bishop and 120 shillings to the crown; the laws of Eadgar¹⁸ ordained that for the first offence the delinquent must travel to Rome and there pay a fine of 30 pence to the Pope, and on his return to England pay 120 shillings to the king. For the second offence the same fine must be paid to the Pope, whilst the king's fine was increased by 80 shillings. For the third offence all the offender's goods were to be confiscated. Aethelred the Unready¹⁹ was also solicitous about the observance of this law. He renewed the regulations of his predecessors with some mitigations regarding the amount of the fines.

With the witanagemot's acceptance of Cnute as King of England, peace returned again to that much distressed land; the country was satiated with blood and war, and with Byzantine intrigue, and loudly bemoaned its shattered financial conditions. Hence, Cnute wisely repealed the severe regulations of Eadgar regarding Peter's Pence. In 1018 the new king modified the penalties attached to the non-payment of Romfeoh. Every freeman possessing cattle to the value of 30 pence was required to make the usual offering of one silver penny to the Pope. By giving four pence he won exemption from taxation for his "bordarii" and "servientes." The burgler who possessed cattle to the value of one mark was bound to contribute the usual mite.²⁰ Not only the tunesman or farmers, but also the burghers and townspeople (merchants) were included in the law. The burgher who owned several houses paid the papal

¹³ Liebermann, *Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, II., 131 sq.

¹⁴ Eadmund, 1. 2.

¹⁵ Laws of Eadward and Guthrun, VI., 1.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ Aethelred, VIII., 16.

¹⁸ Eadgar, 11. 4; Smidt, *Gesetze* xlviii.; Jensen, *op. cit.* -96.

¹⁹ Aethelred, *Laws*, LX. 10.

²⁰ Smidt, *op. cit.* 334, William I. *Laws*, 1. XVII., 2.

pence only for that house which he inhabited on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul.

These laws had reference to the English. But Cnute did not forget his own people. They, too, were to have the happy privilege of contributing to the "gift of St. Peter" as he termed the *Romfeoh*. In his famous *Danelayu*, or law of the Danes, every man having a yearly profit of 80 pence was taxed one penny.²¹ This law survived in the "*Leis Willelmi*" and the "*Leges Edwardi Confessoris*." Indeed, during this entire period little difficulty and no opposition was encountered in gathering in the Peter's Pence. The kings were too thoroughly impressed with a loyal reverence for the person of Christ's Vicar ever to become unmindful of the generous example of their forefathers. We detect in those golden ages of faith little of our modern scheming selfishness which was a subterfuge of release from a duty that fell heavily on none. The Papal gifts were then offered with cheerful good will, with smiling face, beaming eye and bounding heart. In return only one thing was asked by each sovereign from His Holiness "Who guarded the bones of the Apostles" (as Eadward the Confessor touchingly says in his letter to Pope Nicholas II), to wit: "that you pray for me and for the peace of my realm."²²

That these laws and institutes did not remain a dead letter on the statute books is proved by the discovery of ancient coins in Rome in the years 1843 and 1883. When the Campanile of St. Paul's outside the walls was removed in 1843, more than 1,000 silver coins were discovered. More than 100 of these were of Anglo-Saxon origin.²³ Forty years later a hoard of 835 coins was unearthed on the site of the House of the Vestals near Mount Palatine. Their dates extend over a period ranging from 870 to 947. Since all are Anglo-Saxon pennies, it is quite probable, archeologist says, that we have here a good share of the pence collected for the Pope in Mediaeval times from each Christian householder.²⁴

The laws which found so incontestable a guarantee in these two discoveries of Anglo-Saxon coins at Rome, in course of time lost much of their binding force. Monarchs of later days were not so

²¹ *Instituta Cnuti*, I., 9.

²² Thomassinus, *Vetus et nova Ecclesiae disciplina*, III., I. 32. IV.

²³ Giulio di San Quintino, *Monete del X. e del XI. secolo scoperte nei dintorni di Roma nel 1843*, in, *Memorie della Acad. delle Scienze di Torino* (2 series), IX-X., 1-116.

²⁴ De Rossi, *D'un tesoro di monete Anglo Sassoni* (Rome 1884); Lancian, *The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*, 232 sq. This discovery is very important, as the coins of that period are very scarce. The British Museum has a good collection. Hildebrand (*Anglo Sachsiska Mynt svenska Rongliga Mynt Rabinette, funna i Sveriges Jord*) in 1881 published a descriptive catalogue of 10,458 coins at Stockholm.

prompt or willing as their predecessors had been in manifesting a sense of filial loyalty to the Pope. The engrossing cares of an expanding state, the pride of empire and the scandal taken at a few instances of clerical unworthiness and worldliness, diverted the eyes of the English rulers from the brilliant examples of grateful devotedness and implicit obedience to the Pope left them by their most Christian ancestors. Hence, the annals of England during the closing years of the eleventh century are black with the records of the selfish stinginess and unworthy chicanery wherewith the British kings strove to free themselves from the blessed yoke of Roman obedience. However, there was not then, of course, the colossal insubordination of the sixteenth century. Such drastic action would have been, at that time, supremely impolitic, since the moral prestige of the Pope was still all-powerful. But there was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, at least a desire to be at liberty from a foreign Papal tithe. The royal mind plagued itself, without ceasing, to find a way of ridding the state of Papal interference, whilst retaining the good repute of spiritual obedience to the Maker and Depositor of kings. The Pope was worth just as much to the English monarchs as his spiritual dominion over the state insured of stability to their own sovereignty. In the words of Alexander II, this race had become "*membra mali capitis, Satanae.*"

When William of Normandy, therefore, proposed himself to the witan as a candidate for election to the throne, it was evident to Gregory VII that here was the only available man in Europe by whom England could be brought back to the ways of righteousness. The conqueror had shown himself a thorough Christian, administering justice to all, and eaten up with a zeal for the glory of the Lord's house. His accession to the throne would dislodge forever the sybaritic and impossible members of the house of Godwine, who were promoters of a married clergy, and sworn enemies of churches and monasteries. Hence, after the decisive victory of Senlac or Hastings on October 4, 1066, Gregory VII begged the trusted subdeacon, Hubert, to attend, among many other things, to the collection of the long interrupted Peter's Pence. The new king listened favorably to the works of the Papal delegate. He promised to pay, with exactitude, all the arrears of the Romescot. Whilst refusing to take the vassal's oath of allegiance to the Pope, William pledged his word for the future gathering of the pence.²⁵ Again and again his many cares of state seemed to eat away, like an acid, all remembrance of his promise. But the Pope found in Lanfranc

²⁵ Opera Lanfranci, 304, where the letter is given in full.

an intrepid and conscientious man whom no earthly power could intimidate into silence. Like another Baptist, he remonstrated with the king, and kept him faithful to the promises made to the Pope. Anselm of Canterbury spoke, somewhat later, with like courage in behalf of the Pope's cause. Urban II and Pascal II found in the holy Archbishop a zealous defender of the Papal tithes. Little short of downright neglect of his own immemorial custom of the English people was to be expected from such rulers as Henry and John Lackland. The history of the relations between the Pope and these rulers shows the latter wanting in the large mindedness and fidelity proverbial with the earlier monarchs of the English people. With the same breath these kings pledge the payment of the Romescot and deny its long established validity. Only when untoward circumstances had driven them to the verge of ruin did they bethink themselves of the Pope, whose good will they sought to regain by promising the obolo of affection," and the Pope forgave them generously. Nevertheless, not the least induced, as if by bribe, to pardon the royal transgressors, the Pope insisted on the right he had to a claim on the Romescot. It was the nation's gift to St. Peter. It was expended for the spiritual good of the English church. Hence, no man had the power to hamper or defeat this work of God. And it took a man of superior courage and uncompromising devotion to the See of Peter, such as St. Anselm, to speak these unpalatable truths to kings like Henry I and John Lackland.

But while the Pope at Rome was frequently made the sport of kings regarding the payment of Peter's Pence, more serious trouble arose from the dishonesty of his agents which deprived papal charities of the financial support of Christendom. Not that all ecclesiastical officials proved untrue to the thankless task of collecting Romescot in their dioceses. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who generally represented the Pope's interest in England, fulfilled his obligations in this regard with scrupulous exactitude. But the method of collecting the tithes was arbitrary and loosely organized. Hence, unworthy sheriffs who had been appointed by the king's assistant collectors of the bishop, found it an easy matter to misappropriate the pence. Frequently, too, simoniacal methods were used by these men for their own ends. Then, too, a great part of the pence was retained by the English bishops. Gradually, only "300 marks less one" was forwarded to the Pope by the English prelates. By what authority this custom was sanctioned it is diffi-

²⁶ William of Malmesbury, *Gesta regum*, II., 109; Baluze, *Miscellanea* (ed. Mansi), I., 441; Polydor Vergilius, *Angliae historiae libri XXVI.*, 89-96; Rymer, *Foedera*, I., 177.

cult to say. Some writers²⁷ think that the hierarchy of England by agreement among themselves agreed each to pay a stipulated sum of money, thus making up the aggregate. As a matter of fact, for long years the amount forwarded to Rome varied but little. Each diocese was assessed a certain fixed sum. We still have the listed accounts of the various diocesan contributions of England. Other writers suggest²⁸ that the custom of diocesan contribution resulted from no particular agreement on the part of the bishops, but that it gradually became accepted as the most certain means of assuring a respectable contribution to the Pope.

There is no doubt, however, that large sums of money gathered in England never reached Rome. The Popes frequently complained of this, and the English crown, which took to itself all the resources of vacant sees, often interfered in the appointment of bishops for the ostensible purpose of benefiting at the expense of the Church.

These and various other abuses and shortcomings in the matter of collecting the Peter's Pence during the thirteenth and subsequent centuries induced the Popes, especially Honorius III, to establish an office at London with the "superintendens decimarum." By this means the Pope was in closest contact with his agents. Work was carried on by well organized and systematic methods. As a result less difficulty arose in collecting and transferring the Peter's Pence to the Vicar of Christ. During the Crusades an embryonic regime of this kind had proved eminently satisfactory.

The representative of the Pope in the matter of Romescot was known by the prosaic name of "Collector Generalis." Frequently, he was a cool-headed, shrewd, alert and practical monsignor, canon or friar, of foreign birth, who was empowered to deprive delinquent prelates of their benefices in the event of non-payment of the tithes. He was immediately subject to the reigning Pope, taking an oath of fidelity to the latter. The Archbishop of Canterbury and all the bishops were subject to him in matters pertaining to the tithes. His daily salary was fixed by the Pope, and a bodyguard was detailed for his protection. He was required to keep a written account of all payments. Sub-collectors were also appointed to assist him in the task. The subaltern officials were appointed by the Pope for a determined time, and were generally chosen from the ranks of the Italian abbots and priors. The number of these sub-collectors varied. Thus, Gregory X ordered that there should

²⁷ Garampl, *op. cit.*, 509; Woker, *op. cit.* 37; Fabre, *Zeitschrift für Socialgeschichte* (1893), 149-153, (1896) 459-462.

²⁸ Jensen, *Der englische Peterspfennig*, etc., 87; Gottlob, *Die Päpstlichen Kreuzzugsteuern des 13. Jahr.*, 184 sq.

be two for each diocese of England; Urban V appointed one for each diocese, whilst Julius II would not allow the number to exceed one for each diocese. These men enjoyed great ecclesiastical prerogatives, since they were empowered to excommunicate all who refused or impeded the payment of the tithes. A daily salary of three soldi was allowed them by Gregory X, of five soldi by John XXI, and Martin V rewarded their labors by the handsome sum of eight soldi. All the pence collected throughout the Country by these officials was forwarded to the General Collector at London. The "*Mercatores Camerae Apostolicae*," a line of Italian bankers of the same family long in the employ of the Holy See, frequently attended to the transfer and exchange of the Romescot.

Abuses, however, eventually crept in upon this system which during long years had operated satisfactorily. The Papal collectors were very frequently foreigners and for that reason disliked by the English. On this account we find countless petitions from crown and bishop for the appointment of native collectors. This was a tempting bait to worldly-minded ecclesiastics. As a result, a mad chase for the office of collector and sub-collector, with all the civic and financial emoluments which the tithe conferred, provoked from the English people and prelates a long litany of complaints and denunciations. Frequently enough unworthy men were removed by the Pope. With few interruptions, however, on this account, the old Romfeoh continued to flow into Rome until the unfortunate days of Henry VIII.

The reign of that monarch brought, alas! bloody and terrible changes upon the happy realm of England. If churches and monasteries were not spared by him, we need not be surprised to find the annual payment of Peter's Pence forbidden. This new spiritual ruler, who had foisted himself on an unwilling people, had need of "Much monies." Hence, in the year 1534, Henry VIII ratified "the statute at large" of the Parliament of July 9th, 1534, which forbade the collection of the Papal tithes. Rome made not a single protest to this high-handed injustice—the spiritual losses in England outweighed all else. Better days seemed to await the Church at the accession of Mary Tudor. The three legates whom Paul IV sent to England received a formal retraction from the nation, and a promise from the Queen to continue the sacred custom of paying the Romfeoh. This gift, she argues, was an offering set aside to the Almighty, and its withdrawal or alienation was sacrilegious. Noble sentiments indeed! The last words of like purport heard for many a day in that now unhappy land. In 1559 Elizabeth came into power, and with her the sentiments of her father regarding the Church became dominant. Rome was persistently in her thoughts

and reckonings, for these ever meant sworn and deadliest enmity to the Roman question and pretensions. Romfeoh, therefore, ceased definitely during the days of Elizabeth. In 1559 was buried officially, amid shouts and imprecations, the English people's tribute of love and loyalty to the person of Christ's Vicar.

Ages before, England, by the apostasy of one man, had forfeited her birthright of affection for Rome, we find many nations of Northern Europe regularly sending an annual tithe to the Pope. Generosity during the Mediaeval times was contagious. Hence the good example of England was soon imitated by other peoples. There was an ardent rivalry, a spirited emulation, in regard to the Peter's Pence among the northern nations that deserve a passing mention. The data, however, for these nations are not as abundant as is the case with England.

Denmark, which enjoyed the greatest prosperity during the Middle Ages, very early adopted the custom of sending pence to the Papal exchequer. Indeed, the first beginnings of this custom go back so far that it is difficult to determine precisely when the first abolo was laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. Already in the days of Alexander II (1061-1073) it appears to have been a long-established custom, as can be inferred from the Pontiff's words in his letter to King Sweyne. In that document the Pope encourages the King to continue in this tribute of affection which, he says, had endured from the times of his forefathers. Some centuries later, Honorius III assured the Danes that this donation was a sign to all the world of the filial and habitual affection of their race for the See of Peter. During the days of Pascal II, the pence was collected from door to door. The Pontiff took pains to assure the people that even with this method of collecting the pence it still remained what it had always been—a "debitum caritatis." In the fifteenth century the custom ceased like many other manifestations of Catholic faith and devotion."

The Scandinavian peoples were not behind their brethren of Denmark in regard to the Peter's Pence. About the middle of the twelfth century petitions poured into Rome from both kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, asking a settlement of the ecclesiastical difficulties, which caused no amount of trouble. Nicholas Breakspear, Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, arrived in Sweden in 1152 with full powers of a legate a latere. At the synod of Linköping, besides arranging for the appointment of an archbishop who was to be entirely dependent of the metropolitan of Lund in Denmark, the legate easily induced the bishops to imitate the custom of collecting Peter's Pence which obtained in his native land. He made clear that from

²⁹ Woker, *op. cit.*, 42, 43.

this revenue, the spiritual needs of the Scandinavian church were to be provided for. Towards the end of the twelfth century, each householder in Sweden paid one penny as an annual gift to the Pope. In 1358 the Archbishop of Upsala declared as an ecclesiastical law "that every head of a family was required to pay the tithe."

Sweden does not present the same record of regularity in the collection and distribution of Peter's Pence which we found in England. The amounts forwarded to Rome varied each year. In the fourteenth century, the collection reached the high-water mark of 680 gold pieces. It must be remembered, however, that whole districts, like Helsingland, Jemptia and Anglomania, were entirely exempt from the tithes."

It was probably at the same time that the legate Breakspear introduced the custom of rendering Peter's Pence in Norway, whose apostle he was styled on his return to Rome. As early as 1182 we read in the register of Albino "*singulae lares in Norvegia dant unam monetam ejusdem terrae.*" Later on, this donation seems to have been imposed and collected from all who approached the Holy Table at Easter-tide. For we read in an episcopal letter of the year 1395, "*Curate et omnes, ut tributum Romanum pendatis, unusquisque, qui eucharistiam accedit, numeratum nummum minimum qui ex incude regia decedit. Hanc pecuniam sanctus Petrus, qui, Romescot, possidet, ideoque tributum Romanum, (denarius S. Petri) vocatur.*" The bishops generally, collected the pence and forwarded it to the Archbishops of Drontheim, though the king at times appointed commissaries for the task." Owing to the remoteness of the country, trusted merchants from Lucca and Florence frequently gathered in the pence and transferred it to Rome. The collection was announced in the churches six times each year, and a list of the penalties attached to the non-payment of this Papal tithe was displayed in a conspicuous place in the church. With such precaution to urge them to the common duty of assisting the Holy Father it is small wonder that the Norwegians remained faithful to this exhibition of love. Even the remotest outposts of the archiepiscopal see of Drontheim sent in their subsidies to the Pope. The Farbe Islands sent cloth as their mite. One yard was considered equivalent to the payment of ten persons. Iceland sent dried fish and other offerings in kind. So accustomed were the Icelanders to this duty that the Lutheran Bishop Skaholt, in 1540, levied the Peter's Pence—now, for his own benefit! The diocese of Gardar

⁸⁰ *Ibid.* 40-41.

⁸¹ Johannaeus, *Hist. Eccl. Island.*, I., 574. "*Rex Hacon. Magni filius, Denarium Petri per quemdam suum emissarium 1305 conquiri curavit.*"

in Greenland—which comprised all the territory on the Western Hemisphere known before the discovery of Columbus—sent their quota of ivory and skins. These were forwarded to Norway and sold at auction. The money accruing therefrom was, thereupon, sent to the Pope.³² In 1276, the Archbishop of Drontheim obtained faculties from the Pope to delegate some priests in Greenland as collectors of the pence which was there called the “*cathed raticum Petri*.” In 1418 Gardar sent as much as 26,000 pounds of ivory as tribute to the Pope. Leo X, who was always in need of money and always devising new methods of filling up his depleted purse, received this pence in 1513 and 1515, and in 1514 Norway paid up all arrears. The Reformation, however, swept away, like a deluge, all the Roman customs in Scandinavia.

The data on Peter's Pence in many of the European states is barely sufficient to indicate the existence of the custom. Thus Gregory VII congratulated Duke Vladilaus II of Bohemia, in 1074, “on having sent the usual hundred marks to St. Peter.”³³ When the Popes were in bondage at Avignon, King Charles went thither to come to an understanding regarding the pence furnished by the diocese of Breslau in Silesia. Poland began paying Peter's Pence in the eleventh century. The chroniclers tell us that this gift was prompted by gratitude for the dispensation from monastic vows by Benedict IX in favor of Casimer, son of Mieczislaus II, in order that this young prince might ascend the throne.

The Peter's Pence in Poland seems to have originally been a per capita tax. At least, it is only in the fourteenth century that the “*censuum promissum*” and the “*numera*,” of which Gregory VII speaks, are termed Peter's Pence. Prussia, which belonged then to the crown of Poland, was asked by John XXII to give the pence. The request of the Archbishop of Gnesen and the Bishop of Breslau, in 1320, to this effect evoked many complaints and protestations.³⁴ The Teuton knights were unwilling to render the subsidy. In 1343, 1348 and 1445, the request was repeated—and granted.

Many of the European states and minor principalities paid Peter's Pence in consideration of services received from the Pope. The smaller nations, which were often exposed to invasion or dismemberment at the hands of powerful and jealous neighbors and conquerors who sought to strengthen their title to possession, were willing to put themselves in a state of vassalage to the Papacy, on

³² Potthast, 21858; also Jelle, *L'Evangelisation de l'Amerique avant Christophe Columbus*, in *Compte Rendus du Congress Scientifique International des Catholiques tenu a Paris 1891* (Sciences Historiques), 170-184.

³³ Schroch, *Christliche Kirchengeschichte*, XXI., 503.

³⁴ Voigt, *Geschichte Preussens*, IV., 344; V., 69; VIII., 86, 152.

condition of a promise of moral and material support by the latter. This holds true in a special way of the kingdom of the two Sicilies after the invasion of the Normans and Saracens. The Peter's Pence was a recognition of services received and rendered by the Popes. Ferrari paid 50 soldi and the interest of various taxes on the same score; as also Alessandria, which rewarded the Pope by the annual gift of three denarii. Thus, too, Gregory VII granted the sovereignty of Kiew in Russia to Dmitri Isiaslaf, who agreed to acknowledge his dependence on St. Peter by annual tithes.

Likewise, in the same century, the Iberian peninsula offered the pence in gratitude for Papal protection against the Visigoths. The kingdom of Aragon, the City of Taragona and the County of Barcellona, placing themselves under the hand of the Pope, pledged "500 mangons of Jacca, a mangon for each soldier, an annual tribute of five silver librae," and some years later "a sum of 25 librae, also of silver, to be paid every five years." Subsequently the Spaniards added the gift of five pounds of gold. Other modifications are to be met with, but all the time the kings maintained their outward token of dependence on the Holy See. The conduct of Alfonso III is the exception. Portugal entered into the ranks of the Church's soldiers, assuring an honorable contribution. Count Alfonso, on erecting the kingdom, in 1179, asked Alexander III for his approval and promised to increase to four marks the four ounces hitherto paid.

Dioceses, too, paid the pence. The ordinary of Bamberg in Germany sent twelve marks to Rome each year. More than 25 convents and churches of the diocese of constance, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries paid the tithe. In 1290, a Papal legate to Germany and France received the promise from 47 churches and religious establishments of an annual payment of the subsidy. Even the Latin Orient gave signs of adhesion and attachment to Rome in this manner. Silks, incense, balsam, oils, perfumes, horses, with or without harness; gold, coined or in bars, abundantly testified that the East was loyally devoted to the Pontifical throne.

These and various other facts show clearly how Christendom ever came, financially, to the support of the Holy See. The Pope, after all, was the Father of all the Faithful. As dutiful sons, the Catholics throughout the world felt it a duty to contribute of their abundance to the successor of the Apostles, and to the maintenance and extension of all his spiritual and temporal projects. Kings frequently elevated the contributing of Peter's Pence to the dignity of a national law. And thus, whilst the custom in the beginning called for a spontaneous and free gift of one penny of the faithful, it gradually assumed, in some parts, the aspect of a tax, sanctioned

by the laws of the respective lands. Never, however, did the faithful of the world cease to consider the pence as a voluntary gift.

It remains for us to study the history of Peter's Pence in modern times. The offering made today to the Vicar of Christ, under that name—and God knows how sorely he needs it and depends upon it—has little in common with the Peter's Pence of the Middle Ages, save the name. At some future day we may, perhaps, make known at large the enviable honor which Montalambert won by resuscitating the practice of free pecuniary gifts to the Pope.

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BLESSED MARTINA, MARTYR.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ had for the first time in history established His empire throughout the world, and His enemy, the devil, grew envious. Therefore the Evil One prompted Alexander Caesar, in the fourth year of his reign, to condemn to death all Galilaeans who would not sacrifice to the gods. To ensure the execution of his decrees, the Emperor sent governors and judges into the provinces, charged to entrap the Christians in the snares of Satan; they were to enforce obedience by threats and were to annihilate our religion completely. The names of those that allowed themselves to be seduced were enrolled in a book, and, after adoring the image of the Emperor, they were required to sacrifice to the cruel and obscene gods. High honours were promised to such recusants; and the faithful who had the courage to stand firm were cruelly tortured and then killed.

In order to set the example in Rome, the Emperor himself offered sacrifices to Apollo and ordered the principal officers of his palace to seize all those who passed as Christians, whether men or women, and to oblige them by violence and torture to sacrifice to Apollo, also. These officers,—the Count Vidal; Bassus, the Emperor's major-domo, and Caius, his servant, ministers of Satan,—were savage of soul and whole-hearted executors of the sentences pronounced by any pagan judge.

Now it happened one day that passing a church they saw the Blessed Martina at her prayers, with eyes full of joy and confidence raised to Heaven. She had with her several menservants and maidservants, for she was the daughter of a most illustrious family; her father had been three times consul, and he spent his immense riches in helping the poor, for he faithfully kept the law of the

Lord. Martina herself was a deaconness and entirely given to good works; she desired only to preserve her soul in the grace of GOD, she bravely resisted all assaults of the devil; her life was resplendent in its purity and she bore the girdle of innocence and virginity.

The wicked ministers of the Emperor seized her now and said to her: "The master of the universe, Alexander, honouring your noble birth, looking upon you as the most illustrious of Roman ladies and knowing your virtuous life, begs that you will offer of your own freewill to the god Apollo a sacrifice worthy of you."

The gentle and holy maiden, beaming with joy, answered: "Let me again first enter the holy temple of the Lord and there commit myself to GOD, to Christ, His Son; to the Holy Spirit, to our holy and venerable bishop, to the priests who serve the Lord Christ with joy and bravely confess His faith, and to all the assembled flock of the Lord, and I will then gladly go with you. For I must defend the Christ against an impious enemy and impudent liar and against the malice of our master, Alexander, who is not worthy to reign."

She went with them, therefore, praying as she went—her face shining in incomparable beauty.

Arrived at the palace, these ministers of a wicked creed went to seek their emperor.

"See," said they, "the greatest and most illustrious among the Galileans. She is willing to obey your orders, to sacrifice to the gods and to induce all Christians to follow her example."

The Emperor rejoiced exceedingly at hearing this, and had her brought into his own apartments. Her beauty filled him with admiration and her illustrious name added to the interest he felt in her person.

"How great art thou, O god Apollo!" he cried. "Yea, all the gods praise thee, because thou hast bestowed such nobility, such glory and such beauty on this young girl, only that thou mayest rejoice at the sacrifice she is about to offer thee."

Then, addressing Martina, he commanded her attention, adding that as her reward he had resolved to share with her his empire and power and to make her Queen of his palace.

Martina said: "Command me to offer bloodless sacrifice to the GOD Who has drawn from nothingness all that exists and I will show you what this Apollo is, and will bear witness that he is not to be allowed to destroy souls that put their trust in the Saviour, my God and King of the Universe."

The Emperor did not understand these words; but caused the Saint to be led to Apollo's Temple, that she might offer sacrifice. She asked that he, too, as well as all the priests of Apollo and those

devoted to him should enter with her and "see with what kindness the God of Mercy and Holiness will accept the pure and spotless sacrifice I am about to offer Him."

The Emperor hastened to order that all should be as she wished, and recommended every one to watch carefully what she did.

The pure and gentle martyr stood erect and made the sign of the Cross; and at that, in the midst of all the spectators, an angel in all the brightness of his glory appeared beside her, and the purity of her heart was reflected in her face. She lifted her eyes to heaven, stretching forth her hands like a true servant of the Lord, and said: "Glory to Thee, O Father, God of Glory. Glory to Thee, O Jesus, to Whom all creatures give glory. Glory to Thee, O Holy Ghost!" And she prayed that the Blessed Trinity, One GOD, would destroy "this block of stone, this blind and cruel idol hiding death within itself and dragging to their ruin those that believed in its power," that He would hear the prayer of her, a humble sinner, and would show the Emperor that man is to adore no other God than Him Who has said: "It is I that kill and that make alive; I will destroy and I will cure, for My Name shall be glorified in all ages."

Hardly had she ended her prayer than a great earthquake shook the whole city. Apollo fell and was reduced to powder, and a part of the wall of the temple gave way and buried a multitude of spectators and idol priests whom the Emperor had brought in with Blessed Martina. This shock lasted several hours. The terrified Emperor was about to fly when Martina addressed him in these words: "Stay, O Emperor; come to the help of your god. Apollo is broken; pick up the pieces of your deity and show them to the priests who honour him and whom he has crushed in his fall. Let him arise, and raise them!"

At this moment the demon that had been concealed within the idol of Apollo and was now rolling in the dust and seen by all the people, men and women, began to howl and cry out: "O Martina, servant of the great GOD of Heaven and who faithfully keep His Law, you have overturned my dwelling place and revealed me in all my nakedness. Many saints have endured the torments of martyrdom, but up to now they have not exposed me. I have reigned here and have had under my control many other spirits more wicked than myself. But you have hunted me down and now you send me back to hell. You deliver me to Uriel, the Angel who drove us all to the lake of fire. O Alexander! persecutor of Christians, you have brought this holy one to put me to flight, but know that your own reign will end in ignominy and shame."

As he uttered these words in a loud and lamentable voice he

fled through the air, grinding his teeth, and his cries could be heard after he had disappeared. A dark cloud marked his passing; and the terrified spectators marveled at the power of the GOD who is in Heaven.

Apollo was reduced to powder; the breath of GOD had put to flight the army of impure spirits, the priests of the idol, as well as the spot in which took place the abominable ceremonies of pagan worship, were in great part destroyed. But the blinded Emperor would not recognize the finger of GOD and the work of His Power. As though it had been Martina herself that had thrown down and broken Apollo and destroyed the enchanters, the augurs and the priests of his god, he had her beaten and ordered her eyelids to be torn off. The executioners obeyed, but soon cried out: "Woe to us sinners! We suffer more horrible tortures than she; our failing hands refuse their task; cruel pains consume our vitals. While she stands firm as an anvil our blows are hurting us. Send us away, O Emperor, we pray; for we can see about her four men of shining beauty, and it is they who give us back the blows we inflict on her. He must, indeed, be the True GOD, Who thus protects her."

Then the Emperor fell into a great rage and looked upon them with fury. And he commanded them to bring broken pieces of pottery wherewith to tear the face of the Saint. But Blessed Martina, raising her eyes to Heaven, blessed and praised the Holy Trinity once more and prayed for "courage to support these torments," and for the conversion of her executioners.

Hardly had she ended her prayer than a light shone around her executioners—who were eight in number—and a Voice from Heaven was heard saying: "Unless My servant, Martina, had interceded for you I had slain you all. But, because I will overcome and will gain this people, I spare you. As for thee, daughter, be of good courage and fear not, for I am the GOD upon Whom thou callest. I will not leave thee, nor suffer thee to be defeated by this impious and shameless man."

On hearing these words, the Emperor Alexander became more angry still. The executioners, on the contrary, fell on their faces on the ground and implored Blessed Martina to ask GOD'S grace for them and His pardon for the outrages they had been forced to inflict upon her. The holy martyr replied by assuring them of the reward they would enjoy in Heaven if their repentance and conversion were sincere; but, if it were not, of the eternal torment that awaited them in Hell. Immediately with one voice they cried: "Martina, Lady, show us the Christ, that seeing Him we may believe in Him more firmly. But even if it be not permitted to us to see Him we are, nevertheless, His disciples and servants and

believe in Him only, and we will worship and serve Him alone. As for Alexander, who tramples underfoot the precepts of our Saviour, we fear him not; we renounce him in spite of his imperial power."

Then the blessed martyr, calling them her children, bade them believe in Christ with all sincerity of heart and they would see what rewards GOD had for them in the next life; while as to Alexander, so proud of his power in this world, what could he do against the happiness of the Elect? Then, inspired of GOD, they all said together: "We believe in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, the great GOD of the Christians, and in Him we trust." And turning to Alexander, they defied him and his false gods, and professed themselves from henceforth servants of Almighty GOD and of His Only Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The irate Emperor retorted that they were allowing themselves to be seduced by the enchantments of the Crucified—"in Whom you hope," he added. They answered that it was the devil in his heart that prevented him from recognizing the GOD that created him and gave him his power."

And the furious tyrant ordered them all to be tied to gibbets and to be hacked with swords, which torment they bore without complaint and with eyes raised to Heaven. Not satisfied with this, Alexander condemned them to have their heads struck off, lest their executioners, wearying of the task of torture, should imitate them and be converted, too. The illustrious martyrs of Christ were led forth to the place of execution, rejoicing to run the path that leads surely to perfection. With uplifted eyes and hands they prayed, confessing that in the past they had sat in the Shadow of Death and had offered shameful sacrifices to idols, "but Thy holy martyr has revealed to us Thy beauty, O Lord of Heaven and Earth, Creator of the world and all that is therein, at Whose terrible and glorious name the abysses are afraid and the mountains and hills tremble. Lord Jesus Christ, the hope of those that cry to Thee, Saviour of them that trust in Thee, from the height of Heaven look down on us, pity our misery, stretch forth the Arms of Thy Mercy and lay not to our charge the crimes we committed when we groaned in the darkness of ignorance and error."

Then they made the Sign of the Cross on their foreheads and all together offered their heads to the sword. They quitted this world with great joy, at the fifth hour of the 17th day of November, and they sleep in Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom be honour and glory through the ages. Amen.

The Emperor Alexander, having heard that the eight holy martyrs had died with great joy, was sorry, regretting that he had not

had them longer tortured. Next day, as he sat on the judgment seat, he said: "Let them bring in the wicked Martina, that witch; and we will see if she will persevere in her sorcery." And when she entered he asked her: "Wilt thou obey me now and sacrifice to the gods by whom the universe exists? Or dost thou still choose the magic of thy Christ?"

Martina answered by calling him "most savage of all wild beasts," and by asking if he did not blush to be conquered by a woman. "For, know," said she, "that you will never bring me to sacrifice to your idols. If you have prepared any new tortures, strike, I am ready. In GOD alone, in His Christ, in the love of the Holy Ghost I place all my confidence and I am sure that none of the torments you can inflict upon me can destroy me, for GOD will give me strength to bear them."

The enraged Emperor ordered her to be stript of her garments and her body to be cut with razors; and the executioners hastened to obey. Then the holy martyr appeared all shining white as snow, with a brilliance that dazzled the spectator's eyes. From her wounds flowed milk instead of blood, and her mouth became a vase of perfume, from whence issued sweetest odours. Throughout her horrible tortures she prayed: "I cried unto the Lord and He aided me in my struggles and my suffering. Hearken to my praises, O my GOD, let the voice of my groaning reach unto Thine ears; for Thy grace will save me. I have called upon Thee, O my GOD, in the midst of my tribulations and Thou wilt scatter my enemies." She asked that as the sacrifice of Abraham was accepted, so might her struggle be blessed, that those monsters of Satan surrounding her might know that it was GOD Himself Who, in answer to her prayers had reduced Apollo to powder, covered that enemy of the truth, Alexander, with confusion and surrounded her with the terrible shining of His own light.

The Emperor was beside himself with rage and showed open signs of uneasiness, as he asked if she supposed she could conquer and sorcery, and how was it to be supposed that he would bring them that it was his father, Satan, who was the prince of incantations and sorcery, and how was it to be supposed that he would bring them to her aid, who scorned and despised and never used them? Her GOD and Saviour, she said, had forbidden such impious tricks and condemned their authors to everlasting punishment. "As for thee, O Emperor," she added, "thou deservest still more terrible chastisements, for thou knowest well that it is not by incantations and sorcery that I triumph, as thou feignest, but by the might of the Name of Jesus Christ alone."

Then the Emperor made them tie her up and beat her; but the

Saint, with joyful countenance, made many signs of the Cross and behind their rampart she prayed: "I sigh but for Thee, O my GOD, and for the Glory of Thy Divinity, which maketh me strong. I have given my body to the scourgers and my flesh to the tormentors. Haste Thee, O Lord, to mine aid, yea, hasten in Thy mercy and send from Thy Holy dwelling place strength for her who suffers for Thee."

While thus she prayed seven centurions had taken turns in beating her. When the eighth was sent for the seven first fell faint upon the ground, crying out: "We implore thee, O Emperor, deliver us from this torment. For the angels of the Lord give us back with iron rods the blows we inflict upon Martina. Our nerves are torn, we suffer to the marrow of our bones, our flesh burns as in a furnace. Deliver us, we beseech thee, from this girl."

So far from relenting, the Emperor ordered them to beat her more violently still. But the Saint, making light of her long agony, addressed the Emperor, calling him, "Unjust and guilty tyrant, enemy of GOD and Heaven, a fool who had chosen his part with fools and given himself to Apollo." She declared to him that the GOD that created all things and was jealous of His Glory had come to her aid and that it was His angels that strengthened her. She conjured him to confess that GOD, for "behold," she said, "the twelve centurions you sent against me to kill me are wearied out, while I, by the power of Christ Who fights at my side and prolongs my existence, do not feel their blows, and it is impossible for any one to injure me. He is all my hope, for beyond the tomb He gives life to those that have courage to confess His Name."

Meanwhile, a certain Eumenius, a very wealthy man and a relation of the Emperor, said to him that it was "quite plain it was not merely to assert the glory of the Christians and the Crucified that that wicked woman endures these tortures, but she is full of foolish tricks and hopes to dazzle everyone by her magic words, frustrate all our efforts and escape from torture. Let her be taken back to prison until tomorrow, and order her to be smeared over with the fat of victims, that the brilliancy of her beauty may be obscured."

The Emperor hearkened to these counsels. But while the gaolers were taking Martina to her cell, she cried out before all the crowd: "Peace be to all that call upon the Name of Christ! I walk this path in the peace of Jesus Christ." And she joyously crossed the threshold of the prison glorifying the Lord and saying: "Keep me, O GOD, as the apple of Thine eye and cover me with the Shadow of Thy Wings. I give thanks to the power of Thy Holy Name, O Jesus Christ. I entreat Thee by Thy Goodness and Thy Justice to defend me from the impious and cruel Alexander, who

scorns Thy Mercy. Nine centurions have died in torment; others, wearied out, have been unable to beat me longer, and those who succeeded them could not prevail over my courage."

Thus, throughout the whole night, she sang hymns of thanksgiving and a multitude of voices were heard mingling with hers and glorifying the Lord with her.

The next day, as soon as it was light, the Emperor sent the tribune Limenius to the prison with orders to bring out the Saint, but first to smear her with the fat of victims. Limenius immediately going out from the imperial palace, directed his steps towards the cell, when suddenly he smelt the odour of a most delicious perfume. He was saturated, as it were, with its sweetness, and he said to those with him: "Do you also smell a very strong perfume?" Now a great crowd was with him. Some answered: "It is doubtless the Christians preparing aromatic spices for their beloved Martina." Others said: "Some gracious deity has appeared to her." But the nearer they approached the more they were penetrated by the odor. Limenius opened the first door and perceived a great light. He entered the nearest cell (for there were many in that prison), and immediately a flash of lightning dazzled him. Those that followed him were terrified and he himself, seized with fear, fell with his face to the ground. He got up again hastily and entered a third cell, where he saw the Blessed Martina seated on a throne while all around her was a host of men so shining that he could not endure their brightness. All were clothed in white; and Martina held a golden tablet, from which she read these words: "How marvelous are Thy works, O Lord! Thou hast done all things wisely."

Terrified, Limenius went out and returned to the palace to tell the Emperor the marvels of the GOD of Martina. But all who were in the palace, Alexander himself, the idol priests and the orators cried out: "She has seduced him with enchantments. Let us no longer endure this Virgin; let her be delivered to the beasts, that she may learn it is better to sacrifice to the gods than to hope in this Crucified and to put her trust in Him."

And the Emperor ordered her to be taken to Diana's temple, where they would again invite her to sacrifice, and if she refused she would be condemned to the wild beasts. Limenius then went back to the prison accompanied by two of the principal idol priests and a numerous crowd. They found the Saint still sitting on her throne, the same men in white surrounding her. The sight froze them with terror. And Blessed Martina said: "I have run in the way of Thy commandments; teach me Thy Holy Will that I may know the wonders of Thy Power. Deliver me from the torments that men inflict upon me, and I shall keep Thy Law; behold, cruel

dogs surround me ready to devour Thy sheep. But Thou, O my GOD, listen to the prayers of Thy humble servant and grant that they may not succeed in their plans. Blind the eyes of these impious ones and harden their hearts; take me by the hand and lead me, Thou that didst deliver the Three Children from the furnace."

At these words the hired assassins gained courage to tear her from her throne, and of the many hundred men who formed her escort, not one opposed them. She was haled ignominiously out of the prison and taken to the Temple of Diana. The Emperor, seeing in her face more cheerfulness than ever, and in her whole bearing the pride of the most invincible soldier, said to her: "Are you punished enough and at length converted to sacrifice to the benevolent gods? or do you, as I fancy I can see, still persevere in your guilty obstinacy?" "Emperor," replied Martina, "my conversion is complete; you will never persuade me to take part in your sacrifices. I am done with the vanity, the impiety and the miserable seductions of the world. GOD commands; I obey Him. Yes, it is to my interest to be on the Lord's side, to put my trust in Him Who cares for me and will never let me want for anything; for He is my GOD—the GOD Almighty. You want to gain me over; but your words are like arrows shot in the dark, they will never reach one that walks in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. For I have the divine grace with me, enlightening the eyes of my heart. . . . I have crossed the ocean of this world; Christ, my only Hope, stretches forth His Hand to hold me firm amidst the storm of your rage. I behold Him now, waiting to crown me after clothing me with the armour of Justice, by means of which I am able to resist the wiles of your father, the Devil."

She spoke, and the Emperor, in a great rage, answered her: "You shall not die, Martina. Enter the temple and sacrifice to Diana. The pure and mighty gods desire your beauty."

"Yes," answered the martyr, "let me, O Emperor, enter the temple of this blind and senseless idol."

"Enter," said Alexander. "Hasten to sacrifice that you may not perish in the jaws of the wild beasts."

"By the help of GOD Who upholds my courage and at your command, I enter," she said.

But the demon concealed in the idol of Diana knew that the Saint had come to dethrone him, and he cried with a loud voice: "Woe is me! Where shall I fly to escape Thee, O GOD of Heaven?"

As the Saint entered she made the sign of the Cross upon herself, and looking upon the idol, she said to the Emperor: "Behold, O Emperor, the goddess to whom you desire to convert me; her eyes are blind, her ears are deaf, her hands are lifeless, her feet

walk not; she is but a painted image. Well, I will sacrifice to her."

At these words the Emperor was transported with joy, not seeing that she mocked him, and he cried out: "Praise the gods! She obeys me at last!"

And the Saint, approaching the idol, said: "I command you, who inhabit this lifeless idol and seduce the fools that sacrifice to it, depart!"

Then, addressing GOD, she prayed: "Eternal King, Lord of all, Who sittest upon the invisible Throne of Glory, Who supportest the vault of heaven, Who hast laid the foundations of the earth and created the Devil, Thou Who didst crush the dragon's head and cast his infernal legions down to the bottomless pit, Thou, our Saviour, who bringest us into a safe haven, Thou Who has destroyed the empire of the Devil and Whom the multitudes of angels worship with holy fear, GOD, Who in Thy wisdom has sown the vault of heaven thick with stars, Who ledest the sun through space and orderest the march of the moon, Who hast revealed to men Thine eternal Will and Thy holy Law, Thou, the true Light—I worship Thee with holy fear. Ah, I implore Thee, O my GOD, never to abandon me, to hear my prayer, to put a check upon the abominations of Satan's servants. Throw down this idol of man's making and teach this wicked Alexander that Thou alone art the true GOD, Who overthrowest the dwellers in idols and hast slain their priests. For Thou art blessed for ever. Amen."

And suddenly, behold, it thundered and lightened, fire fell from heaven which consumed the idol priests, many of the people perished, the right side of the Emperor's mantle was burnt and the statue of Diana was reduced to ashes. And the Blessed One said: "Glory to GOD in the highest Heaven and on earth, peace to men of goodwill—that peace which the Lord gives to those that love Him and call upon His name!"

The Emperor, exasperated, still refused to see in these marvels the power of the Invisible GOD. He delivered Martina to the governor, Justin, saying: "Take this worthless woman, bind her, stretch her on the rack, tear her flesh until she dies. For I can do no more; I am at the end of my resources; I will not see her again."

The governor led Martina to the gate of the Pretorium; and he went and sat on the seat of judgment and Martina was brought before him. She entered mocking at him. Then he said: "You mock at me, ungrateful woman, and I allow you still to live! I swear by the sun's splendour that I will throw your flesh to the dogs if you do not sacrifice to the gods. We shall see then how your Christ will console you!"

"Wretch," answered Martina. "Am I not right to laugh at the powerlessness of your Emperor, conquered by a woman invoking the Name of Christ, and who yet gives me up to your rage?"

"He is master," replied the governor. "He has power to condemn you, and his orders are that I am to make you sacrifice or kill you by torture."

"Well," replied Martina, "I shall not sacrifice. Torture me as much as you please."

The governor ordered her to be tied to a stake and her flesh torn with swords and iron nails. And during the cruel torment Martina said: "O Cross of Jesus Christ, help me, in you I trust." This lasted until Justin thought her at the point of death and ordered the executioner to stop. She was still tied to the stake, and the governor questioned her, saying: "Martina, will you sacrifice and escape new tortures? Or will you persevere in the faith of your Christ?"

"Christ strengthens me," answered the Saint. "I will not sacrifice to your abominable divinities. I do not feel the torments you inflict, for the Lord Jesus Christ has pity on me."

The governor, furious at not being able to vanquish her after torture so prolonged, had her untied. Her body was so mangled that they saw she could not walk, and the governor ordered a litter and that she should be carried back to prison. But, behold she drew her own garments around her, gathered up her hair and, pushing back her executioners, hastened back to her dungeon. The governor got up on horseback and followed her. He found Martina seated on a magnificent throne, her face shining like the sun, while she sang psalms and glorified the Lord, and a great light filled her prison. He went out grievously vexed, shut the door carefully, sealing the lock and committed the care of Martina to a hundred soldiers; then he sought the Emperor. He found Alexander at table, who was much astonished to see him and said: "What are you doing at this hour?"

"I have executed your Majesty's orders," said the governor. "The ungrateful Martina has been tortured—ever since the morning I have been torturing her, as you may see by my garments—and not only is she not dead, but she did not feel any pain. Her body was but one big wound and I thought she must die every moment, when suddenly she got up and ran to the prison. But I have executed your orders. It is for you to decide her fate."

Alexander said: "It is evident she puts all her confidence in sorcery. Let her be thrown to the wild beasts and she must perish."

Justin did not answer. The next day he sent executioners to the prison with orders to bring Martina; and again he laid the choice

before her—to sacrifice or to be thrown to the beasts. But the Saint recounted the marvels which, by the power of GOD, had been performed by her—how that the statue of Apollo had been crushed to powder and the statue of Diana burnt to ashes. “And still,” she said, “you misinterpret the wonders of GOD’S Arm and persist in your blindness?”

At this Justin became enraged and cried out that they should get the beasts ready while he went to the palace to beg the Emperor himself to come to the amphitheatre. This he did, and both together ordered the Saint to be thrown among the wild beasts. Then Martina said: “Now, attend. I am about to offer my sacrifice.”

Now there was a lion of matchless ferocity, who every day eat forty pounds of meat besides much bread, and for three days they had kept him without food; for they meant to set him upon Martina.

The Emperor sat upon the highest step of the amphitheatre, and he was sad. At his command the Saint appeared in the arena, and immediately a great noise was heard in the air; and the crowd were terrified. Then the Emperor said to Martina: “Have confidence in me as in a father; only do what I require of you. I love you. I swear to you, by my gods, you can appease my wrath if you will. You shall be mistress of my palace. I will proclaim you Empress. You need not sacrifice; only, to satisfy the people, say one word, for he is great, the god Jupiter. Speak, then, to avert from above your head the avenging arm of the god; obey, and you shall live and share with me the burden of empire.”

But the martyr, raising her eyes to heaven and stretching forth her hands, prayed: “O Lord Jesus Christ, Light of my soul, unwearied Guide of Thy handmaiden, Sun of Justice, Eternal King, Who sittest upon an immortal throne, Thou that hast taught us to know Thee and Who givest a crown to Thy Saints, suffer me not to fail in the fight!”

Then addressing the Emperor: “You are mistaken,” she said. “You think to affright me by showing me death. But know that I think it sweeter to be devoured by wild beasts and to go to join Christ, with Whom I shall be blessed for ever, than to yield to your wicked entreaties, and afterward to be devoured by the eternal flames of hell.”

So the Emperor gave orders to let out the lion, who was roaring terribly in his cage. The keeper who fed him every day opened the door, and the lion rushed roaring upon the Saint. He stopped suddenly at some paces from her and began to show signs of joy at seeing her, shaking his head as if sympathizing with her pain and seeming to try and reassure her; then at one bound he reached her and began to lick her feet. At this Martina cried out: “How admir-

able is Thy power, O GOD! I see about me an army of shining angels glorifying Thee, taming the fury of the wild beasts and hindering them from devouring me in order to try and convince Alexander. For it is to open the eyes of Thine enemies and show to all the nothingness of this world's glory and power that Thou dost soften the wild nature of these animals. Let me not contract uncleanness, sustain my courage in this cruel struggle, and of Thy mercy keep me safe and sound, O my GOD."

"How does it come about," asked Alexander, "that the lion cast himself at your feet?"

"Seek truth in earnest," the Virgin said. "Love Christ." And she went over again the wonders that GOD had wrought for, and by, her and adjured him once more to repent and confess the GOD of all the earth. But as he watched the lion fondling her, he urged her again to confess Jupiter who, he said, was helping her.

"Then why," said the Saint, "did he not aid Apollo and the goddess Artemisia? It is the power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the prayers of the victim you are persecuting, that have brought about the fall of your idols."

The Emperor gave the order to put back the lion in his cage; his keeper gave the usual signal and immediately the lion sprang erect, threw himself upon Eumenius, a relation of the Emperor, and killed him. At this sight the people cried aloud: "Spare, O Emperor, spare her whom GOD defends and wild beasts hold in awe!"

But Alexander remained deaf to their cries and said to Martina: "Confess that Jupiter is God and I will send you away."

The Virgin answered: "I confess that Christ is GOD. This Jupiter you speak of is nothing but a bronze statue, and if I were to pray to the Lord he, too, would fall, as did Apollo. I remember that Christ said, speaking by the mouth of the Apostle, 'The law is, and by reason of the law sin aboundeth, but where sin aboundeth grace doth much more abound.' So where the law of the Emperor is I perceive the same thing. The prophets and the apostles preached the law of Jesus Christ, and in you sin superabounds; but where your iniquities abound without number the grace of Christ superabounds, and it will destroy the abominable worship of your idols, convert the peoples and bring them out of the way of perdition."

The Emperor ordered that she should be taken back to prison and she went, repeating these words: "I love Thy tabernacles, O my GOD; my soul sighs after Thee. I love Thee, O my GOD, Who livest, world without end. Deliver me from the snares about my feet, protect me from deceitful and wicked men. Teach me Thy Commandments; have pity upon me, according to the multitude of

Thy great mercies." And she entered her dungeon glorifying the Lord, where the Saints came to sing with her over her victories; and they spent the night in gladness of heart celebrating together the goodness of Jesus Christ.

Two days later, as the Emperor was going to the temple of the gods whom he worshipped, he sent for Martina. She came, shining like the sun. Alexander said to her: "Confess that Jupiter is God."

"I confess," replied the Saint, "that he is an infamous idol. Do with me what you will you will never win me over; for my Lord Jesus Christ is with me."

Then he had her tied to a pillar and torn with iron nails. And she said: "I rejoice, O Lord, to obey Thy will; I tremble with delight to behold the works of Thy Hands. Thou hast shown forth Thy wonders to Thy servant; Thy Justice is eternal, Thy Judgments are a torch that is never extinguished."

As the torture grew severe the people cried out: "Confess, Martina, that Jupiter is god, and you shall be delivered."

"I am a Christian," Martina said, "and I confess Christ," and she continued to praise the Lord.

But behold all the executioners are seized with violent pains that pierce the marrow of their bones, and they entreat the Emperor to allow them to stop. In his rage he orders the Saint to be burnt on a brazier. So they light a big fire, and, praying still, the Saint is thrown upon it; and the rain falls, and the wind blows and carries away the brazier and scatters the fire, which destroys many of the spectators.

Then the incredulous and blinded Emperor, still attributing the miracles of divine power to sorcery, orders Martina's head to be shaved. "For," said he, "it is in her hair that her powers of magic lie, and as long as she has that she will be victorious."

So they cut off her hair; and the Emperor said: "What will you do now, poor Martina? I have defeated your magic."

The Saint answered: "It is written in an epistle of St. Paul that a woman's hair is her glory and her ornament, and you dare to abuse me by taking away the glory that GOD gave to His creature? Well, you will see the Almighty take from you your power. GOD'S Glory will be your ruin, and you will die a shameful death of agony."

Then Alexander had her taken to the temple of Jupiter and there shut up. He affixed his seal to all the doors and went back to his palace. The Blessed One devoted herself to glorifying GOD in her new prison. Every day Alexander and the idol-priests went to the temple, but they did not dare to go in, for they heard the

sound of a multitude of angels; and the Emperor said: "Great Jupiter has assembled all the other gods to convince Martina."

On the third day there was to be a sacrifice of oxen and the usual profession of faith in honour of the false gods. The pagans arrived in crowds; and on opening the temple doors they saw the Blessed One seated on a throne, surrounded by a choir of angels, swinging censers filled with exquisite perfumes; and the idol of Jupiter lay on the ground reduced to powder.

Stupefied at the sight, the Emperor said: "Where is the god Jupiter?" The Saint answered: "Christ has delivered him to the angels of Hell, who broke him to pieces as they did Apollo. And you, who are dragging the imperial purple in the mud, the Lord will cast you also from your throne."

At these words the Emperor ordered her to be taken beneath the walls of the city and beheaded. Then the Saint was filled with joy at being about to leave this world of pain and suffering at last; and she began to rehearse all the wonders GOD had wrought for her and for the men of old, and how the Saviour Himself had been hungry and had suffered the torture of the Cross, and how He had descended into Hell and conquered immortality to rescue us from the horror of death. She entreated Him to receive her into the number of His faithful servants—that He would crown her combats, open the doors of Heaven to her and that, "clothed in the purple of martyrs," she might leave this world of temptation. "I am all sin and misery," she said, "but I trust to be found free from stain at the tribunal of Thy mercy; for I have suffered, and am about to die, for defending Thy Holy Law and confessing the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory and power for ever and ever. Amen."

Then to the executioners she said: "Carry out your orders." And immediately they cut off her head; and a Voice from Heaven was heard saying: "Martina, you fought for Me. Come and receive your reward. Today you shall be with Me in Paradise. Come and sing the hymn of joy with your fathers."

And at these words the executioners fell upon their faces and died.

The bishop Rhytorious and his clergy came and carried off the body of the Saint with holy songs, and they laid it in an alabaster tomb in a beautiful garden. But some say that she lay unburied for several days at the place of execution, with an eagle mounting guard at her head and at her feet; and that the bishop (who with his flock lay hidden in the catacombs), hearing of it, came himself to seek her body; and the Christians seeing it were consoled for the rigours of the persecution.

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EN ROUTE AND CHURCH MUSIC. *

ONE of the sternest clauses in the world-famous Decree on Church Music, which the present Holy Father issued on St. Cecilia's Day, in November, 1903, is that which describes the compositions of those whom all music lovers hold and cherish as masters, as entirely unsuitable for the liturgical service of the Church. In his "Instruction," Pius X has commanded that the ancient traditional Gregorian Chant must be everywhere restored to all public functions; the office which sacred music should fill in the Church—his words tell us—is to form an integral part with the solemn liturgy, and consequently it should contribute to the splendour and the beauty of ecclesiastical ceremonies, and should clothe with a suitable melody the liturgical text, so that through it as a channel the faithful way be the more easily moved to devotion, and better disposed for the reception of the graces which flow from the celebration of the Divine Mysteries. With this principle in mind, the Pope decides, that, since modern music has risen up mainly for profane ends, great care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted into the Church may contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profane pieces.

To one familiar with the daring license which many of the best composers have taken, not only with the text but even with the meaning of the words of the different parts of the Mass and other public services, the outlook—as shown in the catalogues of approved Church music, published recently in many dioceses, is not a very favorable one to the great modern composers themselves, and in the light of this widespread reaction to bring about such a momentous reform in the music of the Church, nothing, perhaps, would be more interesting and, indeed, more instructive than to ascertain for a certainty just what were the influences which impelled Pius X to institute this worthy change in the most difficult part of ecclesiastical services. Some would connect the name of Cardinal Sarto with the famous Congress of Arezzo, which was held in 1881, and which at the time so thoroughly aroused the displeasure of the Sacred Congregation of Rites; while others trace the more important of these influences outside the sphere of liturgy and pretend to read them in the pages of the multitudinous literature that was written on the subject of Gregorian melody towards the last ten years of Pope

*"En Route," by Joris-Karl Huysmans, translated from the French by C. Kegan Paul, London, 1896; second edition.

Leo's life. There is no doubt much truth in this second conjecture, for the literature on plain chant has sprung up from all quarters of the world, and in the past twenty-five years alone has grown into libraries. Among the many books treating with this ever-attractive subject, few have the charm for the Catholic mind that M. Huysman's "En Route" has. It is an exceedingly interesting work, a novel whose intrinsic merit cannot be too highly appreciated, nor its valuable criticisms too broadly accepted. Written by a Frenchman, a convert to the True Faith from the basest sort of infidelity and freemasonry, it portrays in nine remarkable chapters the story of the opinions, the spiritual difficulties and the moral temptations of a French *litterateur*, who has been led little by little to the door of the Church through his love of art, of mysticism and of Church music.

Harry Thurston Peck, in his admirable appreciation of M. Huysmans—in a little essay, "The Evolution of a Mystic"—speaks of "En Route" as the greatest novel of its day and as one of the most important, because it is one of the characteristic books of the closing years of the century now past. M. Huysmans, its author, is a Parisian of Flemish descent, and was born during the days of the Republic, in 1848. Until the publication of "En Route" he was considered a devotee of that crass naturalism in literature whose leading spirit centered in Emile Zola. The first six noteworthy novels that came from M. Huysmans' pen are bound together into a psychological development, presenting through the life of the single hero, Durtal, every stage of a moral degradation into the basest vices of sensualism, spiritualism and satanism, and a return through Faith to Christian asceticism. "En Route" is the vestibule of this reformation, and the series grows in importance to the reader because Huysmans, who had been a follower of satanism, became a Catholic shortly before its publication. Many of his critics, indeed, would fain see beneath the guise of the hero a delineation of the author's own moral and intellectual struggle. But the English translator of "En Route," the late Mr. C. Kegan Paul, a convert to Catholicism, declares emphatically that it would be intrusive and even impertinent to consider M. Huysmans' work as an analysis of himself or a description of his own conversion. Yet, he does not deny its possibility.

"En Route," is the third novel of the series in which Durtal figures as the hero. "With the first, 'A rebours,' which appeared in 1885," says Peck in "The Personal Equation," "this Flemish Frenchman reached a sort of morbid climax both in subject and in treatment, and because of this Herr Nordau chose him as embodying the quintessence of moral and literary degeneracy. Yet it seemed to many at the time of its appearance that in 'A rebours' there was to

be detected a new and striking note—an indication of new currents of tendency, a drift away from merely physical analysis, a reaching out towards something which, if not ethically higher, was, at any rate, more subtle and more psychologically interesting. The later works of M. Huysmans have made it plain that this assumption was a true one; and since 'La Bas,' the second of the novels, has been succeeded by this latest work, 'En Route,' the true significance of the change is very clear. Taking these three novels together, one may rightly view them as embodying a single purpose—a purpose of which perhaps and probably the writer was himself not always fully conscious, but which, as his task proceeded, fully seized upon his intellect, and was, no doubt, developed with the simultaneous development of his own experience." The keen psychological analysis of the novels which follows these words, quoted from the American critic, gives us a picture of a soul's degeneracy too fearful, too appalling to dwell upon. Our purpose, moreover, is not to bring into light so much the struggles of the passionate nature of the hero as merely to catalogue the more important of the wonderful critiques on Church Music, which cover almost every page of "En Route." To the Catholic mind and the Catholic heart there is nothing but sorrow in the representation of a soul so sated with the pleasures of the flesh, so diseasedly sensual that it is at once most hideous and revolting; of a man whose nature turns at last from the nauseating sordidness of his own life, not into right living at first, but into a sort of mystical frenzy that carries his perverse heart into the grossest sacrileges of satanism and devil-worship, that finds him "present at a black mass, where blasphemy supplants the Litany, where prayer is mocked by cursing and where images of the devil and his angels take the place of God and the Saints." Like the blessed sunshine after the storm, however, the first rays of God's sun of Hope pierce the darkened clouds gathered about the heart of Durtal, and he is presented to us in the opening pages of "En Route" "as already weaned, in spirit at least, from the life he has led so long and as one who has accepted in the fullest sense the faith of the Catholic Church." Mr. Peck describes him as led on at the start by curiosity alone, until his mind and his imagination alike were seized and held fast by the artistic side of the Roman ritual. Setting himself to learn the inner history of the Church, the lives of the Saints and the story of the passionate devotion which those lives have illustrated, he steeped himself in the spirit of the Middle Ages and sought out those sanctuaries where that spirit still finds its manifestations apart from the sordidness of modern life. The stately Gregorian music, the child-like yet affecting forms of mediaeval art, the ancient churches, whose chapels are dimmed by

the smoke of innumerable censers and impregnated with the odor of extinguished tapers and of burning incense, excited in him indescribable emotions. It is a wonderful, an interesting, biography of a man whose moral failings have made him a wanderer through every stage of despair to be led to return to the True Fold only along the pathways of his love of Catholic art and his ardent admiration for the ancient music of the Church. Its pages are filled with essays—sometimes, indeed, to the point of tediousness—on Church Architecture, the Monastic Orders, Hagiography and Mysticism, and, on what is of eminent importance at the present day, on the music found in our churches now as contrasted with the magnificence and sublimity of the pure Gregorian Chant. If I might beg the reader's indulgence for a last quotation—the closing words of Mr. Peck's enthusiastic study of Huysmans—I shall feel that the aversion which a mere hinting at the sad side of Durtal's life may have engendered in the hearts of some will be overcome by the friendly words of one who, though a non-Catholic, appreciates the beauties and, let us hope, the divine origin and perpetuity of the Catholic Church. "To those of us who are Protestants," he says, "the book is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the severe and lofty accents of divine authority." Let us take a glance at some of these criticisms which M. Huysmans puts on the lips of Durtal.

In the opening scene of Durtal's life, after his conversion to the Catholic Faith, we find him entering the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, at eight o'clock on a quiet evening during the first week of November. The sermon was in progress and preparations were being made around him for the chanting of the Office for the Dead. He liked St. Sulpice, because it possessed a choir excellently trained in the old Gregorian music, which was fast dying out in the churches of Paris. The sermon was soon over, and the silence that followed

was broken by a gentle prelude from the organ, that fell lower and lower as though merely to accompany the voices. Suddenly,

" a slow and mournful chant arose, the 'De Profundis.' Resting on the low accompaniment of the organ, aided by basses so hollow that they seemed to have descended into themselves, the voices sprang out chanting the verse, 'De profundis ad te clamavi, Do—,' and then stopped in fatigue, letting the last syllables, 'mine,' fall like a heavy tear; then the voices of children, near breaking, took up the second verse of the psalm, 'Domine exaudi vocem meam,' and the second half of the last word again remained in suspense, but instead of separating and falling to the ground, there to be crushed out like a drop, it seemed to gather itself together with a supreme effort and fling to Heaven the anguished cry of the disincarnate soul, cast naked and in tears before God. At the end of the psalm, when the responses of the antiphon came—'Et lux perpetua luceat eis'—the children's voices broke into a sad, silken cry, a sharp sob, trembling on the word *eis*, which remained suspended in the void. The children's voices stretched to breaking, the clear, sharp voices threw into the darkness of the chant some whiteness of the dawn, joining their pure, soft sounds to the resonant tones of the basses, piercing as with a jet of living silver the sombre cataract of the deeper singers; they sharpened the wailing, strengthened and embittered the burning salt of tears, but they insinuated also a sort of protecting caress, balsamic freshness and lustral help; they lighted in the darkness those brief gleams which tinkle in the 'Angelus' at dawn of day; they called up, anticipating the prophecies of the text, the compassionate image of the Virgin, passing, in the pale light of their tones, into the darkness of that sequence. The 'De Profundis' so chanted was incomparably beautiful. That sublime prayer ending in sobs, at the moment when the soul of the voices was about to overpass human limits, gave a wrench to Durtal's nerves and made his heart beat."

Almost at a bound Huysmans forces the conviction upon us that he possesses a soul as subdued, as musical and as sympathetic as a deep-toned bell; there is something so unmistakably poetical in his exquisite descriptions, in his words that fairly breathe of life and motion, that we can imagine him only as a man who, having passed through the crucible of intense mental anguish, is ceaselessly brooding in spiritual realms of thought and fancy; whose delicately

attuned ears are ever listening to far-off chiming church bells, so celestial in their tone that they keep compelling from his heart surge on surge of tears down cheeks of trembling joy, and as one who—no matter what the past has been—has arrived at that happy place where the gleam of the soothing light of Heaven is continually shining in his eyes, and, dazzling his sight to things of earth, is uplifting his soul in thought to the Throne of the Eternal Good. One regrets, however, that the artistic proportion of his work is blurred with a fatal prejudice that seems remarkable in a man of so broad a cast of mind, against the polyphonic music of the Palestrinian School and against what he calls the human, earthly music of modern composers. What seemed to him superior to the most vaunted works of theatrical or worldly music, he tells us,

“ was the old Plain Chant, that even and naked melody, at once ethereal and of the tomb; those grandiose hymns of human faith—the solemn cry of sadness and lofty shout of joy—which seem to well up in the cathedrals like irresistible geysers at the very foot of the Romanesque columns. What music, however ample, sorrowful or tender, is worth the ‘De Profundis’ chanted in unison, the solemnity of the ‘Magnificat,’ the splendid warmth of the ‘Lauda Sion,’ the enthusiasm of the ‘Salve Regina,’ the sorrow of the ‘Miserere’ and the ‘Stabat Mater’ and the majestic omnipotence of the ‘Te Deum’? Artists of genius have set themselves to translate the sacred texts—Vittoria, Jorquin re Prée, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Handel, Bach and Haydn have written wonderful pages. Often, indeed, they have been uplifted by the mystic effluence—the very emanation of the Middle Ages, forever lost; and yet their works have retained a certain pomp, and in spite of all are pretentious, as opposed to the humble magnificence, the sober splendour, of the Gregorian Chant. With them the whole thing came to an end for composers no longer believed.”

Many of the lovers of Plain Chant, for which M. Huysmans is so enthusiastic, would hardly concur with him in this bias of judgment on the polyphony of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; something so heavenly seems to linger about such harmonized Gregorian melodies as the “Improperia,” “Popule meus” and the “Missa pro Papa Marcelli secundi” of the Prince of Church Music that to eliminate them from the services of the Church would be undoubtedly unjust. Palestrina was the height of his genius when he wrote these beautiful compositions, and one never tires of hearing the story so oft repeated of how when Pope Marcellus II first heard

the Mass in his honor he was so overcome by the sublime magnificence of the work that he declared it had taken one John in his apocalypse to describe to us the music of Heaven, but another John (meaning Palestrina, whose first name was Giovanni) to bring that music to our ears; and certainly one who has listened to the chanters on Good Friday as they almost whisper the words of the "Popule meus" has felt the very air of the darkened church or cathedral murmur of the awful sacrifice of Calvary. We are compelled, nevertheless, to agree with Huysmans, that the motive underlying the compositions of modern musical geniuses is not the glory of God, but, rather, the determination to exhibit their own skill and to perpetuate their own names and fame. In the liturgical chant, however,

"created almost always anonymously in the depth of the cloisters, was an extra-terrestrial well without taint of sin or trace of art. It was an uprising of souls already freed from the slavery of the flesh, an explosion of elevated tenderness and pure joy, the idiom of the Church and a musical gospel appealing like the Gospel itself at once to the most refined and the most humble. . . . Born of the Church and brought up by her in the choir-schools of the Middle Ages, Plain Chant is the aerial and mobile paraphrase of the immovable structure of the Cathedrals; it is the immaterial and fluid interpretation of the canvases of the Early Painters; it is a winged translation, but also the strict and unbending stole of those Latin sequences which the monks built up or hewed out in the cloisters in the far-off olden time.

"Now it is changed and disconnected, foolishly overwhelmed by the crash of organs, and is chanted, God knows how!"

Lost in these reflections, Durtal is unconscious that the services have been progressing, until the first sad chords of that despairing hymn of the Middle Ages, the "Dies Irae," burst forth from the organ. Instinctively he bowed his head and listened.

"This was no more as in the 'De Profundis,' an humble supplication, a suffering which believes it has been heard and discerns a path of light to guide it in the darkness, no longer the prayer which has hope enough not to tremble, but it was the cry of absolute desolation and of terror. And, indeed, the divine wrath breathed tempestuously through these stanzas. In this chant it asserted itself still more savagely, for it threatened to strike the waters and break in pieces the mountains, and to rend asunder the depths of

Heaven by thunder-bolts. And the earth, alarmed, cried out in fear,

“ ‘Mors stupebit et natura,
Cura resurgit creatura,
Judicanti responsura.’ ”

“A crystalline voice, a clear child's voice, proclaimed in the nave the tidings of these cataclysms; and after this the choir chanted new strophes, wherein the implacable judge came with shattering blare of trumpet, to purify by fire the rottenness of the world! Then, in its turn, a bass, deep as a vault, as though issuing from the crypt, accentuated the horror of the prophecies, made these threats more overwhelming; and after a short strain by the choir, an alto repeated them in yet more detail. As soon as the awful poem has exhausted the enumeration of chastisement and suffering, in shrill tones—the falsetto of a little boy—the name of Jesus went by, and a light broke in on the thunder-cloud, the panting universe cried for pardon, pleading with Him for absolution, as formerly He had spared the penitent thief and the Magdalen. But in the same despairing and headstrong melody the tempest raged again, drowned with its waves the half-seen shores of Heaven; and the solos continued, interrupted by the recurrent weeping of the choir, giving with the diversity of voices a body to the special conditions of shame, the particular states of fear, the different ages of tears. At last, when still mixed and blended, these voices had borne away on the great waters of the organ all the wreckage of human sorrows, all the buoys of prayers and tears, they fell exhausted, paralyzed with terror, wailing and sighing like a child who hides its face, stammering, ‘Dona eis requiem,’ ‘dona eis requiem,’ they ended, worn out, in an Amen so plaintive that it died away in a breath above the sobbignig of the organ.”

When the solemn Office for the Dead was over and the silence of St. Sulpice brought Durtal back to himself, he felt calmer and happier than he had done for many months. A quiet joy had taken possession of his soul, and the Faith which had entered some time before was increased; and at last he believed with his whole heart. He could hardly understand his conversion; there had been no road to Damascus, no events to bring about such a tremendous crisis; nothing external had happened; but he awoke one blessed morning, and without knowing how or why he trusted in God and in His Holy

Church. Try as he would to penetrate to the innermost recesses of his soul for an answer, he could discover nothing; for the action of God had come, and, like the gentle brush of the zephyr, left no trace of its coming or going, leaving only the sensation behind. His sole pleasure now consisted in visiting the different churches of Paris, listening to the sermons of their clergy and to the music of their choirs and gaining renewed strength from the sight of so many humble and devout worshipers kneeling before the altars and the crucifixes. But, conscious in this ecstasy of mind that he was weak and liable to waiver in heart, he decided to hunt out a certain Abbé Gévrlsin, a prudent, kindly old priest, whom he had met several times at a bookseller's in Paris, and to seek help and advice from him. The Abbé was a shrewd man, one who had had experience with many different classes of human nature, and the story, as Huysmans tells it, of how carefully and how delicately he brought Durtal to the realization of the assistance he would obtain from a retreat with the Trappists is a lesson—a strong, living lesson to all who are interested in like conversions, and deserves every priest's closest study. It is impossible to repeat with any degree of conciseness the mental experiences of the man as they are portrayed by the author; and, moreover, as our motive is to keep Durtal as the critic of Church Music, we must pass over this very interesting part of the novel and take up, though not chronologically, the more important gems of criticism that escape his lips. The dash of virile, masterly rebuke that pervades the whole work against the usurpation of Gregorian melodies by modern compositions, which he savagely describes as offshoots of pert mysticism and as fonts of toilet water invented by our *bie-aime* Gounod, is wonderful from more than one point of view, because the author so successfully keeps up the interest of the reader even with these—sometimes too palpably crowded-in—essays on the Chant of the Church.

One day, when the Abbé had skilfully aroused Durtal's enthusiasm for the Benedictine Order he spoke to him of the singing of the monks and the nuns and of the efforts that the Benedictines have made in the renaissance of the old Plain Song.

“‘You have reason to like it,’ said the Abbé, ‘for even independently of the liturgy and of art, this chant, if I may believe Saint Justin, appeases the desires and concupiscences of the flesh—*affectiones et concupiscentias carnes sedat*—but, let me assure you, you only know it by hearsay; there is no longer an true chant in the churches; these you hear today are like the products of therapeutics, only more or less audacious adulterations presented to you. None of the chants which are to some respects followed by choirs, the

"Tantum Ergo," for example, are now exact, and these adulterations are still more apparent if you listen to the "Salve Regina." This is abridged more than half, is enervated and blanched; half its pauses are taken away, and it is reduced to a mere stump of ignoble music. If you ever heard this magnificent chant among the Trappists, you would weep with disgust at hearing it bawled in the churches of Paris.'

" 'Yes, I know it well,' said Durtal. 'When I hear it at St. Sulpice, St. Séverin or Notre Dame des Victoires I am aware that it is sophisticated, but you must admit that it is even then superb. I do not defend the tricks, the addition of *florituri*, the falseness of the musical pauses, the felonious accompaniment, the concert-room tone inflicted on you at Saint Sulpice; but what can I do? In default of the original, I must be content with a more or less worthless copy; and I repeat, even executed in that fashion, the music is so admirable that I am enchanted with it.'

" 'But,' said the Abbé, quietly, 'nothing obliges you to listen to the false Plain Chant when you can hear the true, for there exists in Paris a chapel where it is intact and given according to the rules of which I have spoken.'

" 'Indeed; and where is that?'

" 'At the Benedictine nuns of the Blessed Sacrament, in the Rue Monsieur.'

" 'Had I but known this chapel earlier,' said Durtal on leaving the Abbé."

The following Sunday he set out and arrived at the little chapel before the time for Mass. It was a structure of pure Gothic architecture, situated in a little-frequented street, and was built so that the nuns could have the strictest privacy. His early arrival gave him the opportunity of seeing the nuns enter the cloister beyond the iron grating separating them from the nave of the chapel. They were followed by an old white-haired priest who was robed for Mass. A small organ, invisible and modest-toned, gave the note to the voices, and as soon as the priest had reached the altar the chant began. Durtal was transported with joy at its almost supernatural beauty; there were not thirty or forty singing, but only one, for the voices were intertwined into a single, soft, heavenly voice that charmed him. He then heard,

. . . . "after a mournful and solemn 'Kyrie Eleison'—sharp and almost tragic, the decided cry, so loving and so grave, of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' to the true Plain Chant. He listened to the 'Credo,' slow and bare, solemn and pen-

sive, and he was able to affirm that these chants were totally different from those which were sung everywhere in the Churches. St. Severin and St. Sulpice now seemed to him profane; in the place of their gentle warmth, their curls and their fringes, the angles of their polished melodies, their modern endings, their incoherent accompaniments arranged for the organ, he found himself in the presence of a chant, thin, sharp and nervous, like the work of an early master; and he saw the ascetic severity of its lines, its sonorous colouring, the brightness of its metal hammered out with the rude yet charming art of Gothic jewels; he heard the woven robe of sound, the beating of a simple heart, the ingenuous love of ages; and he noticed that curious shade in Benedictine music—it ended all cries of adoration, all tender sighing in a timid murmur, cut short, as though shrinking in humility, effacing itself modestly as though asking pardon of God for having dared to love Him.

“‘Ah, you were right, indeed, to send me there,’ said Durtal to the Abbé when he saw him again.

“‘I had no other choice,’ answered the priest, smiling, for he had accomplished a conquest over Durtal that would be conducive to his going on a retreat with the Benedictines, ‘because the Plain Chant is respected only in convents under the Benedictine rule. That grand Order has restored it. Dom Pothier has done for it what Dom Guéranger has done for the liturgy.’”

The mention of Dom Pothier brings back a flood of happy memories today—at a time when he has reached the golden zenith of that success for which he has spent a lifetime, and for which he has devoted energies which would have made him famous in whatever direction he chose to put them. He was the leading spirit at Solesmes of one of the most energetic and cultured bodies of men in the world, before the outrage which was inflicted on the Benedictine Monastery and its celebrated presses there by the French Government a short time ago dispersed the good monks. And it was to the Benedictine system of Gregorian Chant, in which he stood as a master, that Pope Pius gave his pontifical authority as the only chant to be sung in the churches throughout the world. Yet, hidden beneath the publication of the “Vatican Kyriale,” in August, 1905, which is based upon the studies and manuscripts of Dom Pothier, many silent crises have been met with and overcome, many a heart on fire with enthusiasm for the restoration of the true Chant has been bowed in sacrifice, and a struggle of which the outside world knows little has been kept as secretly as possible through

the humility and the patience of the religious body of which Dom Pothier is a member. But we must return to Durtal.

Naturally, the fervent religious scene which he had witnessed in that little Benedictine chapel in the Rue Monsieur enthused him to become better acquainted with the humble yet highly gifted Order, and the keen old Abbé, who had anticipated this feeling, suggested to him to go the following week in retreat at the Monastery of Notre Dame de l'Atre. We meet here the first, and perhaps the only, humorous situation in the whole novel. It might be called solemnly humorous, as we watch Durtal packing his portmanteau for the visit with works on Mysticism, lives of the saints, cigarettes, chocolate, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, the "Dolorous Passion" of Catherine Emmerich, sugar, a stock of tobacco, packets of antipyrine, laudanum and towels, thinking there would be none at the Monastery. He would like to draw back now, but his promise to the Abbé and the letter which he received that morning from the Father Superior bind him to go; and he sets out, like a man going to execution, with the words of a droll prayer on his lips:

"Take count of this, O Lord! I know by experiment when I am ill-fed. I have neuralgia. Humanly, logically speaking, I am certain to be horribly ill at Notre Dame de l'Atre; nevertheless . . . I will go, all the same. In default of love, this is the only proof I can give. I desire Thee, that I truly hope and believe in Thee, but do Thou, O Lord, aid me.'"

Durtal was at least morally weak; his nature had been so steeped in vice before the light of Faith broke over his soul that he was continually wandering, even now in the spiritual atmosphere of the monastery, from licentiousness of thought to love of God. His struggles, his trials, his temptations and falls at the monastery are vividly pictured with the usual French frankness in these matters, although the translator has wisely tempered down the indelicacy of the phrasing here and there; for Durtal, as he says, "writes in narrative certain matters which a translation must hide and merely hint; that can be said in French, openly, which English *men* would not say to each other in private." In the midst of prayer he is compelled to battle with his nature, till little by little peace comes over him, and the great day of Confession at last arrives. The terrible tragedy of that Confession! The arrows of shame and remorse pierce every sensible part of his heart, but, oh, how peaceful and loving was the consolation which entered into his whitened soul when it was over! And how heavenly a fervour did the reception of the Body and Blood of Our Lord engender his heart the next morning!

Here in the Abbey he heard for the first time the true Gregorian

Chant sung by men. It was the hour for Compline in the evening, and twilight was gradually stealing over all the valley, as he went across the grounds to the Chapel. The Chant down to the Hymn for the day did not differ from the Vespers he had heard so often at Paris, but suddenly all the monks arose in their places, and with a mighty, yet subdued, shout the "Salve Regina" rang through the fast-darkening Chapel. The description of this great Hymn of St. Bernard is one of the most striking passages in the book:

" . . . Durtal was indeed affected as he listened to this admirable chant, which had nothing in common with that which is bellowed at Paris in the churches. This was at once flexible and ardent, sustained by such suppliant adoration that it seemed to concentrate in itself alone the immemorial hope of humanity and its eternal lamentation. Chanted without accompaniment, unsustained by the organ, by voices indifferent to themselves and blending in one alone, masculine and deep, it rose with a quiet boldness, sprang up with irresistible flight towards Our Lady, then made, as it were, a return upon itself, and its confidence was lessened; it advanced more tremblingly, but so different, so humble, that it felt itself forgiven, and dared then in passionate appeals to demand the undeserved pleasures of Heaven. . . . Durtal followed in his prayer book this work with so short a text, so long a chant, and as he listened to it and read it with recollection, this magnificent prayer seemed to decompose as a whole and to represent three different stages of the soul, to exhibit the triple phase of humanity—its youth, its maturity and its decline. It was, in a word, an essential summary of prayer for all ages.

First, there was the canticle of exultation, the joyous welcome of a being still little, stammering forth respectful caresses, petting with gentle words and the fondness of a child who seeks to coax his mother: 'Salve, Regina, mater misericordiae vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.' Here the soul so candid, so simply happy, has grown, and, knowing the willful failings of thought, the repeated loss through sin, joins her hands, and asks, sobbing, for help. She adores no longer with smiles but with tears. 'Ad te clamamus, exules filii Heval, ad te suspiramus, gerrentes et flentes in hac lachrymarum valle.' At last old age comes. The soul lies, tormented by the memory of counsels neglected, by regret for lost graces, and having become weaker and more full of tears, is charmed before her deliverance,

before the destruction of that prison of the flesh which she feels at hand, and then she thinks of the eternal death of those whom the Judge condemns. On her knees, she implores the Advocatress of earth, the Consultrix of Heaven: 'Eja ergo Advocata nostra, illos two misericordes oculos ad nos converte, et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, novis post hoc exilium ostende.' And then is added the three invocations of St. Bernard, "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria, scaling the inimitable prose with a triple seal, by those three cries of love which recall the hymn to the affectionate adoration of its beginning."

The remaining pages of this wonderful novel, from which we have quoted so many lines, are given over to describing Durtal's life in the monastery during the several days left of his retreat; only occasionally do we find allusions to Plain Chant, though many criticisms on the Liturgy of the Church, and on the Hymns of the Breviary all as well analyzed as the foregoing quotation shows it has been done in the case of the "Salve Regina." While he was driving to the station, however, on the day of his departure, he was surprised to find that the monk accompanying him was not only the coachman of the Monastery, but also the keeper of the accounts, the commercial agent, the first chanter and the Professor of Plain Song. The good man assured Durtal in all simplicity that he esteemed all five offices alike, but, since the revival of the ancient melodies of the Church had begun in earnest throughout the Benedictine Order, his mind and his time were entirely occupied in following the work of the monks of Solesmes. M. Huysmans, who became a Benedictine at Solesmes some few years ago, never allows an opportunity of praising the Solesmes Chant to pass; and, indeed, from the savage tone of the last two or three pages of "En Route" one might well imagine that the author had a personal quarrel with the Ratisbon editors, so full are his concluding sentences with ridicule and contempt, not for the Ratisbon music alone, which has been abolished by the Pope's "Motu Proprio," but even more especially for those who were instrumental in publishing the chant books which have been in use for the past thirty years and which are, as he makes the good monk say to Durtal, "the absolute negation of Gregorian tradition and the most complete heresy of Plain Chant."

The Holy Father was speaking the truth when he said in a letter to Cardinal Respighi about a month after the issuance of the famous decree of reform, "The Gregorian Chant, restored in such a satisfactory way to its early purity, is sweet, soft, easy to learn and of a beauty so fresh and full of surprises that wherever it has

been introduced it has never failed to excite real enthusiasm in the youthful singers."

And yet there are many even within the Church to whom all this work of reform is but a runic enigma. How few Catholics have ever heard Plain Chant outside the "Prefaces" and the "Pater Noster"? This priceless heritage, the relic of the great ages of Faith, is practically unknown to our Catholic people of today. It remains then for those who are familiar with its sublimity, with its never-ending magnificence, who see in it a beauty like the multitudinous rippling laugh of the ocean, who find in it, as Huysmans in "En Route" has done, the greatest source of their inspiration and the brightest vision of that immortal life God has destined for the soul whose faith it strengthens and consoles, to enter with willing hands into the great work of restoring the Chant in all its purity to the children of the twentieth century, so that they may enjoy the tremendous influence that this heavenly song of our forefathers will undoubtedly exert upon the religion of the future.

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London, England.

THE HOME RULE STRUGGLE AS A TEST OF CONSTITUTIONAL RULE.

IT IS a singular concomitant of every great movement that has marked the efforts of the Irish people to emancipate their country from the dismal incubus of foreign domination that the outcome resulted in bringing to the people of Great Britain as well as they a great triumph for the broad cause of Constitutional rule versus privilege and caste ascendancy. Catholic emancipation brought emancipation for the British Isles generally, as well as the Irish population in particular. The agitation which culminated in the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland has been imitated successfully in Wales, and is so far advanced toward final success as to want only a few finishing touches to make it the law in Great Britain. There are also minor examples of the beneficent influence which the "divine discontent" of a small people, chafing under an odious tyranny, ecclesiastical, political and fiscal in its scope, and of long prescription in the statute law of the United Kingdom, has exerted on the policy of "the predominant partner," but the two greater ones we have singled out will suffice for the purpose of showing how the weaker partner, by calm, resolute and pertinacious adhesion to a policy of resistance within the law, may in the result prove its claim to have been all through the really pre-

dominant one—the partner who led the way to national greatness and the uplift of the whole population. The people of Scotland, though never in modern days having labored under a systematic neglect of their local business, such as those of Ireland long groaned under unheeded, have taken heart by Ireland's example and secured Parliamentary assent to the second reading of a measure with an object identical to the Home Rule plan elaborated for Ireland, and in a short time, in the natural order of Parliamentary progress, that measure will be the law of the land and in practical operation throughout Scotland.

Recent developments in Ireland have brought the British people face to face with the startling fact that, despite all the Tennysonian boasts of the freedom which those who till the soil of England thought they enjoyed, the rule under which they have long lived was, in its last analysis, that of an autocratic and military oligarchy. Under this deep-rooted aristocratic upas tree the chances of merit securing its rightful share in the prizes of life in the public service, in either army or navy, were infinitesimal until the introduction of the law abolishing the purchase of commissions as the sole rule, and introducing the competitive examination system as a *sine qua non* for a pass in the commissioned officer class. Despite the introduction of this new principle, the power of wealth and aristocratic influence was potent enough to form an *imperium in imperio* in the disposal of high office in both army and navy.

Long and bitter experience failed, time after time, in every great Empire or State, to check the tendency toward a military ascendancy over the affairs of the nation—a tendency inherent in the recognition of the popular maxim that the safety of the people is the highest law. Men had risen to the highest office in the service of the people, as represented by the monarch or by the consuls, or by the decemvirs, or by the timarchs, or any other trustees of the people's sovereign supremacy, in States that had risen from the condition of serfdom under despotic rule; and these men became as difficult to dislodge from positions of preëminence, even in Republics, as the dictators who in times of desperate extremity had been summoned from private life to save the nation by the force of character, the genius for organization and the military aptitude they possessed. Hence ancient history is one long monotonous chronicle of the rise and fall of aspiring men whose patriotism was subordinated to their personal ambition as soon as the emergencies that had called them to the place of honor in the national defense had disappeared for the time being. The supremacy of the sword over the toga was finally asserted in the mighty Republic of Rome, gradually transformed into an Empire by the voluptuous tendencies of

its aristocrats, when the Prætorian Guards were enabled to dictate the choice of men to be, not rulers, but mere *rois faineants* or figure-heads in the imperial palaces. When the flood of barbaric irruption burst its dams after the downfall of the colossal Empire, nearly every institution of civilization in Europe gave way before its fury. The imperial city alone, having the Church as its citadel, withstood the shock, and its head, the dauntless Gregory, faced the hordes of Attila, who boasted that he was "the scourge of God," humbled his barbarian pride and compelled him to retrace his steps, because he had reached his limit.

The British Isles, owing to their insular position, lay long immune from the ravage which was fast making of the European Continent a trackless wilderness and an eyesore to the earth by the stoppage of the labors of the husbandman and the slaughter of the industrious population. Hengist and Horsa led a force of Angles and Saxons and Jutes, it is true, into Britain, but these, having been converted to Christianity by St. Augustine and his monks, and by Irish monks on the western shore and northern border, the island was ere long reduced to comparative quiet and orderly government by the establishment of the principle of parliamentary rule under the Anglo-Saxon monarchs. This quiet was at length rudely dissipated by the irruption of the stern mail-clad hosts of the Norman power under Duke William; and the rule of the sword that was established on the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon Witan, sanctified as it had been by the saintly headship of King Edward and other wise and pious rulers of the Anglo-Saxon and Danish dynasties succeeded. The coming of the Normans to England marked the introduction of the system of military predominance into the political existence of the British people. The creation of a military caste by the introduction of the laws of primogeniture, with military service as a feudal obligation, incurred by every man whose name appeared on the roll of Battle Abbey as the recipient of grants of the land confiscated from the Anglo-Saxons when their power was overthrown at the battle of Hastings, marked an entirely new departure in British polity. This feudal military supremacy was maintained by the Anglo-Norman lords until it became a tyranny too intolerable, and Simon de Montfort convened a Parliament and drew up a code of laws which, embodying the principles of the Great Charter wrung from King John by the barons at Runnymede, substituted the rule of the civil power for the power of the sword, and the power of the Commons' House over the public purse through the budgets presented to Parliament by the Chancellors of the Exchequer every year.

This, briefly, was the genesis of the present highly developed

fiscal system which gives complete control of the public revenues to the two Houses of Parliament. But that control was not finally secured without many a prolonged and bitter—yea, sanguinary—struggle with the powerful Kings of the Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart dynasties. The ferocious Henry the Eighth had a pleasant habit of sending a card of invitation to call on him to the bold member of Parliament who had the temerity to stand up and demand an explanation why so much money was needed for this item or that in the Chancellor's list, and intimating that if opposition were persisted in, the member might find his conduct inconsistent with the retention of his ears or mayhap his head. King Charles the First found the inquisitiveness of Parliament so obnoxious to his plans of foreign policy and internal development that he determined to abolish the troublesome formula of presenting a budget, and substituting Crown warrants for royalty's needs, on customs, shipping and other established sources of revenue; and this practice was persisted in until it raised a rebellion on the part of Parliament and people, as a consequence of which the King's armies were defeated and he himself compelled to fly to Scotland, where he was taken prisoner and handed over to his enraged subjects across the border for a small sum of money. He lost his crown and he lost his head for his temerity in defying Parliament; and the main count in the bill of indictment drawn up by the Commons against him was the offense against the Constitution of keeping a standing army without the sanction of Parliament and using the same to overawe the people. Then came the most apt illustration of the ancient fable of King Log and King Stork that human history affords. If the monarch, Charles, had scourged the people with whips, the plebeian, Cromwell, who had destroyed him, after he had secured his own supremacy by military force, proceeded to make himself independent of Parliamentary control in the same despotic way as Charles did, was the King *de facto* for thirteen years ere he died, and was almost tempted to accept the offer of a *de jure* title, in much the same way as Cæsar was coy about a similar offer. He would not be addressed as "Your Majesty," but he assented to "Your Highness." He had destroyed the Puritan league in the army, even as he had destroyed the monarchy and the power of Parliament over the army. Despite the "self-denying ordinance" of the "Solemn League and Covenant" he had accepted the highest honors, power and "train attendant" for himself and his house. Cromwell's dealings with the army had been so fruitful in inducing in his followers a belief in the rightful superiority of the military over the civil arm that the remains of that belief seem never to this day to have been entirely eradicated in Great Britain.

The situation which was brought about in Ulster recently through the secret plotting and open treason in Parliament and on public platforms by members of the Orange lodges corresponded with that which arose in London when the news came that General Monk, at the head of the Scottish army, was marching toward the capital. "A united army," says Macaulay, "had long kept down a divided nation, but the nation was now united and the army was divided."

The parallel is startling in its similarity, though nearly three centuries have passed away in the interval. The Orange leaders had gone about among the rank and file of the volunteers that Ulster had begun to train in military tactics, declaring that the soldiers of the Crown would not be used to repress them when they offered resistance to the transfer of governmental power to a Parliament sitting in the Irish capital. Lord Halsbury, an ex-Chancellor, the highest judicial and legal office under the Crown, whose holder is officially designated as "the keeper of the King's conscience," was one of those who took the stump in favor of the intended rebellion in Ulster and told a South London audience at the end of April, 1914, that "It had become a question of whether the people who lived with the rights which their fathers had won by their swords should have those rights taken from them, and whether the British flag, which had for so long braved the battle and breeze should be treated as a filthy rag. If the Government attempted by British arms to shoot down British men because they tried to respect and preserve what had been won for them in the times gone by, then he would say to them, do it, but do it if you dare."

When the real situation, in all its astounding seriousness, became known to the Government, it was at once apparent that an emergency unparalleled in modern times confronted the country. A few days after Mr. Asquith, as Premier, had stated the terms of the new concessions which the Government offered as the last word to be said on concessions, both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, the Unionist leaders, rejected the proposals contemptuously and repeated Ulster's threat to fight. At once Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, took up the insolent defiance. Speaking at Bradford, he said: "After this offer has been made, any unconstitutional action by Ulster can only wear, in a phrase which Mr. Gladstone once used on another occasion, the aspect of unprovoked aggression, and I am sure and certain that the first soldier who is attacked and killed by an Orangeman will raise an explosion in this country of a kind they little appreciate or understand, and will shake to the very foundations the basis and structure of society. We cannot let ourselves be bullied by threats of force,

or, let me add, by force itself, from doing justice to the rest of Ireland and from making good arrangements for the future of the whole of Ireland and maintaining the authority of the State. Mr. Law says in effect if there is civil war in Ulster it will spread to England, too. I agree with him. I go further. Once resort is had to violence by the leaders of a British party, Ulster and Ulster's affairs will dwindle to comparative insignificance. This will be the issue: whether civil and Parliamentary government in these realms is to be beaten down by the menace of armed force."

The way in which the army had been honeycombed by the machinations of the Orange intriguers made a situation full of pitfalls for the Government had they proceeded on their course with regard to the Home Rule measure in ignorance of the secret tunneling. It was discovered as by a fortunate accident.

As in the time of the Stuarts and Queen Anne, the work of party intrigue began at court and was carried on in the drawing-rooms and clubs. The old Marchioness of Londonderry (one of the Castlereagh family), the Marquis of Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn and other members of the ascendancy aristocracy were coöperating with the Unionist leaders in the organization of the resistance of "Ulster"—that being the term selected to deceive the outside world as to the scope and area of opposition to Home Rule in the North of Ireland, the fact being that it was confined in reality to portions of four counties of the province. The Duke of Abercorn had been twice Viceroy in Ireland, and under his reign the Orangemen had the last word in shaping the policy of Dublin Castle as to the internal affairs of Ireland. The Hamiltons, the Castlereaghs, the Beresfords and the O'Neills (Chichesters in reality, although called O'Neill under royal letters patent, granted by James I.) were the real rulers of Ireland, save for the short period when an honest Englishman, Sir Thomas Drummond, held the important post of Chief Secretary. He initiated an honest policy and made an attempt to clean out the *débris* of a system that was redolent of the foul methods of Titus Oates, Major Sirr and his "battalion of testimony," Lord Norbury, the Irish Jeffreys in the hanging business, and Lords Clare and Castlereagh. Since Drummond's time until John Morley's appointment as Chief Secretary there had not been any sympathy between the Government and the people of Ireland. Tory statesmen recognized no reason why any such sympathy should exist. As regards the relations of the army in Ireland to popular movements, as a rule, the policy of the Government was to keep it as far as possible out of sight and not use it unless in the last emergency in agrarian quarrels between landlords' agents and the tenants. There was one remarkable occasion when the Commander of the

Forces was consulted by the Viceroy, on the part of the Government, as to the advisability of using the army for the repression of the Repeal agitation. Sir Edward Blakeney was the incumbent of the office then. He was a humane man, and when he was ordered to act to prevent a mass meeting, called by O'Connell, on the shore of Dublin Bay, near Cloutarf, he sent private word to the stewards of the meeting warning them that guns were being trained on the scene of the gathering, in view of the strong probability of the proclamation which he knew was being printed to prohibit the holding of the meeting being disregarded by the enthusiastic people. When O'Connell was advised of the danger he called the meeting off and so averted a massacre predetermined on as a means of killing the Repeal agitation. At an earlier period—just before the Princess Victoria was called to the throne, in 1836—the army, or at least the officers, in Great Britain and Ireland, entered into a plot to prevent a woman wearing the crown, by means of something like what in Spain had been long known as “pronunciamientos.” The Duke of Cumberland was to be supported by the lodges and the officers, and the men were to be ordered out simultaneously, in the great military centres, to declare for him instead of the Princess. Happily the existence of the conspiracy leaked out somehow, and the Duke and the ringleaders fled from the country as quickly as they could. After nearly eighty years a plot of an equally illegal and nefarious character stands revealed before the world. This plot had a twofold aim. Its main purpose was to nullify the recent Act of Parliament which deprived the House of Lords of the power of veto on bills sent up from the Lower House after they had thrice been passed therein; and the second, to prevent, by armed force, the installation of the machinery of Home Rule in the northeast portion of Ulster, where the Orange lodges dictate the distribution of public office. In effect the conspiracy was a bold attempt to overthrow the supremacy of Parliament over the military power and allow the private soldiers as well as the commanding officers to decide what laws passed by Parliament they would enforce and what ones they would disregard. Happily the conditions in Great Britain to-day are widely different from those which existed there in Cromwell's time. Democracy is the dominant power now; and the British democracy is the last in the world to brook any encroachment on its rights either by princes or peers. The discovery of this present Tory conspiracy to defeat the will of Parliament has elicited an outburst of passion and astonishment so fierce, spontaneous and outspoken that not even the most stupid and hot-headed of Tories dare disregard it.

The first outspoken manifestation of a spirit of disloyalty in the

army was a meeting of officers held at the Curragh of Kildare, at which the situation in Ulster was discussed, and it was determined by those present that they would resign rather than take any part in the coercion of Ulster in case armed resistance to Home Rule were decided on by the leaders of the Ulster Volunteers. As a measure of precaution the military authorities had decided to move troops from the Curragh and Dublin and other places to protect the stores of arms and munitions held in these cities, and at once a cry was raised that there was a plot on the part of the Government to provoke the Ulsterites into an armed rising and then to let loose those soldiers from the Curragh and the South and West of Ireland, to mow them down on the streets, and thus squelch the opposition to Home Rule. Colonel Seely, then War Secretary, has told all about this movement of the troops, and made it plain that it meant nothing more than a matter of ordinary precaution to take such steps as were necessary to safeguard those stores when it was known to all the world that, despite a proclamation forbidding the importation of arms in Ireland, arms were being smuggled in and distributed throughout Ulster. Colonel Seely believed it to be his duty to warn the Government to have troops sent forward to protect the military stores, and the advice was promptly acted upon. When the order to move the troops was issued, the resolution arrived at by the officers present at the Curragh meeting was put into effect, and a large number of officers at once sent in letters of resignation. Sir Arthur Paget, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, only a few days previously, had given out, in the course of a banquet in Dublin, that he knew the spirit of the army in Ireland, officers and men, and that he could vouch for its readiness to go wherever it was ordered to go by the King. This statement being kept in mind, some irresponsible person assumed that the King had intervened, and that the resignations of the officers was the reply to His Majesty's interference. This mischievous inference at once raised a commotion as great as the false report of a plot and the intention to perpetrate a massacre. At the same time many letters appeared in the papers telling of a widespread system of intrigue and organized terrorism in the army messes, as well as in aristocratic society, in order to deter officers from the performance of their duty to the Government and the law of Parliament. A "plot" there was shown to have been indeed, but it was not the Government which had been plotting, but the Unionist leaders. Moreover, the plot had been much more comprehensive than had been at first supposed. "Ulster" was only a pawn in the game. The real object aimed at was the overthrow of the Liberal Government, the negation of the Home Rule scheme, and the reëstablishment of the veto privilege of the

House of Lords. All these facts, and many collateral ones bearing on the astonishing project, came to light as soon as the news of the Curragh meeting and its purpose leaked out.

The situation was indeed grave, and it was apparent that some strong action was necessary to demonstrate that it was not too grave to baffle the resources of constitutional civilization in Great Britain. The hour had come, and lo! there came with it the man. All the world wondered when next morning's papers brought the news that Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, had laid down his office and, assuming the office of War Minister, just vacated by Colonel Seely, presented himself to the constituency of East Fife as a candidate for reëlection. This step was so unexpected that it evidently dazed the conspirators. Paralysis seemed to have seized upon them. They made no move to put forward a candidate to oppose the new War Minister, who had so strikingly shown his fitness to command. The announcement of Mr. Asquith's unopposed return came in a few days later. Simultaneously with this came the announcement of General Macready's appointment to the command of the Royal Irish Constabulary—a position relatively more important than that of Commander-in-Chief at this particular time. The constabulary has only a normal strength of 13,000, but the careful training of these men, their splendid physique and their perfect acquaintance with the country and the ways of the people add immensely to their value as a fighting force. It is to the constabulary that the duty of keeping order in the disturbed portions of Ulster at anniversary times invariably falls; the military are usually kept in their barracks at those periods. Consequently, while the Orange crowds cherish a wholesome dread of the constabulary, they regard the soldiers with an entirely different feeling—more or less as comrades and chums. The constabulary are generally referred to by the Orangemen on these occasions as "Fenians"—sometimes as Fenian females of a disreputable kind, so ferociously are they hated when the July fever is on the fraternity. General Macready is an officer who has had much experience in dealing with troublesome people elsewhere, we believe. Despite the bluster and boasting of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law, the Orangemen of Ulster will have to obey the law. That is what is meant by the assumption of the office of Secretary of War by Mr. Asquith and the selection of General Macready as head of the Royal Irish Constabulary, in place of Colonel Seely, resigned.

These unexpected movements seemed to have paralyzed the Unionist leaders. This was the reason why they did not put up a candidate to oppose Mr. Asquith's reëlection for East Fife. In the course of a few days he was back in the House of Commons, facing

once more the enemies whom, in the manner of Cardinal Richelieu, he had so astounded and outmanœuvred.

There was something of the grotesque about the military side of this episode. Before the coup about the landing of arms came off, both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Law went up and down the country openly boasting that they were preparing to fight and taunting the Government because it made no attempt to arrest or prosecute them. When the Government gave an order to the Commander-in-Chief for the movement of troops to protect the stores, they raised the cry that there was a plot to massacre the Volunteers! A silly idea, indeed, that Government was to sit still and do nothing when it became known that attempts might be made to capture the stores. The moment the bombast and bluster of the Ulsterites changed into action which menaced the peace of the country, that moment it became necessary that the Volunteers must be seriously dealt with. When the news of the "gun-running feat" in Belfast came in, Mr. Asquith went to the House of Commons and assured the members present that in view of so gross and unprecedented an outrage, the country might depend on the Government taking all necessary steps to maintain the supremacy of the law. What those steps were he did not deem it proper to give out, for experience had shown the vital necessity of preserving secrecy. Spies, acting in the interests of the Unionists, were in every part of the public service. Official letters were opened and their contents revealed to those who had no right to be informed of them. The Unionists had established a perfect system of espionage, which, working in secret, went hand in hand with a rule of social coercion that had no parallel in any epoch of modern times, and could be found only in the methods employed in France during the period of the Directory, and in Ireland previous to the rebellion of '98, when Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare set about the task of carrying the Union by terrorism and massacre of the population and corruption of Parliament. Colonel Seely, who is president of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Liberal Club, made a powerfully strong point against the Unionist leaders in the course of a speech which he delivered there recently. He commented on the fact that, while a loud outcry had been raised over the movement of His Majesty's troops to protect the military stores, little notice had been taken of a movement of a far different character on the part of the people who styled themselves Loyalists and Unionists. Speaking of the audacious landing of arms and munitions in Ulster, the gallant officer said:

"If all he heard was true we were faced with a situation the gravity of which it was impossible to overestimate. It appeared that last night the Ulster Volunteers were mobilized, not all of them

—apparently about 30,000. It was a strange thing that the moving of about 1,400 of His Majesty's troops should be regarded as a vile plot and as provocative action, whilst the mobilization of 30,000 was a proper thing to do. He asked and demanded to know whether the Ulster Volunteers had had these Maxim guns which they were reported to possess, and, if so, what were they for, and whom were they to shoot? He called upon the Bishop who blessed the Orange colors to answer or go down to Christendom as an arch-hypocrite. It was time to face these things. They on their side made great sacrifices. In face of great provocation they had avoided the use of force. Now they boldly and determinedly called upon the other side to follow the same course, and in these political matters to abstain from using any gun, rifle, Maxim, or touching any policeman or customs officer. As Englishmen had done for the last 100 years, they should confine themselves to political opposition.

Many people had been wondering why the Government had allowed the Orangemen to organize and arm and drill and prepare to fight against the law of Parliament, as they insolently boasted they were resolved to do. Colonel Seely furnished the reason—a very simple and logical one. He said in the course of the same speech:

“He might be asked why the Government had not dealt with this dangerous movement in Ulster, and why they had not brought Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry to justice. The answer was twofold. With regard to the legal aspect of the case, they were advised, and he believed it to be the fact, that no actual breach of the law had been committed. They were advised that hypothetical treason was not treason. Besides, perhaps, it was not unreasonable to assume that a force that was organized and led by a Privy Councillor and that was officered in no inconsiderable degree by ministers of the Christian religion, would not break the law and attack the police in the execution of their duty. It was not unreasonable to assume that a force so led and officered would be so faithless to their oath and to the religion they professed as to indulge in actions which might lead to wholesale massacres.”

There was much speculation as to whence all the money came to finance this extraordinary campaign against the rule of Parliament. The people of Ulster are not very remarkable for recklessness in money matters; they are the very antithesis of the rest of the population in that regard. A rough and ready estimate of the cost of arms, accoutrements, the holding of meetings throughout the British Isles, election contests and “incidentals” of various kinds, gives the figure at £3,000,000. Whence, then, came that enormous sum of money? Precedent and logic indicate that it comes from the

Unionist party in Great Britain, the party of Peers, aristocrats, capitalists and monopolists, who are moving heaven and earth to defeat the Home Rule bill, and thereby to smash the Parliament Act and to restore the ascendancy of the House of Lords and the reign of Toryism. They are maddened at their exclusion from office for eight years and at the prospect of the enactment of the Liberal programme of land law reform, constitutional revision and social reformation. They are bankrupt in leadership and in brains. The same sources that supplied funds to buy Richard Pigott to ruin Mr. Parnell and defeat Home Rule can still be relied on to finance every undertaking looking toward a similar end. But there is a force now to be reckoned with that had little existence when the question at issue meant only the ruin of a popular leader and an Irish aspiration. The intensity of feeling aroused in Great Britain over the audacity of the procedure of the Unionist leaders over this question made itself felt everywhere and found voice in all the Liberal press. One single extract from a representative paper, "The Nation" (London, gives a good idea of the tone of the whole. It said (April 25):

"Has it come to this that guns, rifles and ammunition for use against the King's soldiers (for that is their only possible objective) may not properly be seized before they enact murder and treason? That Ulster is forbidden ground to the British army? Who takes this attitude? Let the Tory leaders assume it if they dare. This is not, as Mr. Bonar Law supposes, matter for a trial by a body of judges, selected on the model of the Parnell Commissioners. It is a subject for inquisition by the High Court of Parliament, which is fully armed to deal with cases of rebellion against the Crown.

"Now we much hope to see that doctrine presented by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons, and to observe what the country thinks of it. If we are not mistaken, there are millions of men and women in Britain who would wildly applaud the issue of warrants against the whole pack of self-confessed traitors, from Sir Edward Carson downwards; and the turning of the 'rebel' administration neck and crop out of Belfast Town Hall and the placing of that building under a mixed guard of regulars and constabulary, would seem a mild military preliminary to such a policy. It may come to that; and if any one tells us that the Government that did it would be turned down, we assure him that he knows nothing of popular temper."

Some remarkable developments are certain to take place in any Ministry of which a member of the Churchill family is a part. That has been the record of that wonderful family from the first day when it succeeded in obtaining preëminence in English public life. The present first Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, is

almost an exact reproduction of his deceased father, Lord Randolph Churchill, so far at least as eccentricity and unwillingness to do "team work" in Parliament is concerned. In early life he was a mutineer in the Conservative party, going to the length of starting a "fourth party," under the Ministry of which Sir Stafford Northcote was nominal head; and that new party for a considerable time caused the regular Tories no small amount of chagrin and embarrassment when it came into power. Now Mr. Winston Churchill is, as a member of the Asquith Cabinet, creating not less trouble for the Liberal party by impromptu action at momentous crises in political affairs. We have shown how his official deliverances at one period were regarded as a challenge and a provocation to the "Ulsterites," and how the challenge was taken up and responded to by the "party of action." Now it is the chronicler's office to take note of a sudden change of front on the part of the same unmanageable pilot. By a curious coincidence, it was almost at the same date that two members of the Churchill family were brought at once into the public eye. His father, the Duke of Marlborough, had determined, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, to dispose of his Blenheim estate, in lots, and he announced, by advertisements in the press, that he would, for the benefit of both purchasers and the seller (himself), act as his own auctioneer in regard to all the lots, merely saving the payment of license fees as an auctioneer, to the Crown, and the auctioneer's commission on each sale to the purchasers. While the elder Churchill was thus proving that he was a true Churchill in the matter of thrift, the younger was demonstrating no less convincingly that he inherited the genuine temper of the Marlborough stock by throwing a political somersault, totally unlooked for by his fellow-councillors at Whitehall and unreliable member of the Council board. A vote of censure had been moved, on the 28th of April, by Mr. Bonar Law, nominal leader of the opposition, and after a couple of nights' discussion was defeated by a majority of eighty votes. The reason of moving for such a vote was what Mr. Bonar Law called "the plot" of the Government to inveigle the unwary Ulster volunteers into an ambushade, in effect, and then deliver them over to the forces of the Crown to be "massacred!" Mr. Asquith had ridiculed the story, as belonging to the class of fable known as "mare's nests," and Mr. Churchill denounced the attempt to sustain a charge of plotting by the Government as equivalent to one by the criminal classes to move a vote of censure on the police. This was at the beginning of the debate on the motion of Mr. Law. Toward the end, to the intense astonishment of Mr. Asquith, Mr. John E. Redmond and the rest of the Liberal and Nationalist members, but not perhaps to the surprise of the leaders

of the "Ulster" party (for the matter may have been secretly pre-arranged), Mr. Churchill concluded a stirring speech in defense of the Governmental measures for preserving peace by putting forward a new proposition looking to a peaceable settlement of the question at issue in Ireland. He said (after Sir E. Carson had admitted that he was responsible for the "gun-running"—the landing of arms—in Ulster):

"The right honorable gentleman, the member for the University of Dublin, is running great risks, and no one can deny it, in strife. Why will he not run some risk for peace? The key is in his hands now. To-day I believe most firmly, in spite of all the antagonism and partisanship of our politics and our conflicting party interests, that peace with honor is not beyond the reach of all. To-morrow it may be gone forever. I am going to run some little risk on my own account by what I will now say. Why cannot the right honorable and learned gentleman say boldly, 'Give me the amendments to this Home Rule bill which I ask for to safeguard the dignity and the interests of Protestant Ulster, and I in return will use all my influence and good will to make Ireland an integral unit in a Federal system'? If the right honorable gentleman used language of that kind in the spirit of sincerity with which everybody will instantly credit him, it would go far to transform the political situation, and every man would be bound to reconsider his position in relation to these great controversies. If such language were used, I firmly believe that all that procession of hideous and hateful moves and countermoves that we have been discussing and are now forced to discuss, and that hateful avenue down which we have looked too long would give place to a clear and bright prospect which would bring honor, and not discredit, to all concerned, and would save these islands from evils for which our children will certainly otherwise hold us accountable."

Instantaneous astonishment over the boldness of this proposition prevented any further discussion that evening. Mr. Redmond gave no welcome to the proposition, inasmuch as he had previously intimated that the Irish party had said their last word as to further concessions to "Ulster." Next day Mr. Asquith took care to dissociate himself from the proposer and explain that Mr. Churchill was taking on himself powers to which he had no proper claim.

Mr. Asquith to the eleventh hour refused to believe that his hope of a peaceable settlement of the Ulster trouble was vain and futile. He spoke in the House on May 13, and again held forth the olive branch to the seeming irreconcilables. He said:

"Speaking for my colleagues, and I believe for my friends, I have said that I will never close any door to the possibility of

a settlement. I am going a step further now than I think I have ever gone before when I say, as I do say on behalf of His Majesty's Government, that while we shall ask the House to give this Bill a third reading before we separate for our Whitsuntide recess, we shall make ourselves responsible for introducing an amending proposal in the hope that a settlement by agreement may be arrived at in regard to the points which are of immediate and outstanding importance."

This statement was loudly applauded by the whole of the Coalitionists, but Mr. Redmond pointed out that, while for the sake of peace Nationalists had been willing, as the price of peace, to acquiesce in the concessions proposed on March 9 by the Prime Minister, the Unionists had not budged one hair's breadth from the position they first took up, and that the Unionists' idea of concession was to get all they asked and to give nothing in return. They tried to kill the Home Rule Bill, and would kill it if they could. But it would become law in spite of them.

Holding out the olive branch to the very last, Mr. John E. Redmond, the capable Irish leader, made a manly appeal to the Irish Unionists to consult their better selves and join hands with their brothers of the Nationalist side in the noble endeavor to build up a new Irish Nation. He said, in the course of this appeal:

"I take this opportunity of the third and final passage of the Home Rule Bill to express the most earnest hope that now, when every one in Ulster, as elsewhere in Ireland, has to face the indisputable fact of Home Rule and a Home Rule Parliament, those of our fellow-countrymen who are genuinely nervous as to their position will abandon unreasonable demands and enter into a conciliatory discussion with their fellow-countrymen upon points of the Bill upon which they would desire further safeguards. I say, on behalf of the Nationalists of Ireland, that we desire their coöperation and friendship; and I appeal to them, in all parts of Ireland, to join hands with us in making the Home Rule settlement one that will ensure the prosperity and the freedom of all classes in the country."

Pertinacious efforts were made by Mr. Law to induce the Premier to disclose the scope and nature of the amending bill which he had undertaken to bring in, as the last attempt to placate the stubborn Ulsterites. On the night of the 21st of May Mr. Asquith gave out the information that the amending bill would be introduced in the House of Lords, and that the Commons would have the last and determining voice in the matter. On Monday, 25th of May, the vote on the third reading was taken, and resulted in showing a majority of 78 votes for the Govern-

ment—351 to 274. Mr. William O'Brien and his followers, ten in number, abstained from voting. The bill was sent to the House of Lords, and as a matter of formality got its first reading there. An amending bill, embodying the further concessions which Mr. Asquith promised, was entrusted to Lord Morley for presentation in the Upper House at a subsequent date.

An extraordinary calm immediately settled down on the situation in Ulster as soon as the passage of the third reading of the bill was made known. Many people believed that an instant rush to arms would be beheld in Ulster, for Nationalists as well as Unionists were known to be quietly procuring weapons of offense. But for a whole fortnight a hush came over the area of disturbance. The newspapers ceased to report marchings and drillings; the House of Commons' atmosphere ceased to be agitated with heated debates over the "vexata quaestio," and the eager public was reduced to the necessity of looking to the lurking suffragettes to provide the unhealthy food on which excitement-mongers batten. On the night of June 4, despite the vigilance of the local police and customs officers, a cargo of Mauser rifles was landed at Belfast and Donaghadee, and spirited away by volunteers for secret distribution. It was evidently the strategy of the "Ulster" leaders to keep up the pretense of preparations for hostilities as long as there remained the faintest hope of overturning the Ministry by a snap vote in Parliament, ere the Home Rule Act (for it had ceased to be a Bill by the passage of the third reading) came into complete shape by the affixing of the King's signature.

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POST-GRADUATE WORK AT THE UNIVERSITIES IN
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

IN RECENT years it has often been said that no university can be considered as quite accomplishing its proper work as an educational institution, unless, besides teaching, it is also adding materially to the existing body of knowledge by original research. Because of unfortunate educational traditions, probably the last thing in the world that would enter into the minds of most people to conceive as likely to be found in the history of the universities of the thirteenth century would be important original research in any form. In spite of the almost universal false impression in this matter, original work of the most valuable kind, for much of which the workers would be considered as amply deserving of their doctorates in the various faculties of the post-graduate departments of the most up-to-date of modern universities, was constantly being accomplished during this wonderful century. It is, as a matter of fact, with this phase of university activity that the modern educator is sure to have more sympathy than with any other, once the interesting details of the work are brought out clearly and their significance properly interpreted in present-day terms.

All surprise that surpassing original work was accomplished will cease when it is recalled that, besides creating the universities themselves, this century gave us the great cathedrals—a wellspring of originality and a literature in every civilized country of Europe that has been an inspiration to many subsequent generations. At last men had the time to devote to the things of the mind. During what are called the dark ages, a term that must ever be used with the realization that there are many bright points of light in them, men had been occupied with wars and civic and political dissensions of all kinds, and had been gradually climbing back to the heights of interest in intellectual matters which had been theirs before the invasion of the barbarians and the migration of nations. With the rebirth of intellectual interests there came an intense curiosity to know everything and to investigate every manifestation. Everything that men touched was novel, and the wonderful advances they made can only be realized from actual consultation of their works, while the reader puts himself as far as possible at the same mental point of view from which they surveyed the world and their relations to it.

The modern university prides itself on the number of volumes written by its professors and makes it a special feature of its announcements to call attention to its at least supposed additions to

knowledge in this mode. It must have been immensely more difficult to preserve the writings of the professors of the mediæval universities, for they had to be copied out laboriously by hand; yet we have an enormous number of large volumes of their works on nearly every intellectual topic that have been carefully preserved. There are some twenty closely printed large folio volumes of the writings of Albertus Magnus that have come down to us, yet this is only a single example and there are many others. For two centuries until the time of printing ardent students must have been satisfied to spend much time in preserving these.

While mainly devoted to theology, they treat of nearly everything else, and at least one of the folio volumes is taken up almost exclusively with physical science. St. Thomas Aquinas has as many volumes to his credit, and his work is even of more importance. Duns Scotus died at a very early age, scarcely more than forty, yet his writings are voluminously extensive and have been carefully preserved, for few men had as enthusiastic students as he. Alas! that his name should be preserved for most people only in the familiar satiric appellation dunce! The modern educator will most rejoice at the fact that the students of the time must indeed have been devoted to their masters to set themselves the task of copying out their works so faithfully, for as Cardinal Newman has pointed out, it is the personal influence of the master, rather than the greatness of the institution, that makes education effective.

First, with regard to philosophy, the mistress of all studies, whose throne has been shaken, but not shattered, in these ultimate times. After all, it must not be forgotten that this was the great century of the development of scholastic philosophy. While this scholastic philosophy is supposed by many students of modern philosophy to be a thing of the past, it still continues to be the basis of the philosophical teaching in the Catholic seminaries and universities throughout the world. Catholic philosophers are well known as conservative thinkers and writers, and yet are perfectly free to confess that they consider themselves the nearer to truth the nearer they are to the great scholastic thinkers of the thirteenth century. Even in the circle of students of philosophy who are outside the influence of scholasticism, there is no doubt that in recent years an opinion much more favorable to the schoolman has gradually arisen. This has been due to a study of scholastic sources. Only those despise and talk slightly of scholasticism who either do not know it all or know it only at second hand. With regard to the system of thought, as such, ever is it true that the more close the acquaintanceship, the more respect there is for it.

With regard to theology, the case is even stronger than with

regard to philosophy. Practically all of the great authorities in theology belong to the thirteenth century. It is true that men like St. Anselm lived before this time and were leaders in the great movement that culminated in our century. St. Anselm's book, "*Cur Deus Homo*," is indeed one of the best examples of the combination of scholastic philosophy and theology that could well be cited. It is a triumph of logical reasoning applied to religious belief. Besides, it is a great classic, and any one who can read it unmoved by admiration for the thinker who so many centuries ago could so trenchantly lay down his thesis and develop it must be lacking in some of the qualities of human admiration. The writers of the thirteenth century in theology are beyond even Anselm in their marvelous powers of systematizing thought. One need only mention such names as Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Scotus and Raymond Lilly to make those who are at all acquainted with the history of the time realize that this is not an idle expression of the enthusiasm of a special votary of the thirteenth century.

As we shall see in discussing the career of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Catholic Church still continues to teach scholastic theology on exactly the same lines as were laid down by this great doctor of the Church in his teaching at the University of Paris. Amid the crumbling of many Christian systems of thought, as upheld by the various Protestant sects, there has been a very general realization that the Catholic Church has built up the only edifice of Christian apologetics which will stand the storms of time and the development of human knowledge. Confessedly this edifice is founded on thirteenth century scholasticism. Pope Leo XIII., than whom, even in the estimation of those who are least sympathetic toward his high office, there was no man of more supremely practical intelligence in our generation, insisted that St. Thomas Aquinas must, in general principle at least, be the groundwork of the teaching of philosophy and theology, as they are to form the minds of future Catholic apologists.

The scholastic theology and philosophy of the thirteenth century have come to us in absolute purity. The huge tomes which represent the indefatigable labors of these ardent scholars were well preserved by the subsequent generations which thought so much of them, and in spite of the absence of printing have come down to us in perfectly clear texts. Is it easy to neglect them and to say that a study of them is not worth while? They represent, however, the post-graduate work and the research in the department of philosophy and theology of those days, and any university of modern time would consider itself honored by having their authors among its professors and alumni. Any one who does not think so need only

turn to the volumes themselves and read them with understanding and sympathy, and there will be another convert to the ranks of that growing multitude of scholars who have learned to appreciate the marvelous works of our university colleagues of the thirteenth century.

With regard to law, not much need be said, since it is well understood that the foundations of our modern jurisprudence, as well as the methods of teaching law, were laid in the thirteenth century, and the universities were the most active factors, direct and indirect, in this work. The University of Bologna developed from a law school. Towards the end of the twelfth century Irenæus revived the study of the old Roman law and put the curriculum of modern civil laws on a firm basis. A little later Gratian made his famous collection of decretals, which are the basis of canon law. Great Popes during the thirteenth century, beginning with Innocent III. and continuing through such worthy emulators as Gregory IX. and Boniface VIII., made it the special glory of their pontificates to collect the decrees of their predecessors and arrange and publish them, so that they might be readily available for consultation.

French law assumed its modern form and the basis of French jurisprudence was laid under Louis IX., who called to his assistance in this matter the professors of law at the University of Paris, with many of whom he was on the most intimate terms. His cousin, Ferdinand of Castile, laid the foundation of the Spanish law about the same time under almost similar circumstances and with corresponding help. The study of law in the English universities helped to the formulation of the principles of the English common law in such simple connected form as made them readily accessible for consultation. Just before the beginning of the last quarter of the thirteenth century, Bracton, of whose work much more might be said, drew up the digest of the English common law, which has been the basis of English jurisprudence ever since.

It took just about a century for these countries, previously without proper codification of the principles of their laws, to complete the fundamental work to such a degree that it is still the firm substructure on which rests all our modern laws. Legal origins in our modern sense came not long before the thirteenth century; at its end the work was finished to all intents and purposes. Of the influence of the universities and of the university law departments, in all this there can be no doubt. The incentive undoubtedly came from their teachings. The men who did so much for legal origins of such far-reaching importance were mainly students of the universities of the time, whose enthusiasm for work had not subsided with the obtaining of their degrees.

It is in medicine, however, much more than in law or theology, that the eminently practical character of university teaching during the thirteenth century can be seen, at least in the form in which it will appeal to a scientific generation. We are so accustomed to think that anything like real progress in medicine, and especially in surgery, has only come in very recent years, that it is a source of great surprise to find how much these earnest students of a long distant century anticipated the answers to problems, the solutions of which are usually supposed to be among the most modern advances. Professor Allbutt, the regius professor of physics in the University of Cambridge, a position the occupant of which is always a leader in English medical thought, the present professor being one of the world's best authorities in the history of medicine, recently pointed out some of these marvels of old-time medicine and surgery. In an address on the historical relations of medicine and surgery at the end of the sixteenth century, delivered at the Congress of Arts and Sciences at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, he (Professor Allbutt) spoke with regard to one of the great university medical teachers of the thirteenth century as follows:

"Both for his own great merits as an original and independent observer and as the master of Lanfranc, William Salicet (Guglielmo Salicetti, of Piacenza; in Latin, G. Placetus de Saliceto—now Cadeo), was eminent among the great Italian physicians of the latter half of the thirteenth century. Now, these great Italians were as distinguished in surgery as in medicine, and William was one of the protestants of the period against the division of surgery from inner medicine—a division which he regarded as a separation of medicine from intimate touch with nature. Like Lanfranc and the other great surgeons of the Italian tradition, and unlike Franco Ambroise and Paré, he had the advantage of the liberal university education of Italy; but, like Paré and Wurtz, he had large practical experience in hospitals and on the battlefield. He practiced first at Bologna, afterwards in Verona. William fully recognized that surgery cannot be learned from books only. His surgery contains many case histories, for he rightly opined that good notes of cases are the soundest foundation of good practice; and in this opinion and method Lanfranc followed him. William discovered that dropsy may be due to a "durities renum;" he substituted the knife for the Arabist abuse of cautery; he investigated the causes of the failure of healing by first intention; he described the danger of wounds of the neck; he sutured divided nerves; he forwarded the diagnosis of suppurative disease of the hip; and he referred chancre and phagedæna to "coitus cum meretrice."

This paragraph sets forth some almost incredible anticipations

of what are usually considered among the most modern phases of medicine and surgery. Perhaps the most surprising thing is the simple statement that Salicet recognized that surgery cannot be learned from books alone. His case histories are instructive even to the modern surgeon who reads them. His insistence on his students making careful notes of their cases as the soundest foundation of progress in surgery is a direct contradiction of nearly everything that has been said in recent years about mediæval medicine, and especially the teaching of medicine.

William's great pupil, Lanfranc, followed him in this, and Lanfranc encouraged the practice at the University of Paris. There is a notebook of a student at the University of Paris made towards the end of the thirteenth century carefully preserved, in the Museum of the University of Berlin. This notebook was kept during Lanfranc's teaching and contains some sketches of dissections, as well as some illustrations of operative procedures, as studied with that celebrated surgeon. The tradition of case histories continued at the University of Paris down to the beginnings of modern surgery.

Some of the doctrines in medicine that William of Salicet stated so clearly sound surprisingly modern. The connection, for instance, between dropsy and *durities renum* (hardening of the kidneys) shows how wonderfully observant the old master was. At the present time we know very little more about the dropsical condition associated with chronic Bright's disease than the fact that it constantly occurs where there is a sclerosis or contraction of the kidney. Bright, in his study of albuminuria and contracted kidney, practically taught us no more than this, except that he added the further symptom of the presence of albumin in the urine. It must have been only as the result of many carefully studied cases, followed by autopsies, that any such doctrine should have come into existence. There is a dropsy that occurs with heart disease; there is also a dropsy in connection with certain affections of the liver; and yet the most frequent cause is just this hardening of the kidneys spoken of by this middle of the thirteenth century Italian professor of medicine, who, if he would believe so many of the historians of medicine, was not supposed to occupy himself at all with ante and post-mortem studies of patients, but with the old-time medical authorities.

Almost more surprising than the question of dropsy is the investigation as to the causes of the failure of healing by first intention. The modern surgeon is very apt to think that he is the only one who ever occupied himself with the thought that wounds might be made to heal by first intention and without the occurrence of suppuration or granulation. Certainly no one would suspect any

interest in the matter as far back as the thirteenth century. William of Salicet, however, and Lanfranc, both of them, occupied themselves much with this question and evidently looked at it from a very practical standpoint. Many careful observations must have been made and many sources of observational error eliminated to enable these men to realize the possibilities of primary union, especially knowing as they did nothing at all about the external causes of suppuration, and considering, as did surgeons for nearly seven centuries afterwards, that it was because of something within the patient's tissues that the cases of suppuration had their rise.

Unfortunately the pioneer work done by William and his great disciple did not have that effect upon succeeding generations which it should have had. There was a question in men's minds as to whether nature worked better by primary union or by means of the suppurative process. In the next century surgeons took the wrong horn of the dilemma, and even so distinguished a surgeon as Guy de Chauliac, who has been called, not without good cause, the father of surgery, came to the conclusion that suppuration was practically a necessary process in the healing of large wounds at least, and that it must be encouraged rather than discouraged. This doctrine did not have its first setback until the famous incident in Ambroise Paré's career, when one morning after a battle, coming to his patients expecting to find many of them severely ill, he found them, on the contrary, in better condition than the others for whom he had no forebodings. In accord with old custom, he poured boiling oil into the wounds of all patients, but the great surgeon's supply of oil had failed the day before and he used plain water to cleanse the wounds of a number, fearing the worst for them, however, because of the poison that must necessarily stay in their wounds, and then had the agreeable disappointment of finding these patients in much better condition than those whom he had treated with all the rules of his art as they then were. Even this incident, however, did not serve to correct entirely the old idea as to the value of suppuration, and down to Lister's time, that is, almost the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there is still question of the value of suppuration in expediting the healing of wounds, and we hear of laudable pus and of the proper inflammatory reaction that is expected to bring about wound repair.

The danger of wounds of the neck is, of course, not a modern doctrine, and yet very few people would think for a moment that it could be traced back to the middle of the thirteenth century and to a practical teacher of surgery in a mediæval Italian university. Here once more there is evidence of the work of a careful observer who has seen patients expire in a few minutes as the result of some

serious incident during the course of operations upon the neck. He did not realize that the danger was due in many cases to the sucking in of air into the large veins, but even at the present time this question is not wholly settled and the problem as to the danger of the presence of air is still the subject of investigation.

As to the future of divided nerves, it would ordinarily and as a matter of course be claimed by most modern historians of surgery and by practically all surgeons as an affair entirely of the last half century. William of Salicet, however, neglected none of the ordinary surgical procedures that could be undertaken under the discouraging surgical circumstances in which he lived. The limitations of anesthesia, though there was much more of this aid than there has commonly been any idea of, and the frequent occurrence of suppuration must have been constant sources of disheartenment. His insistence on the use of the knife rather than on the cautery shows how much he appreciated the value of proper healing. It is from such a man that we might expect the advance of careful investigation as to just what tissues had been injured, with the idea of bringing them together in such a position as would prevent loss of function and encourage rapid and perfect union.

Perhaps to the ordinary individual William's reference of certain known venereal affections to their proper cause will be the most astonishing in this marvelous list of anticipations of what is supposed to be very modern. The whole subject of venereal disease in anything like a scientific treatment of it is supposed to date from the early part of the sixteenth century. There is even question in certain minds as to whether the venereal diseases did not come into existence or at least were not introduced from America or from some other distant country that the Europeans had been exploring about this time. William's studies in this subject, however, serve to show that nothing escaped his watchful eye and that he was in the best sense of the word a careful observer and must have been an eminently suggestive and helpful teacher.

What has thus been learned about him will serve of itself and without more ado to stamp all that has been said about the impractical character of the medical teaching of the mediæval universities as utterly unfounded. Because men have not taken the trouble to look up the teaching of these times, and because their works were until recent years buried in old folios, difficult to obtain and still more difficult to read when obtained, it has been easy to ignore their merit and even to impugn the value of their teaching completely. William of Salicet was destined, moreover, to be surpassed in some ways by his most distinguished pupil, Lanfranc, who taught at the university at Paris at the end of the thirteenth century. Of Lan-

franc, in the address already quoted from, Professor Allbutt has one very striking paragraph that shows how progressive was the work of this great French surgeon and how fruitful had been the suggestive teaching of his great master. He says:

"Lanfranc's '*Chirurgia Magna*' was a great work, written by a reverent but independent follower of Salicet. He distinguished between venous and arterial hemorrhage, and used styptics (rabbit's fur, aloes and white of egg was a popular styptic in elder surgery), digital compression for an hour, or in severe cases ligature. His chapter on injuries of the head is one of the classics of mediæval surgery. Clerk (cleric) as he was, Lanfranc nevertheless saw but the more clearly the danger of separating surgery from medicine."

Certain assertions in this paragraph deserve, as in the case of Lanfranc's master, to be discussed because of their anticipations of what is sometimes thought to be very modern in surgery. The older surgeons are supposed to have feared hemorrhage very much. It is often asserted that they knew little or nothing about the ligature and that their control of hemorrhage was very inadequate. As a matter of fact, however, it was not primary hemorrhage that the old surgeons feared, but secondary hemorrhage. Suppuration often led to the opening of an important artery, and this accident, as can well be understood, was very much dreaded. Surgeons would lose their patients before they could come to their relief. How thoroughly Lanfranc knew how to control primary hemorrhage can be appreciated from the quotation just made from Dr. Allbutt's address. The ligature is sometimes said to have been an invention of Ambroise Paré, but, as a matter of fact, it had been in use for at least three centuries before his time and perhaps even longer.

Usually it is considered that the difficult chapter of head injuries, with all the problems that it involves in diagnosis and treatment, is a product of the nineteenth century. Hence do we read with all the more interest Allbutt's declaration that Lanfranc wrote what is practically a classical monograph on the subject. It is not so surprising, then, to find that the great French surgeon was far ahead of his generation in other matters, or that he should even have realized the danger of separating surgery from medicine. Both the regius professors of medicine at the two great English universities, Cambridge and Oxford, have since the beginning of the twentieth century made public expression of their opinion that the physician should see more of the work of the surgeon and should not depend on the autopsy room for his knowledge of the results of internal disease. Professor Osler particularly has emphasized his colleague, Professor Allbutt's opinion in this matter. That a surgical professor at the University of Paris in the thirteenth century should

have anticipated these two leaders of medical thought in the twentieth century would not be so surprising only that unfortunately the history of mediæval teaching has, because of prejudice and an unfortunate tradition, not been read aright.

Occasionally one finds a startling bit of anticipation of what is most modern in medicine as well as in surgery. For instance, towards the end of the thirteenth century a distinguished English professor of medicine, known as Gilbert, the Englishman, was teaching at Montpellier, and, among other things, was insisting that the rooms of patients suffering from smallpox should be hung entirely with red curtains, and that the doors and the windows should be covered with heavy red hangings. He claimed that this made the disease run a lighter course, with lessened mortality and with very much less disfigurement. Smallpox was an extremely common disease in the thirteenth century and he probably had many chances for observation. It is interesting to realize that one of the most important observations made at the end of the nineteenth century by Dr. Finsen, the Danish investigator, whose studies in light and its employment in therapeutics drew to him the attention of the world and eventually the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for the greatest advance in medicine, was that the admission of only red light to the room of smallpox patients modified the disease very materially, shortened its course, often prevented the secondary fever, and almost did away completely with the subsequent disfigurement.

It is evident that these men were searching and investigating for themselves, and not following blindly in the footsteps of any master. It has often been said that during the middle ages it was a heresy to depart ever so little from the teaching of Galen. Usually it is customary to add that the first writer to break away from Galen effectually was Vesalius, in his "*De Fabrica, Corporis Humani*," published toward the end of the second quarter of the sixteenth century. It may be said in passing that as a matter of fact Vesalius, though he had accomplished much by original investigation, did not break so effectually with Galen as would have been for the best in his own work, and especially for its influence on his successors. He certainly did not set an example of independent research and personal observation any more fully than did the medical teachers of the thirteenth century already mentioned, and some others, like Mondaville and Arnold of Villanova, whose names well deserve to be associated with them.

One reason why it is such a surprise to find how thoroughly practical was the teaching of the thirteenth century university medical schools is because it has somehow come to be a very general impression that medicine was taught mainly by disputations and by

the concentration of authorities, and that it was always more important to have a passage of Galen to support a medical notion than to have an original observation. This false impression is due to the fact that the writers of the history of medical education have until recent years drawn largely on their imaginations and have not consulted the old-time medical books. In spite of the fact that printing was not discovered for more than two centuries later, there are many treatises on medicine that have come down to us from this early time, and the historians of medicine now have the opportunity and are taking the trouble to read them with a consequent alteration of old-time views as to the lack of encouragement for original observation in the later middle ages. These old tomes are not easy reading, but nothing daunts a German investigator bound to get to the bottom of his subject, and such men as Pagel and Puschnum have done much to rediscover for us mediæval medicine. The French medical historians have not been behind their German colleagues and magnificent work has been accomplished, especially by the republication of old texts. William of Salicet's surgery was republished by Pifteau at Toulouse in 1898. Mondaville's "Surgery" was republished under the auspices of the Society for the Publication of Old French Texts in 1897 and 1898. These republications have made the works of the old-time surgeons readily available for study by all interested in our great predecessors in medicine all over the world. Before this it has always been necessary to get to some of the libraries in which the old texts were preserved, and this, of course, made it extremely difficult for the ordinary teacher of the history of medicine to know anything about them. Besides, old texts are such difficult reading that few except the most earnest of students have patience for them, and they are so time-taking as to be practically impossible for modern, hurried students.

Unfortunately writers of the history of medicine filled up this gap in their knowledge only too frequently either out of their imaginations or out of their inadequate authorities, with the consequence of inveterating the old-time false impression with regard to the absence of anything of medical or surgical interest even in the later middle ages.

Another and much more serious reason for the false impression with regard to the supposed blankness of the middle ages in medical progress was the notion quite generally accepted, and even yet not entirely rejected, by many that the Church was opposed to scientific advance in the centuries before the Reformation, so-called, and that even the sciences allied to medicine fell under her ban. For instance, there is not a history of medicine, so far as I know, published in the English language which does not assert that Pope Boniface

VIII., by a bull promulgated at the end of the thirteenth century, forbade the practice of dissection. To most people it will at once seem a natural conclusion that if the feeling against the study of the human body by dissection had reached such a pass as to call forth a Papal decree in the matter at the end of the century, all during the previous hundred years there must have been enough ecclesiastical hampering of anatomical work to prevent anything like true progress and to preclude the idea of any genuinely progressive teaching of anatomy.

There is not the slightest basis for this bit of false history except an unfortunate, it is to be hoped not intentional, misapprehension on the part of historical writers as to the meaning of a Papal decree issued by Boniface VIII. in the year 1300. He forbade, under pain of excommunication, the boiling of bodies and their dismemberment in order that thus, piecemeal, they might be transported to long distances for burial purposes. It is now well known that the bull was aimed at certain practices which had crept in, especially among the crusaders in the East. When a member of the nobility fell a victim to wounds or to disease, his companions not infrequently dismembered the body, boiled it so as to prevent putrefaction or at least delay decay, and then transported it long distances to his home in order that he might have Christian burial in some favorite graveyard, and that his friends might have the consolation of knowing where his remains rested. The body of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who died in the East, is said to have been thus treated. Boniface was one of the most broadly educated men of his time, who had been a great professor of canon and civil law at Paris when younger, realized the dangers involved in such a proceeding from a sanitary standpoint and he forbade it, requiring that the bodies should be buried where the persons had died. He evidently considered that the ancient custom of consecrating a portion of earth for the purpose of burial in order that the full Christian rites might be performed was quite sufficient for noble as for common soldiers.

For this commendable sanitary regulation Boniface has been set down by historians of medicine as striking a deathblow at the development of anatomy for the next two centuries. As a matter of fact, however, anatomy continued to be studied in the universities after this bull as it had been before, and it is evident that never by any misapprehension as to its meaning was the practice of dissection lessened. As a matter of fact, the history of human dissection can only be traced with absolute certainty from the time immediately after this bull. It is during the next twenty-five years at the University of Bologna, which was always closely in touch with the ecclesiastical authorities in Italy, and especially with the

Pope, that the foundations of dissection as the most important practical department of medical teaching was laid by Mondino, whose book on dissection continued to be the text book used in most of the medical schools for the next two centuries. Guy de Chauliac, who studied there during the first half of the fourteenth century, says he saw many dissections made there. It was at Montpellier, about the middle of the century, when the Popes were at Avignon, not far away, that Guy de Chauliac himself made attendance at dissections obligatory for every student and obtained permission to use the bodies of criminals for dissection purposes. At the time Chauliac occupied the post of chamberlain to the Popes.

All during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries constant progress was making in anatomy, especially in Italy, and some of it was accomplished at Rome by distinguished teachers of anatomy who had been summoned by the Popes to their capital in order to add tinction to the teaching staff at the famous Papal school of science, the Sapienza, to which were attached during the next two centuries many of the distinguished scientific professors of the time.

This history with regard to the Papal prohibition of dissection has no foundation in the history of the times. It has had not a little to do, however, with making these times very much misunderstood, and one still continues to see printed references to the misfortune, which is more usually called a crime, that prevented the development of a great humanitarian science because of ecclesiastical prejudice. This story with regard to anatomy, however, is not a whit worse than that which is told of chemistry in almost the same way. At the beginning of the fourteenth century Pope John XXII. is said to have issued a bull forbidding chemistry under pain of excommunication, which according to some writers in the matter is said to have included the death penalty. It has been felt in the same way as with regard to anatomy that this was only the culmination of a feeling in ecclesiastical circles against chemistry which much have hampered its progress all during the thirteenth century.

An examination of the so-called bull with regard to chemistry—it is really only a decree—shows even less reason for the slander of Pope John XXII. than of Boniface VIII. John had been scarcely a year on the Papal throne when he issued this decree forbidding “alchemies” and inflicting a punishment upon those who practiced them. The first sentence of the title of the document is, “Alchemies are here prohibited, and those who practice them or procure their being done are punished.” This is evidently all of the decree that those who quoted it as a prohibition of chemistry seem ever to have read. Under the name “alchemies,” Pope John, as is clear from

the rest of the document, meant a particular kind of much-advertised chemical manipulation. He forbade the supposed manufacture of gold and silver. The first sentence of his decree shows how thoroughly he recognized the falsity of the pretensions of the alchemists in this matter. "Poor themselves," he says, "the alchemists promise riches which are not forthcoming." He then forbids them further to impose upon the poor people, whose confidence they abuse and whose good money they take to return them only base metal or none at all.

The only punishment that John inflicted for the doing of these "alchemies" who might transgress his decree was not that of death or imprisonment, but that the supposed makers of gold and silver should be required to turn into the public treasury as much gold and silver as had been paid them for their alchemies, the money thus paid in to go to the poor. As in the case of the bull with regard to anatomy, it is very clear that by no possible misunderstanding at the time was the development of the sciences of chemistry hindered by this Papal document. Chemistry had to a certain extent been cultivated at the university at Paris, mainly by ecclesiastics. Both Aquinas and his master, Albertus, wrote treatises on chemical subjects. Roger Bacon devoted much time to it, as is well known, and for the next three centuries the history of chemistry has a number of names of men who were not only unhampered by the ecclesiastical authorities, but who were themselves usually either ecclesiastical or high in favor with the churchmen of their time and place. This is true of Hollandus, of Arnold of Villanova, of Basil Valentine, and finally of the many Abbots and Bishops to whom Paracelsus in his time acknowledged his obligations for aid in his chemical studies.

Almost needless to say, it has been impossible, in a brief sketch of this kind to give anything like an adequate idea of what the enthusiastic graduate students and professors of the thirteenth century succeeded in accomplishing. It is probably this department of university life, however, that has been least understood, or, rather, we should say, most persistently misunderstood. The education of the time is usually supposed to be eminently impractical, and great advances in the departments of knowledge that had important bearing on human life and its relations were not therefore thought possible. It is just here, however, that sympathetic interpretation and the pointing out of the connection of intellectual work often considered to be quite distinct from university influences were needed. It is hoped, then, that this short sketch will prove sufficient to call the attention of modern educators to a field that has been neglected, or at least has received very little cultivation compared to

its importance, but which must be sedulously worked if our generation is to understand with any degree of thoroughness the spirit manifested and the results attained by the mediæval universities.

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INFLUENCE OF PAINE ON AMERICAN THOUGHT: HIS SAD END.

A VERY large amount of space was devoted by a popular paper lately to the career and work of Thomas Paine, the English infidel writer who played a prominent part in the American Revolution, and the share he had in moulding the minds of some who moulded the American Constitution. Paine undoubtedly had much influence over Franklin and Jefferson and other notable men who took part in the Revolution and the framing of the Constitution. No one questions the fact that Thomas Paine was a very remarkable man—an exceedingly gifted man, in an age of very gifted men both in Ireland and England, and especially in America—for in an era of revolutions it is the gifted minds that have to come to the front to give proper direction to the tide of revolution. But the terms of adulation used again and again in the course of these papers must have been offensive in the highest degree to Catholic readers, more especially from the fact that no reference was made to the miserable end of the fugitive, dying in exile and literally obeying the terrible advice tendered to Job, perishing on his litter of stable refuse, in his back yard. We perceive, from letters which appear now and again in the papers, that Paine has a good many admirers here, even among the gentle sex; and it is somewhat a matter of wonder whether those who write such letters do not consider it any drawback to a writer that he should be a rabid infidel, and look up to such a person as one to be taken as a guide and example in matters that largely affect the welfare and happiness of millions of people in this country and elsewhere. Socialists are often found writing to the press, lamenting that some monument has not been raised by the American public in honor of one to whom the United States owes a great deal of the spirit of freedom which has found expression in the terms of the Declaration of Independence. Paine could find no market for the works of his mind in his native land. There was little sympathy for infidels there at that particular era. Shelley was expelled from college when he was found devoting his

poetical genius to its praise; Hume was despised as an historian because of his religious opinions; Godwin was ostracized, and deservedly so, for the scandalous example he gave in his own family in regard to Shelley. An exceptionally gifted man, he had found no opening for his talents in his own country, England, because of the deep-rooted hostility of public opinion to anything savoring of Jacobinism and unorthodoxy. He was a poor Quaker's child—the son of a staymaker in Norfolkshire, he had been in turn a sailor, an excise clerk, a tobacconist and an usher in a school at a miserable salary (not quite ten shillings a week). Seeing nothing before him but semi-starvation if he remained at home in England, he took the notion to try his luck in America. He came at the psychological hour. The country was seething with discontent at the manner in which it was being governed from London. Its men, long used to the free life of Colonial farmers for the most part, or else the life of fishermen on the coast or sailors on the trading ships, were just the sort of people who would not long stand for a rule of red tape or irresponsible officialdom. He had met at the house of a friend of his, David Williams, in London, the celebrated inventor, Dr. Franklin, and been lucky enough to gain that erratic genius' good opinion. Hearing Paine saying he would like to try America, Franklin gave him letters of introduction to some persons in Philadelphia whom he thought likely to be helpful to his design. David Williams turned out to be so radical in his views and speeches that he, along with Paine, received the honor of French citizenship. Paine had been fortunate enough to be appointed assistant editor of "The Pennsylvania Magazine," at a salary of fifty pounds a year—not so very bad as one might think, in those days of sparse money and low prices of commodities. His friendship with Franklin brought him much advantage in gaining social position. His native qualities of judgment, logical reasoning powers and clear habit of expression stood him in good stead in the field of opportunity which his new avocation opened out before him. He was soon plunged up to the neck in the stream of political controversy which soon began to envelop the whole country in its serpentine folds. Pamphleteering had ever been the harbinger of political upheaval. Paine soon took to the exciting amusement; it suited his genius. If he had not the power of satire that Swift possessed, he did not need it, for he had a different audience to deal with—an audience to which the argument to cold facts appealed where the argument to their sense of humor would be lost on barren soil.

At first Paine's writings were innocuous, from a religious point of view. After he had paid a visit to France, however, his ideas

and vehicle of expression underwent a decided "sea-change." They were something "new and strange," decidedly, in a land peopled to a large extent with descendants of the Puritans and the fanatics who, under the leadership of Cotton Mather and Stoughton, hanged droves of wretched women and pressed others to death by the "peine forte et dure"—the "strong and hard pain" of the French and English code of penal provisions.

It is a very suggestive fact that when Paine began to write for public purposes he was careful to conceal the fact that he was an infidel in regard to revealed religion. In fact, his appeals made respectful reference to God and Divine Providence. But this was before he had begun to lay down the lines of the work which stamped him as the foe of Christianity, "The Age of Reason." It was after his visit to France and his coming into contact with the violent and atheistical writers and politicians of the revolutionary period. "Tyranny," he wrote in "The Crisis," "like hell, is not easily conquered;" "Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to tax, but to bind us in all cases whatsoever; and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God."

Again: "My secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent." "I am as confident as I am that God governs the world that America will never be happy until she gets clear of foreign domination." "I wish with all the devotion of a Christian that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned." "Throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but 'show your faith by your works,' that God may bless you."

It must be conceded that the use of such sentiments as these was eminently calculated to gain the favor of a patriotic people, who were largely imbued with the religion of a Puritan ancestry. When these professions and sentiments, moreover, were followed up, later on, by the appropriation of Paine's whole salary to the cause of the revolution; it must be owned that he knew well how to gain the hearts of the people by whom he was surrounded, and with whom he was for the time being coöperating in their struggle for emancipation.

While Paine was content to write for the public instruction and entertainment as a Christian, he could be uncommonly edifying, and at times decorously sparkling. In his introduction to the newly-founded "Pennsylvania Magazine" he was afforded a good opportunity of showing his expected audience what quality of literature they might be prepared to taste of while he was chef of the literary menage. He flattered his clientele's vanity by assuring them that their wit as well as their intellectual qualities generally were superior to those possessed by Englishmen. Considering the many notable names that were found in the literary coteries and clubs and drawing rooms in the British Isles, that preëminent epoch in letters and arts over there, this was a hazardous piece of flattery, to say the least. His definition of wit, in this connection, was particularly happy, if not particularly true. Wit, he said, "is a qualification which, like the passions, has a natural wildness that requires governing. Left to itself, it soon overflows its banks, mixes with common filth and brings disrepute on the fountain. We have many valuable springs of it in America, which at present run purer streams than the generality of it in other countries. In France and Italy it is froth highly fomented. In England it has much of the same spirit, but rather a browner complexion. European wit is one of the worst articles we can import. It has an intoxicating power with it, which debauches the very vitals of chastity and gives a false coloring to everything it censures or defends. We soon grow fatigued with the excess, and withdraw like gluttons sickened with intemperance. On the contrary, how happily are the sallies of innocent humor calculated to amuse and sweeten the vacancies of business! We enjoy the harmless luxury without surfeiting, and strengthen the spirits by relaxing them."

Paine sailed for France in 1787, and this event marked the end of his era of benefit to humanity as a philosophic writer, and the beginning of a stormy petrel career which lasted for fifteen years, alternating or oscillating between France and England, and terminating ingloriously and obscurely in a mean habitation in New England. He became a violent demagogue; his writings—especially the "Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason" were condemned and outlawed by England and several other European Governments. It is blatantly infidel in its tendency, its teachings, its reasoning.

The manner of Paine's passing away is clearly preserved for the benefit of historical students in a letter written by the Bishop of Boston, the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, to his brother, the Rev. Enoch Fenwick, at Georgetown College, which is worth

the space we now devote to it, since a good deal has been done to hush up the matter in the press, obscure the lesson of Paine's miserable end. The following is the full text of the letter:

"A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if anybody could do him good, it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress), whom I had received into the Church only a few weeks before. She was the bearer of the message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlman at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men.

"We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him.

"We arrived at the house; a decent-looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests, 'for,' said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of different other denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen, she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room, and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and at the same time expressed a wish that we would not disturb him, 'for,' said she, 'he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep—'tis better to wait a little till he be awake.' We accordingly sat down and resolved to await the more favorable moment. 'Gentlemen,' said the lady, after having taken her seat also, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day because he was told that if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are truly heartrending. 'O Lord, help me!' he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress. 'God help me!' 'Jesus Christ, help me!' repeating the same expressions without any the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm

the house. Sometimes he will say: 'O God, what have I done to suffer so much!' Then, shortly after: 'But there is no God!' And again, a little after: 'Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?' Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake; for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.' 'I never saw' she concluded, 'a more unhappy—a more forsaken man; it seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.'

"Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passageway, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent in itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it as well as of blood, which had also flowed in the track and left its marks on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through which the door opened. Father Kohlman, having entered first, took a seat on the side, near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on Father Kohlman, but not on me easily without turning his head.

"As soon as we had seated ourselves, Father Kohlman, in a very mild tone of voice, informed him that we were Catholic priests,

and were come, on his invitation, to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause, Father Kohlman proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that, as Paine had been in France, he was probably acquainted with that language (which, however, was not the fact), and might understand better what he said, as he had at that time a greater facility and could express his thoughts better in it than in the English:

“‘Mons. Paine, j’ai lu votre livre intitulé ‘L’Age de la Raison,’ ou vous avez attaque l’écriture sainte avec une violence, sans bornes, et d’autres de vos écrits publiés en France: et je suis persuade que.’ Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice ordering him to speak English, thus: ‘Speak English, man; speak English.’ ‘Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled the ‘Age of Reason,’ as well as other of your writings against the Christian religion; and I am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian religion, sir,’—

“‘That’s enough, sir; that’s enough,’ said Paine, again interrupting him; ‘I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and J. C. to be nothing more than a cunning knave and an impostor.’

“F. Kohlman here attempted to speak again, when Paine, with a lowering countenance, ordered him instantly to be silent and to trouble him no more. ‘I have told you already that I wish to hear nothing more from you.’

“‘The Bible, sir,’ said Father Kohlman, still attempting to speak, ‘is a sacred and divine book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours—pens which have made at least some show of argument, and——’

“‘Your Bible,’ returned Paine, ‘contains nothing but fables; yes, fables, and I have proved it to a demonstration.’

“All this time I looked on the monster with pity, mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of his God, whom he so shockingly blasphemed, and with all his sins upon him. Seeing that Father Kohlman had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine could listen to nothing that came from him, nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect

I might have. I accordingly commenced with observing: 'Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures.' 'I will allow nothing, sir,' he hastily replied; 'I shall make no concessions.' 'Well, sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment,' said I, 'I will prove to you that there is such a Being; and I will demonstrate from His very nature that He cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct.' 'Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say; I see your object, gentlemen, is to trouble me; I wish you to leave the room.' This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone, so much so that he foamed at the mouth. 'Mr. Paine,' I continued, 'I assure you our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly, because it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come, for we never obtrude upon any individual.'

"Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had yet used, he replied, 'You can do me no good now—it is too late. I have tried different physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My physicians have indeed told me as much. 'You have misunderstood,' said I immediately to him; 'we are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints; we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty on account of your sins, and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected His Word, and uttered blasphemies against His Son.' Paine on hearing this, was roused into a fury; he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed, uttering all the time the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. 'Begone,' says he, 'and trouble me no more. I was in peace,' he continued, 'till you came.' 'We know better than that,' replied Father Kohlman; 'we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace for the wicked; God has said it.' 'Away with you, and your God too; leave the room instantly!' he exclaimed; 'all that you have uttered are lies, filthy lies, and if I had a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ.' 'Monster!' exclaimed Father Kohlman, in a burst of zeal, 'you will have no more time—your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account you

have already to render, and implore pardon of God; provoke no longer His just indignation upon your head.' Paine here ordered us again to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. 'Let us go,' said I to Father Kohlman; 'we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God; further words are lost upon him.'

"Upon this we withdrew both from the room, and left the unfortunate man to his own thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

"This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and correct account of this transaction."

"VINCIT VERITAS."

Book Reviews

BREVIARIUM ROMANUM. The new official edition in four volumes, 180, 4 by 6 inches. Turkey Morocco, \$11.25; Brown Russia, \$13.50. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This new edition corresponds exactly to the very latest Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and embodies all, even the minutest changes that have been made, in their proper places. It shows correct references in every instance, and follows throughout the new order and arrangement to such an extent that all Responses, even those of the "Scriptura occursens," are everywhere placed in extenso at the end of the lesson.

One of the most persistent annoyances of the old Breviaries obviated in the new is the absence of the response at the end of the third lesson of the first and second nocturns. In this new Breviary it is added in the proper place.

In the Psalter, "Prime" and "Complin" are quoted each day at full length, and at Tierce, Sext and None the hymn at the beginning of the Hora is repeated in each office. A newly edited leaflet, given gratis with each set of Breviaries, makes the troublesome references to the Ordinarium in all cases unnecessary. This new Breviary is printed on the best quality of tinted India paper, which is very restful for the eyes and entirely eliminates the adhesive tendency of the pages. Hence the Editio Typica, offering clear and distinct print, combined with practical arrangement and small dimensions (4 by 6 inches), represents four handy, neat, light and dainty volumes, which it is a pleasure to handle and a convenience for the pocket to carry whilst traveling.

There is only one question to be answered for the individual buyer before purchasing this book, and that is concerning the type—is it large enough? That question can be easily answered by writing to the publishers for sample pages, which they will forward cheerfully and promptly. The type is excellent in every way, and could not be larger in a book of this size, but lest any one should be disappointed, it is best to see it.

It is well to remember also that a larger book is not yet promised, and may not appear for some time, and even when it does appear, it cannot supplant this edition, which combines the excellencies of the larger and smaller books so well as to make a medium sized Breviary, suitable for all occasions, as nearly perfect as the skill of man can reach.

As to the old fear that other radical changes will be made soon, we are assured on the best authority that it is groundless. Breviaries purchased now will be well worn before such changes are made. Attention is called to the fact that by Decree of Pope Pius X. the Proper for Rome and the supplements for most countries will be eliminated by January 1, 1915. Only a few special feasts for certain localities in the United States and Canada will be granted in future. These will be furnished free by the publishers as soon as they are approved by the Commission in Rome.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. XVI. Index and Reading Lists. New York: The Encyclopedia Press, Inc.

As originally planned and announced, the Catholic Encyclopedia was not to have an Index Volume. The editors were of the opinion that the alphabetical order of the articles and numerous cross references would enable the reader to find readily the topics ordinarily sought after. Few encyclopedias have indexes.

No sooner had the first volume appeared than subscribers urged upon the editors the necessity of publishing an Index. The numerous topics treated in the articles, all of unusual character and interest, would, it was argued, be extremely difficult to find without the aid of an analytical index. Such an index would tell the reader at a glance every part of the work in which a given topic is discussed, and bring together in alphabetical order every other topic closely related with it.

Shortly after deciding to prepare an analytical index of the Encyclopedia, in April, 1907, the editors began the work, by training a corps of assistants who, as each successive volume appeared, selected the titles which would be most commonly the subject of inquiry. In this way the titles selected were available for reference as the work went on, so that they could be constantly tested by the editors, and on the completion of the Fifteenth Volume of the Encyclopedia nothing further remained to be done except the arrangement and verification of the titles as they occur in the passages indicated, and the usual painstaking reading of printers' proofs which such work requires.

The Index will make the volumes proper of the Encyclopedia immensely more valuable than they would have been without it. For the benefit of all who may wish to use the Encyclopedia not only for reference, but also for systematic reading, Courses of Reading are published in this volume, bringing together in logical

and chronological sequence the subjects which the alphabetical order of the Encyclopedia has necessarily kept apart. This volume also contains addenda and corrections. These new articles bring the book right up to date and save the reader the disappointment of waiting for a supplemental volume.

It was originally intended to publish short biographical sketches of the contributors and their portraits with the Index, but this intention was abandoned. While the Encyclopedia is complete without the Index, and no subscriber is obliged by his contract to purchase it, yet it perfects the work and extends its field of usefulness so much that there will be a universal demand for it. Young people and students generally will find it indispensable.

THE WORD OF GOD PREACHED TO CHILDREN. A Course of Sketches for Sermons on the Creed, the Means of Grace and the Commandments. By the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, O. S. S. R. New York: Joseph Wagner.

These sketches treat of the Apostles Creed, Prayer, the Sacraments and the Commandments. They first appeared in the "Homiletic Review" and will be familiar to readers of that periodical.

No one can deny that sermons for children are necessary, because they must be instructed and because the sermon that is preached to the adult congregation is above them. Sometimes it is above the congregation. It must be acknowledged also that the child's sermon is the hardest of all to prepare and preach. The child's limited capacity, its undeveloped mind; the serious nature of the subject matter, its technical phraseology; the mature mind of the preacher, his equipment for more learned dissertations; the difficulty of catching and holding the child's attention—all these combine to make the task a more than ordinarily difficult one. We imagine we have noticed that the preacher who thinks himself best suited for this kind of work is least suited, while the one who makes no pretense is more apt to hit the mark.

We certainly admire the courage of the man who undertakes a course of sermons for children, and we most heartily wish him success. We have not the courage even to criticize his work. In order to do so fairly, one should have had experience of this kind himself, and while we have instructed children ourselves very frequently for thirty years, we are by no means confident that we have succeeded. On the most recent occasion, in church, we saw with humiliation that a small boy in the front pew had stolen an important part of our congregation from under our very nose, and he preached a pantomime sermon on an old penknife with one broken blade. We are willing to believe this could not happen

to any one who will use the sermons in this book. Father Girardey shows that he is fully alive to the importance and difficulty of the work in his Preface where he speaks of the qualities which should distinguish both author and text. His explanations are terse and clear, while his illustrations are interesting and enlightening. The field is ripe and the reapers are few; we hope that Father Girardey will gather in a rich harvest.

THE HOSSFELD LANGUAGE METHODS: German, French, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Portuguese, Dutch. Each, one dollar net. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly, 133 North Thirteenth street.

So many schools for languages have sprung up in recent years and so many methods have been invented that the old-fashioned way of learning from a text-book has almost been forgotten. Of course, no one can deny that the best way to learn a language is to live among those who speak that language only, so that the pupil is forced to express his thoughts in it or not express them at all. Nor can it be denied that the next best way is the method that is most like the best. But when all this is said, it still remains true that for most persons a good text-book and a competent teacher is the only way. And the important part that a good text-book plays in this combination is often overlooked. If it were always possible to find a good teacher in the full sense, one capable of arranging a course in the best way, the book would not be so important. But how many persons can do this? Comparatively few, we fear. Hence the great value of a well-arranged language course. And this thought brings us to the consideration of Hossfeld's Method. It has been devised by the hand of a master; it has been polished and improved until it is now well-nigh perfect; it has been extended to at least a dozen languages; and it is approved by the best scholars of this country and Europe. What greater commendation could any system have?

The Hossfeld Manuals bring one about as near the acquisition of a language without a teacher as it is possible to go; they make the study of a language about as easy and pleasant as it is possible to make it.

ADVANCED AMERICAN HISTORY. Intended for High Schools, Normal Schools and Academies. By Dr. S. E. Forman, author of "Advanced Civics," "The American Republic," "An Elementary History of the United States," etc. About six hundred pages, with sixty-one maps and many original documents and illustrations. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Century Company.

The distinctive features of "Forman's Advanced American History" are several, and first of all, the large share of attention given

to economic and social subjects. Such topics as commerce and industry, transportation, urban development, immigration, great inventions, education, social and industrial betterment, the rule of the people, are treated in a liberal manner with the result that the pupil learns how the world around him comes to be what it is. Another prominent feature is the ample treatment of the industrial and political history of recent times, which is important for the new student and not easily accessible. The full and faithful account of the westward movement is another feature worthy of special notice. The story is so told that the newly developed communities of the West rise out of the wilderness in geographical and chronological sequence. Thus the progress of the white man towards the West is followed as with the eye. The value of the text is enhanced very much by the excellent maps, including one series showing the movement of the frontier line and another showing the development of the transportation routes. The teachers' aids, references and suggestions for independent work and an analytical index complete the work and render it practical for class purposes.

SHORT AND PRACTICAL FUNERAL SERMONS. By *Rev. Anthony Hayes*. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

"The present volume is, for the most part, a free adaptation of an old German book by the Rev. H. Nagelschmidt. While much of this book could not be profitably employed by the preacher of the present day, and is therefore replaced here by more suitable matter, the real excellence of the work was found in its great wealth of Scriptural quotations, a most appropriate and valuable feature in addresses of this kind."

We are glad to be able to subscribe to the above quotation from the Preface to this book. It is full of solid thought, built up on the Sacred Scriptures, and illustrated from the lives of the saints and other holy men. The sermons are short, but to the point, and they are fitted to various occasions. The book should be very useful to priests who have to preach frequently in larger city parishes and find it difficult to vary their sermons.

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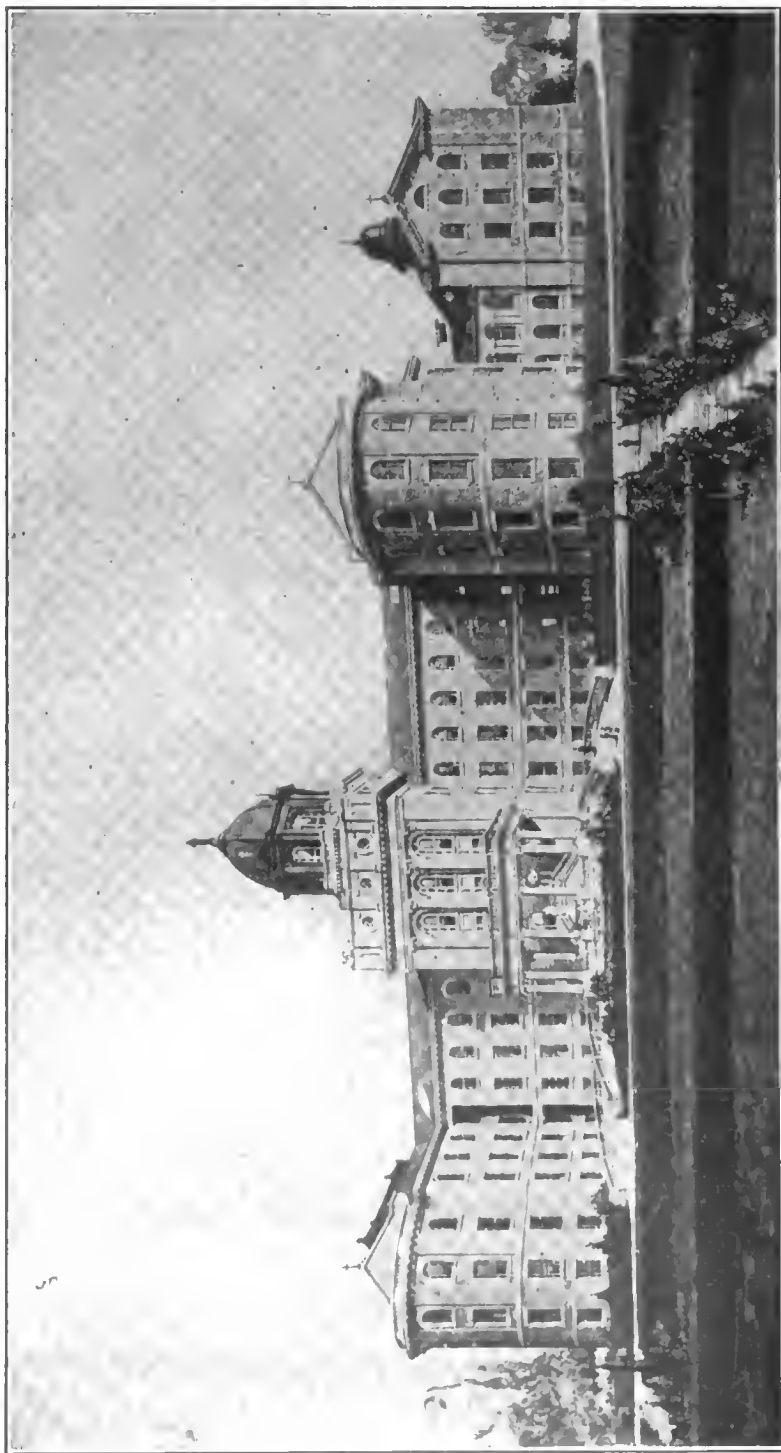
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(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

VOL. XXXIX.—JULY, 1914—No. 155

PIUS THE TENTH.

AN "ECCLESIASTICAL" POPE.

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."—Psalms xxv., 8.

NOT as the factitious caption for an article, but as the simple record of a personal fact, the word "ecclesiastical" has been placed here as the crystallized expression of the specific character and activity of the great and holy Pope just dead. For it is now many years since this term first suggested itself to the present writer, and was used by him on casual occasions, as one that briefly yet sufficiently told of the special bent of mind and heart that marked Pius the Tenth. And the years that have passed since then, as we scarcely need say, have only served to deepen this original impression and thus render the word more fully justifiable. As a slight explanation of what is meant here, it may be observed that in its present technical sense—the sense the writer had in mind—the expression means "A Pope of the Church," "ecclesia" meaning the congregation of all the faithful under one head. And finally, the term was taken to mean in particular the interior life of the Church, as distinguished from the vast diplomatic and other external relations which form an integral and indispensable part of its universal organic life, and which have been so fully illustrated by the high statesman-like abilities of many other Popes.

Six years in Italy and a subsequent protracted visit to France and Rome, including repeated occasions of seeing Pope Leo and a personal interview with Pius the Tenth, as well as a term of official activity in the Apostolic Delegation at Washington during

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the latter's pontificate, an experience necessarily bearing with it an intimate knowledge of all the Pope's actions towards the Church at large, and especially with regard to the Church in America, may be mentioned as the material bases for the lingering reminiscent thoughts and convictions now recorded here.

We have indicated that Pope Pius the Tenth had his face turned to the Church and away from diplomacy, but by this we by no means mean to affirm any lack of ability in this important direction. We only assert an inherent tendency and almost instinctive feeling by which he seemed impelled, almost exclusively, to the interior beauty of the house of God; statecraft and its allied activities being to him an unwelcome interruption and distraction interfering with this task of native predilection. Nor need we say that his times were especially favorable for the indulgence of this bent. Leo's commanding diplomatic ability, united with Rampolla's scarcely inferior power, had already drawn the full toll of all that the courts of Europe were willing to grant to the Church in his times; and thus the task of Pius was largely restricted to the steady sustaining of the direful shocks which even those exalted talents had not availed to avert, while whatever of other international entanglements actually arose were met with decision and success.

And France herself aided Pius most signally, even if most unwillingly, in the close prosecution of his chosen work; for the consequences of the vaunted "Law of Separation" in the land of its origin were such as to bring to an indefinite pause the similar programmes of Spain and Italy. The Church in France gained instead of losing by that enactment, and the other Powers, looking on, became, if anything, more mild and more conciliatory, turning their attention rather to material expansion and to the martial preparation needed to sustain it than to any religious issues, thus leaving the gentle pastor to his own favorite work, the daily and hourly care of his own beloved flock.

And in all we can see clearly visible the hand of that God Who ever watches over His Church with unfailing Providence. For His especial care in this regard can be plainly seen in the wide, receding perspective, easily discernible now that its really distinguishing features stand out in high relief from the confusing maze into which their granitic fibres were so slowly and so painfully woven. In Pius the Tenth God gave to His Church the pastor it needed most when he was needed most for its deepest inner care; and the same God sustained him throughout all his arduous years.

Nothing could be more erroneous than the belief that the pontificate of Pius was one of comparative ease. It was only a change of difficulty, not its elimination. And the mind can soon appreciate

this, if it will but make the survey of the philosophical and theological field invested during this Pontiff's time and mark the foes that threatened the Church he so loved, and that actually wrought great evil within it, despite his eager and ever vigilant care. It is well that one so zealous stood on guard against enemies who sought not so much to deprive the Church of her useful civil allies as to extinguish her very life by robbing Christ of His divinity, its infinite wisdom and by destroying the warmth of affection and fidelity due to that other Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom Christ had sent, its infinite love.

I. MODERNISM.

Such were the capital crimes of Modernism, the especial hydra of heresy in Pope Pius' time; such the unworthy foes that harassed him. Very much indeed after the manner of Encyclopædists of more than one hundred years ago—for history repeats itself in these things, too, and each age brings its own self-appointed universal dictators—the Modernists assumed to themselves a universal mission of reformation in theology and philosophy, or rather in the negation of both, in so far as any real sense of these words is concerned. Denial in general, or at most the affirmation of material entities in an empirical way, was the general aspect of the older movement, just as it is a leading feature of Modernism. For the Encyclopædists in general God was considered a subject unworthy of any real consideration, and the Modernist doctrine would likewise degrade Him to a merely material figment of sense organs in man. Both systems wished to break with the past, and therefore both hated the Church, the one effectually conservative body in the entire world. But Modernism is even more distinctively destructive than the Encyclopædic system, for Modernism definitely attacks religious issues, while the Encyclopædists were content to remain more general, at least in their openly professed aims.

And in its own name, and like all other heresies of all other times, this self-inflated system called Modernism knew well that Christ must ever be the central point of any attack that seeks to destroy the Church; and just as the Popes of all other ages have been under God the one hope of that Church, so this modern multiplex error found an invincible obstacle in him who at the very outset had said that his aim would be to restore all things precisely in that Christ Whom Modernism fain would rob of His eternal crown of absolute, undoubted divinity. Those who wish may examine this error more fully in places where this more rightly belongs; but it may be well even here to outline its features in order to see what Pope Pius conquered and how the signal victory was won. For

without this the just closed pontificate would lack its most essentially distinguishing mark.

Pius commenced his reign in 1903 and Modernism raised its accursed head from its native slime of ignorance and pride about the years 1905 and 1906, although, as is shown in the case of Loisy, its principles had already made great progress in France before that time. And first of all, we may briefly remark that in order to hide its really and fatally subversive character, Modernism, like one of its remoter philosophical bases, Pragmatism, makes the claim—energetically denied by Pope Pius—that it is rather a general mental attitude and viewpoint than any orderly series of definite assertions. The real truth, as pointed out by the Pope, is that it becomes only too deplorably definite in a multitude of most injurious ways. It is true that in the beginning it resuscitates a kind of Cartesian doubt and universal skepticism as the only due point of departure for any complete scientific investigation of the bases and powers of human reason. And it must be noted secondly that, according to the Modernists, supernatural truth is not exempted from this factitious criterion, but must be subjected to it just as fully as the ordinary data of natural reason; from which two principles there follows the undoubted third illation that Modernism thus sets itself up as a kind of universal tribunal invested with an absolutely supreme and plenary right of examination and judgment concerning all things, both temporal and eternal, both human and divine; conceding or denying existence and knowability and verity, now to one and now to another, of real or supposed truths, without being subject to any appeal from its own wholly irresponsible and irrevocable caprice. And lastly, as the general result of this professedly agnostic orientation and personally supreme methods of investigation, we are not surprised to find man himself emerge as the real creator of all reality and of all truth; as a being, therefore, who can indulge all his vagaries of mind and all his tendencies of body without any fear of a final accounting. For it is clear that in the views of Modernism, subjectivism is supreme and all permanent objective reality is destroyed. It is by no means the intention of Modernism that all this should appear right on the surface of their system, nor does it; but the fact remains that any adequate analysis of its most basic principles can lead to no other conclusion.

But if, on the one hand, Modernism thus wished to disguise its real form, on the other it knew that the effective force of any tenet, whether true or false, is in an inverse proportion to its vagueness and indistinct character. And thus, since the system had practical aims, it soon attempted to become more powerful by becoming more specific in its teachings. And, as will appear more fully for

those who have opportunity for lengthy examination, with the swift, unerring accuracy attending the aims of all heresies, Modernism first of all, as has been said, sought out Christ as the principal object of its fatally destructive efficiency. Just here we can only quote it slightly to this effect; but this will be sufficient, since even the few words we shall take will be seen to show conclusively that Modernism would really mean the destruction of all proper belief in Christ. "Christ," it says, "did not always have the consciousness of His Messianic dignity" (Decree "Lamentabili"), at which all must at once ask, what kind of a God that would be Who did not know His own nature or office? But Modernism still proceeds to say further that "the divinity of Christ is not proved by the Gospels, but is a dogma which Christian consciousness deduced from the idea of the Messiah", (Ibid), and we are also told that "in all the Gospel texts the name 'Son of God' is equal only to the name 'Messiah' and by no means signifies that Christ is the true and natural Son of God" (Ibid).

And Modernism thus seeks to destroy Christ, precisely because it and every other heresy has always known that He is indeed and exclusively "the way and the truth and the life" (John xiv., 6), and that therefore any departure from Him must mean doctrinal wanderings, error and death. As we have noted, the propositions quoted above are taken from the Decree "Lamentabili" of July 3, 1907 (Acta S. Sed., 1907, p. 470), in which the Holy Office under the direction of Pius the Tenth gives a list of sixty-five propositions formed from Modernistic works and including their principal definite errors. We can easily judge the effect of blasphemies such as these upon the great Pope whose heart was centred on that same Christ with most, especial predilection—so much so that his entire aim, as professed solemnly by himself at the very beginning of his reign, was no other than that of "restoring all things in Christ."

And we make the note here that we shall be guided in our view of Modernism mainly by the Encyclical letter "Pascendi" of December 8, 1907, and this Decree "Lamentabili" of July 3, 1907; and we shall do this both as the discharge of a pleasing filial duty and for the sake of exactest scientific accuracy, the minds behind these documents being easily supreme in this matter, both on account of native ability and because of the most commanding acquired attainments. Without any doubt the Modernists, after the manner of all of their kind, will complain of misrepresentation. But the famous discussion concerning "dogmatic facts" and its definitive outcome is a sufficient answer to any claims of this kind, and the implicit challenge against any such charge of misrepresentation placed by Pope Pius, "lest we should be reprehended as not knowing their

tenets" (*Acta S. Sedis*, 1907, p. 632), removes the least danger of any inaccuracy in this masterly exposition of Modernistic principles and conclusions. Even secular journals by no means Catholic in their leanings have given this document "*Pascendi*" the highest praise on merely scientific grounds. "The Encyclical '*Pascendi Dominici gregis*' has acquired a great and just celebrity" . . . "It is acknowledged by all to be a very remarkable piece of philosophical criticism." "In addition to the fact that the ideas whose condemnation it promulgates are set forth with great clearness and precision, they are assembled and grouped together with vigorous and penetrating thought" (*Larousse Mensuel*, Paris, November, 1907). And we note at once that, in order to avoid needless repetitions, our citations, unless otherwise specified, will refer to the two documents named—"Pascendi" and "*Lamentabili*."

But we must go back some distance if we wish to know the really supreme theological and philosophical importance of the struggles that Pius the Tenth had to maintain throughout the whole course of his long pontificate. And this wish seems legitimate here, since the mere facts of election, coronation and decease are of very slight permanent interest in the life of any Pope, and are easily accessible whenever desired. The kind and extent of His contests and victories for his God and his Church—these are features that leave traces in time and in eternity of every Pope, and these are the themes that should engage us most. Napoleon and Cæsar are best known by their wars, and Pius can best be studied by the enemies he met and opposed. Positive enactments of his own free will must also be noted and weighed, but the life of man on earth is a warfare, and this is especially true of the Popes, since they must ever be the leaders in denying the irregular desires of sin-corrupted human natures.

And even the slightest search for the real sources of what is called "Modernism" will at once suggest a previous notorious error, will at once uncover a deep pragmatistic taint; and we must note this here, since even the chronological order betrays and suggest what logic perceives in this deplorable union of erratic extremes, and all history shows, moreover, that philosophical errors have ever preceded aberrations in faith.

Just about a quarter of a century before Modernism took definite form and name Pragmatism had already found its first beginnings with Pierce, and up to and beyond the appearance of Modernism it was most assiduously cultivated, and in cultivating deeply changed, by James in the United States, by Schiller in England, by Le Roy—and in a quasi-manner by Bergson—in France, and—with much greater brilliancy than by any of the rest—by Papini in Italy,

this last a fact of most sinister signification, since it was in Italy, too, that Modernism first seems to have taken deep and lasting root. And in this baleful system called Pragmatism we can clearly see the undoubted germs of its later growth and development in Modernism; for—as one indication, the title chosen by Bergson—he was a furnisher of principles for the Pragmatists rather than an elaborator of their conclusions, shows the really ultimate character of both systems. That title was "*L'Evolution Créatrice* (*"Creative Evolution"*), an evolution really essential in Modernism and an evolution which in Pragmatism did not use any veiled terms or any merely implicit derivations, but openly, and explicitly, and professedly made man the real creator of all reality and all truth; and this is precisely the germ of the entire positive side of Modernism. In this vast system of combined heresies called Modernism, therefore, Pius had to combat errors long and carefully prepared for and deeply elaborated—errors, therefore, all the more difficult to deal with and to eradicate.

We have indicated that Modernism is, on its negative side, rather a mental standpoint and tendency than a body of connected assertions; and this is true, because it was true of Pragmatism, from which so many of Modernism's ideas are borrowed. The history of one under this aspect will, therefore, be also that of the other. And—likewise as already observed—this tendency is something of a Cartesian skepticism, with additions much more sweeping and much more destructive of science than anything that typical doubter ever had planned. First of all, Modernism denies all orderly coöperation between sense and intellect, divides one completely from the other, and then throws all intellectual activity aside as something ridiculously antiquated and effete. Speaking of Natural Theology, the Motives of Credibility and of External Revelation, Pope Pius says, "Modernists set these completely aside and relegate them to intellectualism"—a system, they say, to be ridiculed and one long since defunct. If we place at the side of this some words of Professor James, each mind can draw its own conclusions regarding the common orientation of Modernism and Pragmatism. "I saw," he says, "that philosophy had been on a false scent ever since the days of Socrates and Plato; that an intellectual answer to the intellectualist's difficulties will never come, and that the real way out of them, far from that consisting in the discovery of such an answer, consists in simply closing one's ears to the question" . . . "I had literally come to the end of my conceptual stock in trade; I was bankrupt intellectually and had to change my base." (*"A Plural Univ.*, ed. 1909, pp. 291-292.) From such words as these it is clear that the words of the Pope concernig anti-intellectualists are

by no means overdrawn; and we may also remark incidentally that these passages form a fair sample of that unlimited pride which the same Pontiff places as the principal moral cause of the vagaries of Modernism. But Professor James has yet other passages which it will doubtless be well to place here, since—unlike the methods of his imitators amongst the Modernists—they have at least the merit of frankness, and thus let us know the real mind of the cult. "Intellectualism," he says, "in the vicious sense began when Socrates and Plato taught that what a thing really is, is told us by the definition." "Ever since Socrates we have been taught that reality consists of essences, and not of appearances" ("Plural Univ.," p. 218). "In principle, then, as I said, intellectualism's edge is broken; it can only approximate reality, and its logic is inapplicable to our inner life, which spurns its vetoes and mocks at its impossibilities" ("Plural," 289.) "For my own part, I have finally found myself compelled to give up the logic"—James is typically vague in his terms, but he here means intellectuality in general—"I have finally found myself compelled to give up the logic, fairly, squarely and irrevocably." Again, he speaks of what "has led me personally to renounce the intellectualistic method and the current notion that logic (sic) is an adequate measure of what can or cannot be" ("A Plural Universe," p. 225. Ed. 1909).

With the intellect thus rejected and dismissed in disrepute, both Pragmatism and Modernism do the only thing that either could do, and that is to restrict, under one formula or another, all really knowable entities to the realm of sense. Pragmatism loves a reality that is ever on the flow; and the flow is from sense, not to it. Its favorite idea is that which makes our own ever succeeding activity the real creator of all reality. Modernism, more veiled in profession, though not in truth, revolts and recedes a little in the beginning from the open avowals of man-creative Pragmatism, but only to assert them even more fully in its final definitions. For Modernism, as a quasi-religious system, is content in its exordium with saying that all our real and historic knowledge is restricted within the realms of phenomena. "By reason of this," says Pope Pius, reporting the Modernists, "human reason is wholly restricted to phenomena, to things, that is, which are visible, and in that form in which they are visible, and it has neither the right nor the power to pass beyond their limits." We have already heard James give as an instance of "vicious" intellectuality the teaching that reality did not consist in appearances (Plural, 218). No philosopher of the school he thus attacks ever said that appearances were not real appearances, and what James is here clumsily trying to deny is, therefore, the essences, the permanent realities from which the pass-

ing reality of appearances flow. And thus here again the parallel is perfect, and Modernism has followed its agnostic teacher, Pragmatism.

Restricted thus to appearances and to sense, it is not wonderful that both Pragmatism and Modernism should have a cognate list of knowable and unknowable things; and, as a matter of fact, both remand God, first of all, and then all spiritual things, to the dark void of an unknown that lies wholly beyond our view. It is true that in a vain sense both make efforts to call God and immaterial things back again to a kind of misty realism; in a form, that is, in which they cannot injure or assail man's supreme egotism; but even this forced attenuation is at the violent cost of all their consistency, and in fact is but a false pretense intended to commend their systems to a world by no means ready to plunge itself at their command into hopeless, universal skepticism. By a rude inversion of the term, James deigns to admit that logic "has an imperishable use in human life," but it takes care to observe very emphatically that that use is not to make us theoretically acquainted with the essential nature of reality. He only and vaguely promises to tell us what that "imperishable use," apart from the scientific attainment of truth, really is. "Just what it is I can perhaps suggest to you a little later." We, too, shall relate later on what he here means. Just now we are concerned only with his negation of real knowability in the things that do not appear to sense.

And strictly on a line with this general idea of Pragmatism—and for the same reason—is the Modernist tenet recorded by Pius: "Wherefore it (human reason) can neither raise itself to God nor know of His existence in any way from visible things." From which it is inferred that God can in nowise be a direct object of knowledge; and as regards history, God is by no means to be considered as a subject of history. What, moreover, is thus said here is equally applicable, as the Pope points out, to "whatever is divine" to the person of Christ, to the mysteries of His life and death, to His resurrection and ascension into heaven. And so much at present for the negative parallel between Modernism and Pragmatism.

As to their positive side, the relations of Pragmatism and Modernism are equally close. "What is called the positive part," says Pope Pius, speaking of Modernism, "consists in 'vital immanence;'" and he explains the position and the meaning of this term in the Modernistic system by showing that Modernists grant religion as a fact, and therefore see the need of some explanation of this fact. No exterior explanation being possible, they seek this explanation in man himself; and, since religion is a form of life, they seek it in the life of man. And thus from life we have "vital" and from its

interior aspect we have "immanence," which two, being compounded, give this favorite high-sounding but unfortunately vapid term, "vital immanence." But since, further, and still in the Modernistic sense, every effect must have a cause, the Modernists ask themselves why this fact of religion appears at all; and they answer that it is due to a "need" in man for religion; and then when they ask whence this need, they place their last foundation in subconsciousness, as occasionally revealed by the activity of a non-cognitive, material organ in a movement of the heart. And they are thus forced to a mere organ of sense, and they call this movement a sense—it is, also their "faith"—a "religious" sense, precisely because, like Pragmatism, they have explicitly and professedly turned away from all "intellectualism" as from something intolerably useless and absurd. For, as we have said, what moves this "sense" into action is a certain intrinsic "need," and this need is hidden originally in the mysterious realms of "subconsciousness," making itself felt only when the person has placed himself in circumstances proper for its manifestation.

And just here it seems well to make a reflection; for this eternal blending of contradictory terms and sections of terms should be called to a strict account. This prefix "sub" either means something or it does not. If not, then the whole fabric of Modernism falls. If it does mean something, the only thing it can mean is "under," "below," "beyond," "because," "below;" and whatever is thus wholly beyond the realm of real consciousness—and, for Modernism this "need" must be of this nature—cannot be affirmed by Modernism or anything else, except through a distinct external revelation, something again which Modernism wholly denies. And thus again the whole fabric of Modernism, based as it is, on this absurd "sub-consciousness," falls to logical ruin.

Under the stimulus, however, of these supposed circumstances and of this supposed "need" the heart moves, and this thus active sense now finds in itself the divine reality, and finds it there both as its own object and as its own intimate cause, and thus in a manner joins man to God. All these are very important points in any study of Modernism; but the main point, nevertheless, to be noted for the present comparison with Pragmatism is the wholly "intra-hominem" character thus given to religion, even in its ultimate and only object, origin and cause. For what Modernism thus says of religion that Pragmatism teaches concerning all things, and thus again merits at least the praise of directness. In the belief of both these systems, whatever is not in man himself or in the visible world around him must remain forever unknown, even granting that anything outside of these could exist. And for Modernism

God cannot logically thus be allowed to exist independent of man; for "shall we not," says the Pope, although more confusedly, "call that religious sense appearing in consciousness God Himself manifesting Himself to the soul in that same religious 'sense?'" And thus even God Himself is for the Modernists a creation of their own, in which creation they then proceed, as a matter of course, to include all the things that are of God, including with especial force and purpose the whole magisterium and ministerium of the Church, with all their dogmatic, sacramental and disciplinary activities.

And surely in seeking some probable source whence so-called Catholic men could even think of believing such doctrines, we are at least struck by Bergson's "Evolution Créatrice" (Larousse, 1907, No. 8), already mentioned, and by the similar formulæ of Papini and his fellow-Pragmatists—formulæ which were just standing out in their first tinsel novelty when Modernism's real beginnings were first taking form, as is evidenced by Pope Leo's contemporary warning Encyclical on Scriptural studies. "Because of his intelligence," Bergson is credibly quoted as writing, "man has created matter, or rather intelligence and matter have a common origin." "It is from the depths of consciousness," we are told, "from the 'vital action' which is at the root even of being, that we must commence in order to conceive the evolution of nature and of intelligence," where every one must be struck by the close parallel with Modernism's "vital immanence." "I myself believe," says James in a similar strain, "that the evidence for God lies primarily in inner personal experiences" (Prag., 109), an almost verbatim rendition of the "vital immanence" of the copying Modernists. What that "God" of James must mean will soon appear. It is true that Bergson goes deeper than the Modernists; but after Bergson's scale of being has risen to man, the Modernists join him and make man the creator, not of mere matter, but of God Himself and of all divine things.

As for open, professed Pragmatism, James unhesitatingly says, "It (a cognate suggestion of Lotze) is identically our pragmatistic conception." "In our cognitive as well as in our active life we are creative." "We add both to the subject and to the predicate part of reality." The world stands really malleable waiting to receive its final touches at our hands." "Like the kingdom of heaven, it suffers human violence willingly. Man *engenders* (the italics are James') truth upon it." "No one," he continues, "can deny that such a rôle would add both to our dignity and to our responsibility as thinkers," precisely the proud pretention of Modernism (Prag., 256-7). And the same James says that his leader and teacher, Papini, "grows fairly dithyrambic over the views that it opens of man's divinely creative functions" (Ibid, p. 257). How this happy

state may be attained is graphically, even if not very intelligibly, told by James himself à la Bergson. "Place yourself at a bound or *d'emblée*, as M. Bergson says, inside the living, moving, active thickness of the real, and all the abstractions and distinctions are given into your hand; you can now make the intellectualist substitutions to your heart's content" ("Plural Univ.," 261). Qui potest capere, capiat). And in still another place he gives results: "The import of the difference between Pragmatism and rationalism (still another of James' vague designations for "intellectualism") is now in sight throughout its whole extent." "The essential contrast is that for rationalism reality is ready-made and complete from all eternity, while for Pragmatism it is still in the making and awaits part of its complexion from the future" ("Prag.," 257), words which receive their full signification only when they are understood, as James and Pragmatism understand them, to include the making of God and religion and all other conceivable things. For with such men God and all that pertains to Him are only a partial phenomenon in the general unfolding of man's creative activity. Surely we must share the horror of the Pope at the easy blasphemies of Modernism when we hear James, one of its main forerunners, coolly say, "On pragmatistic principles, if the hypothesis (note the word!) of God works satisfactorily in the widest sense of the word, it is true" ("Prag.," 299), this "widest sense" being, of course, the pragmatistic sense. And any fair-minded reader must surely deprecate with all his heart the state of mind which suggests, and the derogation of God's honor which follows, expressions such as the following: "She (Pragmatism) will take a God who lives in the very dirt of private fact, if that should seem a likely place to find Him" (Prag., 80). "Pragmatism has to postpone dogmatic answer, for we do not yet know certainly which type of religion is going to work best in the long run" (Pr., 300). "The scale of evil actually in sight defies all human tolerance" . . . "A God Who can relish such superfluities of horrors is no God for human being to appeal to." "His animal spirits are too high" (pp. 142-143). "Free will is thus a general cosmological theory of promise, just like Absolute, God, Spirit or Design." "Taken abstractedly, no one of these terms has any inner content, none of them gives us any picture, and none of them would retain the least pragmatic value in a world whose character was obviously perfect from the start" . . . "Other than this practical significance, the words God, free will, design, etc., have none." . . . "If you stop, in dealing with such words, with their definition, thinking that to be an intellectual finality, where are you?" "Stupidly staring at a pretentious sham." "Deus est Ens, a se, extra et supra omne genus, necessarium, unum,

infinite perfectum, simplex, immutabile, immensum, aeternum, intelligens," etc—wherein is such a definition really instructive? "It means less than nothing in its pompous robe of adjectives." "Pragmatism alone can read a positive meaning into it, and for that she turns her back upon the intellectualist point of view altogether" (Pr., 119, 120, 121). And these are the men that these novelty-seeking Catholics called Modernists have weakly chosen to follow! An untamed ukraine is indeed most thrillingly picturesque as its hoofs strikes fire from the city streets, but yet its real place is out upon its native plain, not amidst the cultured and sacred homes of men. And such are men like James. Endowed by God with commanding talent, they are simply destroyers, because they have never refined their native worth in the calm and gentle school of Him Who was meek and humble of heart.

We have reached that point in which the individual's creative rôle is asserted, openly by Pragmatism, covertly and indirectly by Modernism; and from all we have seen there can be, it would seem, but little doubt that here at least the argument "post hoc, ergo propter hoc" is not the only one that draws the beginnings of Modernism from Pragmatism. But the same connection and derivation appears even more plainly when we reach the part where Modernism, as Pope Pius points out, affirms a collective and successive religious sense, faith and consciousness, which collective entity undergoes a ceaseless evolution both in itself and its products, and becomes for Modernists the last tribunal of all reality and of all right, just as James has just said that the word "God" means just as much and just as little as the idea of God proves to work out usefully in a life such as Pragmatists lead—a life of pure egotism. "Further," says Pope Pius, "in order that we may finish this matter concerning faith and its varied development, it remains, venerable brethren, that we hear the precepts of Modernism explaining these two things." "The general principle is this: In any religion that is a living one there is nothing that is not variable, and therefore to be varied." "And thus they proceed to that which in their doctrine is the head of all; that is, to evolution." "And therefore dogma, the Church, reverence for holy things, the books we hold to be sacred, yea, even faith itself, unless we wish all these to be moribund, must be governed by the laws of evolution." And then the saddened Pontiff goes on to relate the consequently wholly deformed ideas of God and of all holy things given by this movement from inward to outward—not from God to man—a movement held within proper bounds, the Modernists say, by the traditions of the Church as recording universal Christian consciousness—by the Church, therefore, of the Modernists—and ever impelled forward—and this is

the important point, for on it all progress depends—impelled forward by the deep inner consciousness of superior individual men, of those who “reach life more intimately,” a phraseology vividly recalling the ancient Gnostic “Spiritules” as contrasted with the “Carnales,” as also the esoteric and exoteric distinctions of Theosophy and allied cults. We need not say that in the concrete these more exalted individuals are none other than the leading Modernists themselves, as the open disgust of their Pragmatist teaches for the coarse common crowd can abundantly show, the fact always remaining that individual and private religious “sense” is the ultimate source of all religious reality. And again we know where this could at least have come from when we hear James declaring that “our acts, our turning places, where we seem to make ourselves (creators) and to grow, are the parts of the world to which we are closest, the parts of which our knowledge is the most intimate and complete.” And the same conclusion is likewise strongly suggested when we hear him jauntily say that “the original polytheism of mankind has only imperfectly sublimated itself into monotheism,” and that this monotheism, “as far as it was religious and not a scheme of classroom instruction for the metaphysicians, has always viewed God as but one helper, *primus inter pares*, in the midst of all the shapers of the great world’s fate” (Prag., p. 289). “I believe that we stand in much the same relation to the whole of the universe that our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life” (Ibid, 300). “Pragmatism,” as we have quoted before, “has to postpone dogmatic answer, for we do not yet know certainly what type of religion is going to work best in the long run” (Prag., 300). “Our acts,” again we quote, “our turning places, where we seem to ourselves to make ourselves and grow, are the parts of the world to which we are closest, the parts of which our knowledge is the most intimate and complete.” “Why should we not take them at their face value?” “Why may they not be the turning places and growing places, which they seem to be, of the world; why not the workshop of being, where we catch fact in the making, so that nowhere may the world in any other kind of way than this?” (Prag., 287). “We create the subjects of our true as well as of our false propositions” (Prag., 254). “The stubborn fact remains that there is a sensible flux; what is true of it seems from first to last to be largely a matter of our own creation. We build the flux out inevitably” (Prag., 300). In logical sequence, therefore, both Pragmatism and its faithful follower, Modernism, take every care that in all inter-relations the human “creator” shall ever subject his idea of God to the demands of sense perceptions. And he does this precisely in order to avoid any subjection of himself to powers he grants to

be allied in some way to his ideas of religion. Faith for the Modernist, as the Pope points out, is in itself wholly distinct from all the data of sense and from all things of the material order. The Church likewise belongs to an order of things with which the State at no time comes into contact, as they say. But yet, in the proper and due evolution of which we just spoke, progress can be had, the Modernist asserts, not by the State paying any heed to the Church, but, vice versa, by the Church conforming itself in all ways to the modern ideas of civil society. As for the Pragmatists, we shall have occasion to meet their explicit, brutal avowal of complete insubordination to any authority—an insubordination which, in truth, the basic principles of Pragmatism would inexorably demand.

And now, for our own termination of this wearisome parallel of these so closely emulous errors, we may note the fact that while Pope Pius more than once indicates that the real leaders of Modernism are men who are outside of the Church and hostile to all its best interests, he nevertheless is not explicit in naming them, one reason being, no doubt, that he wished to remain consistent with his really specific aim, the correction of endangered and endangering Catholics, and did not, therefore, wish to be explicit with regard to any one else. But we are not restricted here by any such consideration, and every field of thought becomes clear just in proportion as the real sources of tendencies are sought for and found.

We may remark, too, that one further reason for instituting the comparison and claiming this basic connection that Pragmatism holds with regard to Modernism is the peculiar fact that, strange to say, as one writer speaking of Pragmatism puts it, "Certain profoundly religious thinkers hoped to find in this change of the concept of science and in this diminution of its claims the principle of a new concept of the relations existing between science and religion and the source of a real religious triumph" (Larousse Mensuel, Paris, January, 1909, p. 392). For this is precisely the apologetic pretension of Modernism, and again the parallel becomes apparent between these two allied and aberrant systems of thought.

As a still further concatenation it seems well to note here, too, the Holy Father's assignment of pride as the principal moral cause of Modernistic errors and to mark the justification of this assignment in the system from which it would seem that Modernism has sprung. We already have noticed the manner and words of James concerning the sublimest thesis of Scholastic Theology—the manner and words, that is, in which he equivalently declares that without the aid of his favorite Pragmatism we, in looking at the glorious thesis that announces God's infinite attributes, are "stupidly staring at a pretentious sham!" (Prag., 121), telling us likewise

that "it means less than nothing in its pompous robe of adjectives," and that "Pragmatism alone can read any positive meaning into it." Whereupon we may be allowed to observe that it is much more easy thus to deride scholastic theology and philosophy than to master their delicate intricacies, and that therefore limited minds that want to be heard or powerful ones that are too impatient are very apt to take the former course. Mr. James, too, though for a long time affecting the utmost courtesy and complete *bonhomie* for all but the Church's adherents, at last forgets himself under the constant strain of opposition to his dictatorial utterances, and finally cries out, rather inelegantly, "Here I take the bull by the horns, and in spite of the whole crew of rationalists and monists, of whatever brand they may be, I ask 'why not?'" And he asks this triumphant rhetorical question in regard to his own preceding one, "Does our act then *create* (the italics are James') the world's salvation so far as it makes room for itself, so far as it leaps into the gap? Does it create, not the whole world's salvation, of course, but just so much of this as itself covers of the world's extent?" It is clear that both question and answer contain nothing except the senseless pride that would raise even each individual to the real rank of an independent creator, a creator entitled to despise the "whole crew" of dissenters; and in this both Pragmatism and Modernism are surely agreed.

Again, as the Holy Pope points out, Modernism hates Christ. Professor James, a typical Pragmatist, has in his book on that subject not a single mention of Christ from cover to cover, though Walt Whitman, the so-called "cow-pen poet" of Camden, wandering Indian "Swami," and pantheistic apostles of every kind find a repeated and respectful consideration.

The Holy Father says that pantheistic conceptions square best with Modernistic doctrines, and James, after reciting the doctrine of the Swami Vivekananda (sic), tells us that "in the centre, the reality, there is no one to be mourned for, no one to be sorry for. He has penetrated everything, the Pure One, the Formless, the Bodiless, the Stainless, He the Knower, He the great Poet, the Self-existent, He who is giving to every one what he deserves." And of this—contrast his words on the parallel scholastic thesis—he says: "Surely we have here a religion which, emotionally considered, has a high pragmatic value; it imparts a perfect sumptuousness of security." And Modernism places all its security in its own creative centre, the centre of each individual consciousness, while yet seeming to affirm the existence of some vast unknown.

Passing, then, to the more specific character and life of Modernism in itself, we shall find it fully worthy of its infected pragmatic cradle. And a fully authentic list of the realms invaded by it can

be found in the Pope's enumeration of the various personalities which the typical Modernist pretends to assume. For one and the same apostle of this new cult assumes without trepidation the many and varied responsibilities of philosopher, believer, theologian, historian, critic, apologist and reformer of religious things; and he roams over this vast and highly cultivated extent like some savage animal coursing at will amongst the most beautiful parterres of exquisite exotic flowers. For the wretched practical ruin due to the Modernist's unrestrained activity can be seen likewise in the most authentic manner in the Decree "*Lamentabili*" of the Holy Office, in which no less than sixty-five palmary condemned propositions were necessary to cover even in general terms the errors expressing in the concrete the deadly heresies of this upstart system. And this list of condemnations is not, like some of its predecessors, thus numerous because it deals minutely with the varied details of some one capital error, but because Modernism has attacked the principal points in every conceivable part of the whole Christian religion, as well as those of all merely natural reasoning and of sound philosophy.

Separate study would, we need not say, be required in order to gain any proper knowledge of the Modernist's special manner of acting in the multiplex personalities which he has assumed; and it will here suffice, therefore, to say that with his own preconceived, irresponsible principles as his only and constant guide, he gives to all the character of philosopher, believer and critic, as well as to all the rest, a method whose only ultimate intent is, as before, to support the general system which he professes, which system, as already declared, has in its turn for its one ultimate object the assertion of the individual man as finally and fully supreme, and this with regard to God as well as with regard to all lesser things.

As for the Decree "*Lamentabili*," with its list of condemned propositions, it fully shows that this pretentious system of Modernism vitally attacks the very bases of all reason and all truth, and therefore of all knowledge, both human and divine; for amongst many other equally subversive assertions it declares that "truth is not any more invariable than is man himself, since it is something that is evolved with him and in him and by him" (Prop. 58). And it must be remembered that for Modernism God Himself also owes even His very existence to an inner, intrinsic exigence of man, so that the last words of the proposition just quoted would practically substitute man for God in the sacred text, "In Him we live and move and be" (Acts xvii., 28), as also in that other equally sublime, "Of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things" (Rom. xi., 36). For it is of man, and not of God, that we have just

heard Modernism say that truth is something that is evolved "with him, and in him, and by him," certainly a close alignment and one that must recall again the similarly all-creating claims of Pragmatism.

As for Revelation in general, there are three propositions, in which, by asserting its interior and denying its exterior origin, Modernism destroys Revelation altogether, and by denying its apostolic completion and its proper connection with dogma, leaves the way open for all innovations and breaks down at pleasure all the already established dogmatic truths, for it openly says that "Revelation could not be anything else than the consciousness acquired by man of his relation to God" (Prop. 20).

And as to the two great vehicles of Revelation, the eternally spoken word Christ and the Sacred Scriptures, Christ is attacked in twelve blasphemous assertions (27-38) concerning His nature, His ministry, His death, His resurrection, and all denying what is most important to be believed concerning Him—His divinity and His effective mediation for man.

The Scriptures are indirectly assailed in many regards, and they are directly attacked in thirteen separate propositions, which fact links the present Encyclical up with that of Leo XIII., "Providentissimus Deus," which revealed and condemned Modernism's first poisoned activity, bent as it then was towards the fatal vitiation and final destruction of the very well-springs of faith. The ninth proposition can serve as a sufficient example. "Those who believe that God is really the author of the Sacred Scriptures betray unpardonable simplicity or ignorance" (P. 9).

As to the earthly custodians and propagators of true Revelation, as to the Church with the Roman Pontiff and his assisting congregations—agencies which the Modernists recognize as their only effectual opposers—these are attacked in fourteen assertions, all tending to enervate a power so distasteful to Modernistic ideas. As to the Church, its magisterium and its ministerium are both denied in every real regard. It is denied all real rights of any kind concerning the guarding and interpretation of the Scriptures, of requiring any real assent to her dogmatic definitions, and it has no voice whatever regarding the dicta of what is known as human studies as distinguished from those that are related to sacred things.

As for the Roman Pontiff, we need not marvel that he has fully shared the contumely so impiously poured out by the Modernists upon the Divine Master Whom he represents and upon His first earthly representative. We have seen what Modernism says of Christ, and now we are told by it that "St. Peter never even sus-

pected that Christ had given him primacy in the Church" (P. 55), and if this is so of Peter, it need not be said that the present claim is an absurd pretention and usurpation. The Roman congregations—always, and now perhaps more than ever, the favorite objects of attack for the skulking class of heretics and insubordinates—are calmly dismissed in one proposition, which says that "those who pay no attention whatever to the condemnations promulgated by the Sacred Congregation of the Index and by the other Sacred Roman congregations are to be considered as free from all blame" (8), and indeed even one proposition of this kind seems ample, even for the most Modernistic demands.

As for Revelation's internal effect, faith, and as to its complex dogmatic and moral object, all are inverted in order to serve Modernistic preconceptions. And in the case of moral teaching a very ingenious device is used, the device of a practically absolute silence concerning ordinary moral obligations. But no one who knows human nature need be in any doubt of the fate of all decent morality, once man himself is made, as Modernism makes him, the origin, the rule and the judge of all things. For Modernism man is a real creator, the creator—all-blasphemous though the assertion be—even of God Himself, and therefore Modernism need feel no fear of any avenger, it need fear no hell, for nothing can be wrong, nothing can be avenged, which springs up from man himself, the primal fount of all reality. Given a Modernistic triumph and all the enormities of paganism—which yet had some idea of real gods and of real reward and punishments—will pale into an almost honorable insignificance beside those of its belated successor.

And with its assertion of complete irresponsibility thus purposely concealed, the Modernists proceed to attack all that could make it insecure. For in the Modernistic idea faith is merely the product of a material movement of a material organ, a pulsation, as it were, of the material heart; for to them faith is merely an outcome of sense, and sense must use corporeal instruments. And no one need say that any God and any faith and any dogma cast forth by a merely material force-pump—and the heart is just this—can never exert any binding force upon the minds or the morals of men. God is already accounted for by Modernism in their general "vital immanence," which gives the birth and progress of all things that exceed the phenomenal world. Faith is this "religious sense" and consciousness itself, and dogma is only that part of individual vagaries that creative, supra-phenomenal evolution has assumed to itself—a kind of adapted "survival of the fittest" in a wholly internal religious experience. It takes the whole exposition of Modernistic theories to tell us this about God, and it takes six distinct propo-

sitions to tell us the rest concerning faith and dogma and their allied derivations.

The general truths of the sacraments are denied in three propositions, and each separate sacrament is then attacked in turn by propositions special to itself, baptism having a double share of abuse, as being the gateway to all the rest, and sacred orders also, because from these the administration of the sacraments in general depends. And penitence, too, the especial hatred of pride, the one we all need so much, and none more than the Modernists in their obstinate arrogance, is made the object of a specially deadly assault.

And lastly, even the familiar and venerable "Apostles' Creed" that we all have loved so much, the sacred echo of infancy and innocence and of awakening religious truths, is not, we are told by Modernism, in its principal articles the same for us that it was for the early Christians (62).

After all this we are not surprised to learn from the Modernists that "dogmas, sacraments and the hierarchy, both as regards their concept and their reality, are nothing more than interpretations and evolutions coming from Christian understanding, which, by means of external increments, augmented and perfected the slight germ hidden in the Gospel" (54). Nor, therefore, are we surprised to know from the same source that "the progress of science demands that there be a reformation of the concepts held by the Christian religion concerning God, the Creation, Revelation, the Person of the Incarnate Word and the Redemption" (64). Nor are we more surprised to hear the allied Modernistic deduction that "the Catholicism of the present cannot be reconciled with true science unless it be transformed into a kind of non-dogmatic Christianity; that is, into a wide and liberal Protestantism" (65). Surely it would be difficult—it would be impossible—to find any sacred fact or any sacred belief that Modernism would not wholly destroy.

Such was the foe that drew forth all the best forces of Pius the Tenth, and we well may believe that he himself would welcome no better memorial than even the feeblest of echoes that seeks to repeat the fearless war he waged against them in the sacred cause of religious truth. And we need not say that it was a struggle at whose side mere diplomatic entanglements and finesse begin to look small. We have given this somewhat lengthened analysis of the Modernistic question because its absence from any account of Pope Pius would seem like the recent titanic struggles in France without Mons and Charleroi or La Marne. And we have placed the parallel with Pragmatism in order to show Modernism's deeper roots and character, and thus to explain that Pius was combating a foreign foe as well as a domestic enemy; was combating not alone his own

disobedient children, who have shown much more of stubbornness than of talent, but was struggling also against the most brilliant of the new and Satanic philosophers that recent years have brought into prominence in America, England, France and Italy—a reason, in turn, doing much to explain this otherwise unexplainable obstinacy on the part of so many mediocre men. For just as Pragmatism was breaking up outside the Church by its own illogical weight, a group of inferior minds within its pale, most probably ignorant of their fallen guide's later vicissitudes, made the pitiable mistake of lengthening Pragmatism's waning life by its new application in Modernism. But still, thanks to Pius, we nevertheless can say of Modernism what Van Biéma has said of its parent, Pragmatism—that, namely, "It neglects essential aspects of reality and cannot disentangle itself from internal contradiction." "Religious Pragmatism"—a very apt designation for Modernism—"cannot go to the end of its thought without breaking with the dogmas it desires to save." (Larousse Mensuel, Paris, January, 1909, p. 393.)

For Pius has conquered. Some lingering resistance still remains, but under his leading this creeping error has been uncovered; men have been obliged to declare themselves under oath; the faithful episcopate of the Church has loyally supported its great leader, and even the friends of every serious religion outside of the Church have unitedly risen to resist and destroy a system which, if successful, must inevitably force the surrender of every pathway and every stronghold leading natural or supernatural truth and happiness. Yet, still again, it remains an untold pity thus to see minds outside of the Church possessed of a perception of religious truth much clearer than that possessed by many within its bosom.

II. PIUS THE TENTH AND PHILOSOPHY.

We have recounted an issue which, while it involved the very foundations and the deepest principles of philosophy, was still in the main theological, for all movements are properly specified by their real "terminus ad quem," and the whole ultimate end and aim of Modernism was the complete substitution of one religious system for another.

But Pius was well aware that theology as a science is but the orderly complexus of related conclusions drawn by sane philosophy from the primal and unquestioned data of divine revelation and authority. He knew that true philosophy is really the handmaid and, technically speaking, an indispensable handmaid of theology in its scientific aspects; of theology, that is, in its specifically scientific conclusions and as distinguished from the body of basic truths which came down from heaven without reason's aid, or were

repeated in order to strengthen some of its already found knowledge. And thus from the very beginning the anxious Pope looked sedulously to the all-important outlying strongholds of true philosophy. "As to what specifically pertains to theology," he says, "we have always wished this study to be illustrated by the philosophy (that of St. Thomas) of which we speak." (Ap. Sed., 6, July, 1914, p. 338.) "We must reject," he also says, "the opinion of certain older teachers that it makes no difference to the truth of faith what any one may think concerning created things, provided that he thinks aright of God, since error concerning the nature of things brings forth a false knowledge of God; so that we must keep sacred and inviolate the principles of philosophy placed by St. Thomas, by means of which there is obtained a knowledge of creatures such as most aptly coheres with faith, and by which all the errors of epochs are refuted, and by which it becomes possible to know what are to be attributed to God and to Him alone, and by which there is wondrously illustrated both the diversity and analogy which intervenes between God and His works." (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, p. 337.)

"For the points that are principal in the philosophy of St. Thomas should not be considered as belonging to opinions concerning which one is free to discuss either for or against." "But they should be held to be the foundations in which our entire knowledge of divine things are laid, and from the removal of which, or from their deprivation in any manner, it would necessarily follow that the students of the sacred branches of learning would not even understand the signification of the words in which divinely revealed dogmas are set forth by the teaching power of the Church." (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, p. 338.) And he accordingly warns the teachers of Christian philosophy and of Sacred Theology that "the power of teaching has been granted to them, not for the purpose of communicating to their students the opinions pleasing to themselves, but in order that they may impart to them the teachings most approved by the Church." (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, p. 338.)

"In these principles of St. Thomas," he still further says, "speaking of them in general and collectively taken, there is contained nothing but what the most noble philosophers and the principal doctors of the Church found out by meditation and discussion concerning the special characteristics of human knowledge, the nature of God and the nature of other things, the moral order and the attainment of the last end of life." "Nor will sane reason permit the neglect nor religion suffer the least diminution of so precious a wealth of knowledge which St. Thomas, having received it from his predecessors, refined and increased with his truly angelic talent

and made use of as the preparation, illustration and defense of sacred doctrine in human minds." "And this all the more from the fact that if Catholic truth be once deprived of this strong bulwark, aid for its defense will be sought in vain from that philosophy whose principles are also those of Materialism, Monism, Pantheism, Socialism, or certainly do not conflict with these." (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, pp. 337-338.)

It was, therefore, with these principles fully in his mind that at the very beginning of his pontificate Pope Pius renewed all the teachings and all the directions concerning philosophy which had been promulgated by Leo XIII. in his great Encyclical, "Aeterni Patris," the whole intent of which was to make Scholastic Philosophy, in its typical Thomistic form, the basis of all the philosophy taught in the Catholic seminaries, universities and colleges of the world. And Pope Pius did this because, as Pope Leo points out, the teachings of Thomas were the best fitted for times such as ours. And Pius says in his own name that since his own pontificate had fallen upon more hostile to the wisdom of the Fathers than any that preceded, he deemed it of the very highest importance that Pope Leo's direction with regard to Scholastic Philosophy should be most accurately observed and most sedulously extended (Acta S., Sedis xxxvi., 469.) He himself directs that "All, whoever they may be and in whatever part of the earth they may be situated, who teach philosophy in Catholic schools should never depart from the way or the method of St. Thomas Aquinas, but should day by day more diligently and carefully follow in his footsteps." (Acta S. Sedis., xxxvi., 470.)

Later on, in addressing the Bishops in charge of the Institute Catholique of Paris, he said: "As for philosophy, we request that you should never allow in your seminaries any relaxed observance of the precepts most providentially given by our predecessors. This is a matter of great importance to the custody and safeguarding of the faith. (Acta S. Sedis, xl., 391.) These last words are prophetic in regard to Modernism, whose everywhere self-contradicting absurdities never could have gained a foothold in any mind endowed with even the initial logic of Scholasticism.

And what Pope Pius said in this regard before Modernism had fully developed, he said with even more of saddened earnestness and firmness in its very presence. For in the great Encyclical "Pasce," in which he sets forth all the deadly errors of Modernism, he puts down in the very first place and number amongst the remedies to be applied against so fatal a pest the same explicit directions concerning scholastic philosophy. "First, therefore," he says, "with regard to studies, we wish and completely command that

scholastic philosophy be placed as the foundation of Christian studies." "And what is principal in this is by the scholastic philosophy which we command to be followed, we mean particularly that which was taught by St. Thomas, concerning which philosophy we desire all that was decreed by our predecessor to remain in force, and in so far as it may be necessary, we renew it all, and confirm it, and strictly command that it be observed by all." "It will be the duty of Bishops, if this has been neglected anywhere in the seminaries, to urge and force its observance in the future." "We command the same to the generals of religious orders." "And we warn teachers that they properly remember that to desert Aquinas, especially in metaphysics, cannot be done without great loss." (Acta S. Sedis, 1907, 640.) Likewise, in granting to the new Benedictine College of St. Anselm, in Rome, the power of granting academic degrees both in philosophy and theology, the Pope speaks of "St. Thomas, whose golden doctrine illuminates minds with its splendor; whose way and method leads without any danger of error to the most profound knowledge of divine things" (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, p. 334), and also, after granting this power, he adds: "In order that this privilege may bring all the more salutary fruit to the order and to the Church, we wish and we direct that both in philosophy and theology the professors of the Anselmian College always follow the teaching of Aquinas." He directs, moreover, that in the studies of those who wish to receive degrees in theology the very text of St. Thomas be used (cf. Ap. Sedis, 6 July, 1914, p. 339), adding finally the repetition that "to desert Aquinas, especially in philosophy and theology, cannot, as we have already said, be done without great detriment, while to follow him is a most secure pathway to a profound knowledge of divine things." (Ibid, p. 335.)

After all this one would surely think that the weary old Pope's work in this regard was sufficiently done, at least in so far as Catholics were concerned. But human nature is a very incomprehensible thing, and Pius was compelled to return yet again to this matter, since, as he himself declares in referring to his own preceding Encyclical against Modernism, "From the fact that he had said that the philosophy of St. Thomas was to be *principally* used, some had persuaded themselves that they were following his wishes, or at least not opposing them, if they felt free to make promiscuous use of the philosophical doctrines of some particular scholastic doctor, even though these were contrary to those of St. Thomas." "But," he now added, "they were greatly mistaken. For it is clear that when we placed St. Thomas as the principal leader in our philosophical schools we wished this to be understood in an especial

manner of those principles upon which that philosophy depends as fundamental." (Ap. Sed., 6 July, 1914, 337.)

And further still, not deeming even this enough, he took, just before he died, the supremely effective step of prescribing for explicit teaching and prescribing in text the most specific and fundamental tenets of the philosophy he had previously commanded. Through the Congregation of Studies he issued, on the 27th of July, 1914, a decree approving as fundamental, in the sense of which he had already spoken, twenty-four theses belonging to the philosophy of St. Thomas and dealing especially with its metaphysical aspects. This body of theses will doubtless be added at once to Catholic philosophical text-books, and will thus form an invaluable "medulla" of scholastic philosophy in its specifically Thomistic form.

III. SACRED SCRIPTURES.

From the propositions recited by the Holy Office and already given here, it is plain that Pius was by no means unaware of the urgent necessity of guarding this written part of the deposit of faith from the Modernistic vandals who, knowing its irreconcilable opposition to all their most cherished tenets, sought by an array of false and empty erudition to rob these divine writings of all their true standing and force. And here, too, with that continuity which has ever marked the Holy See, the chain of protecting legislation stretched from Leo to Pius in regard to the abuse of Scriptural studies, just as it did in the case of unsound philosophical experiments; so that just as the great Encyclical "*Æterni Patris*" of Leo could serve as a basis for the further required directions of Pius concerning philosophy, so the commanding utterance, "*Providentissimus Deus*," issued by Leo on the 18th of November, 1893, concerning Scriptural subjects (*Acta Leo*, v., 200), could and did serve Pope Pius in his conflict with Modernistic Scriptural errors, while Pope Leo's Apostolic Letter "*Vigilantiæ studiiqque memores*" of October 28, 1902, with its establishment of the "Biblical Commission," gave the occasion for the "*Motu Proprio*" of Pius, dated November 18, 1907, declaring the decisions of the commission to be of equal rank with those of the Roman Congregations in general and making them binding, under the severest of penalties, upon the consciences of all. As to the specific provisions added by Pius regarding the study of Scripture, these are to be found in the Apostolic Letter of March 27, 1906, and in the "*Motu Proprio*" of November 18, 1907, the last principally concerning the work of the Biblical Commission established by Leo XIII. on October 30, 1902—a commission whose office may be said to have been completed by the "Biblical Institute" established by Pius himself on the 7th

of May, 1900. And all these fundamental regulations are to have a profound effect upon the new Latin edition of the "Vulgate," another imposing work inaugurated by this universally thoughtful Pontiff and referred to in the related documents of April 30, 1907, and of December 3, 1907.

IV. CATECHETICAL INTEREST AND ZEAL.

Extending this truly paternal solicitude for the proper education of youth still further, extending it even to infancy, and extending it there precisely because he knew the commanding importance of early education, because he knew that "Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings Thou hast perfected praise" (Ps. viii., 3), because he wished it to be said of each of his little children of the fold, as was said of the Divine Child, their heavenly model, "The child grew, and waxed strong; and the grace of God was in Him" (Luke ii., 40); because he desired with all his heart that like Him all these little ones should advance "in wisdom and age and grace with God and man" (Luke ii., 52); because of all this one of his first and deepest and most earnestly pressed objects of zeal was for the careful and effectual catechetical instruction of the young and for such as had reached maturer years without this necessary training. And for the same end he secured the publication of a specially prepared catechism, which has reached wide circulation through many translations.

And then in the Encyclical Letter "*Acerbo nimis*" of the 15th of April, 1905, led by the laxity and weakness of soul that he everywhere saw, and which he ascribes principally to the lack of knowledge of divine things, he says, "Where the mind is covered with the darkness of crass ignorance there can be no right will and no proper morals." Certainly the pity which we show towards the poor for the purpose of removing their trials has great praise with God." "But who will deny that a praise far greater belongs to the zeal and the labor by which, through teaching and admonition, we secure not passing advantages for the body, but eternal profit for souls?" In this document he gives most careful and detailed prescriptions, and in six canons provides for this for proper catechetical instruction, especially in regard to the young, but also not forgetting, as we have indicated, the needs of those of more advanced age who still remain insufficiently instructed in the main outlines of the faith.

V. HOLY COMMUNION.

We have recounted great things, and yet it may truly be said that only now are we approaching the work that ever shall mark

the reign of Pius the Tenth. His first announced purpose was "to restore all things in Christ," and Christ was indeed the great love of his heart, as is easily visible in the anguish he feels in the places where he speaks of Modernism's especial insults to the Divine Redeemer. And love is never content with mere theoretic vindication. It wants to stoop and repair the injury done. And Pius knew, too, that all the other things of which we have spoken were addressed to the mind of man, whereas that is not his sole specific power. He has a will with which to do, or refuse to do, that which the intellect dictates. He has a heart to love, as well as a mind to know. And Pius knew also that in the ultimate test the heart is the more important of the two, since from it there depends our whole moral standing. "Far, indeed, are we from asserting," he says, "that depravity of mind and corruption of morals cannot be joined with a knowledge of religion." (*"Acerbo minis,"* 15 April, 1905.) And thus it was that after giving, by all his great Encyclicals and by all his other instructional works, that light which the mind must have, his great heart found its truly congenial employment in Christ as the strength of the weak, in Him as "the way and the truth and the life" (John xiv., 6); in Him as One Who had said, "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you" (John vi., 5), and the tenderly loving regulations contained in the Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of the Council of December 20, 1905; December 7, 1906 (*S. Amer.*, 813, 820, 821), and April 10, 1907, as well as in that of the Sacred College of the Sacraments dated August 8, 1910 (*Acta S. Sed.*, 1910, 250), show all this deep and practical love of his heart—a love in which the Pontiff does but recall the faithful of these later times to the theory and the practice of the earlier Church.

Commencing from his deep regard for the little ones of Christ, we can see how Pius remembered that Peter had heard the gentle command, "Feed My lambs;" how he remembered that Christ had forbidden the disciples to repel the little children that instinctively sought His side, but told them, on the contrary, that we all must be like to them, for of such was the kingdom of heaven. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Mark x., 14). And it is indeed touching to read the Pontiff's reasoning in this regard, and to see how he still defends the little ones, and directs that even discussion is unlawful in their regard; that the only thing ministers of the Church are allowed to do is to give the little ones their food divine, without permitting any worldly-wise criticism of the tender union of God with the pure and innocent souls of childhood.

For in the Decree "*Quam singulari*," emanating under his direction and approval from the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, August 8, 1910 (*Acta S. Sed.*, 1910, 250), he recites all the acts of this tender love of Christ for the little ones, as narrated by the Gospels concerning Christ, and recalls that we must become like them, and that on the same divine authority any service rendered to them will be considered as if rendered to Christ Himself. Then passing to the Church in its imitation of its Divine Master, he tells how in the earlier ages up to the thirteenth century, and even now in the Church of the Greeks, even suckling infants were given the Holy Eucharist under the form of wine; and how, without reproaching this, the Latin Church, under the lead of the Fourth Lateral Council, in the year 1215, made the age of reason, the age of capability of mortal sin, the practical standard of the time, not for the privilege only, but also for the obligation—an obligation of the divine law itself—for the first reception of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. And making all this his own, the Pope then explains the slight knowledge required for this first Communion, and by suitable rules commands that the practices dictated by the principles announced be regularly and carefully carried out, even to the extent of the daily Communion of children who have reached the age of reason, "as Jesus Christ and the Mother Church desire." The refusal of the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction to the dying who have reached this age of reason without having received Holy Communion is condemned as an "altogether detestable abuse."

And what Pius did for the little ones he also did for the sick in their own measure, for on the 7th of December, 1906, he permitted the sick in religious or allied houses to receive Holy Communion twice a week and granting the same privilege twice a month to others not so situated, and this in both cases even when they had previously taken some liquid restorative after midnight. For the strong, for all, he reduced the number of confessions necessary for the obtaining of the great Eucharistic indulgences, and in every way encouraged close and constant approach to the Lord in the great sacrament of His daily love. For this purpose he, by the Decree "*Sacra Tridentina Synodus*" of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, December 20, 1905, gives Christ Himself as the Author of the desire of frequent Communion and the Jansenists as the authors of its strict limitation and rare administration. Excluding the pretext that in Holy Communion the first thing intended is the honor of God—the reason the strict affect—he quotes the Council of Trent to show that the really specific intention of God and of the Church in this most holy act is that the Most Holy Eucharist

may be "the antidote by which we are liberated from daily faults and are preserved from those that are mortal." And then, by proper and practical prescriptions, he marks the methods to be observed by all in this supreme matter, telling all finally to abstain in the future from any discussion as to the propriety of the course of action here set forth. These regulations are well known to all. No person and no set of persons free from mortal sin and desiring to approach the Holy Table can be prevented by any one from doing so.

VI. RESTORATION OF THE BREVIARY.

Though not so generally known, it is nevertheless the fact that the Sacred Office recited in the Breviary by all the higher clerics of the Church is closely connected, in a liturgical sense, with the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For these Canonical Hours form the spiritual sacrifice of the great heart and mind of the Church, just as its real sacrifice is perfected in the Mass on the altar. And thus Pius the Tenth, after seeking to draw from that supreme sacrifice its full efficiency for the people through frequent and devout Communion, naturally turned his mind to this other great interior sacrifice of canonical prayer and sought to regulate it anew, and thus derive ever more and more benefit for the Christian peoples by its decorous beauty and power. And here again Pius is not an innovator. In this, as in all his other reforms touching the deep inner life of the Church, his only desire is to renew its first spirit and fervor to return to the primitive and unaffected devotion of its earlier days. No wrong was being done by the Breviary. Indeed, it was a very wealth of holiness that had increasingly embarrassed the office through the necessity of seeking to give due liturgical honor to the ever succeeding saints that were so frequently added to its lists of canonization. This had led to a very great displacement and omission of the older offices devoted more especially to the spirit of the varied seasons of the ecclesiastical year; and it is mainly this tendency that has been corrected; it is mainly the old "temporal" offices that have been restored; and this has been secured in large measure by the elimination of merely votive and octave offices. All these changes were discussed and effected principally by the Apostolic Constitutions "*Divino afflatu*" of November 1, 1911, and "*Abhinc duos annos*" of October 13, 1913. Practical experience shows that these changes were very judicious and desirable, the almost daily repetition of the same psalm in the old order tending to weary the mind and render it inattentive. And the same class of changes will finally affect the Missal.

VII. CHURCH MUSIC.

It may seem at first that the music of the Church forms but a very unimportant aspect of its many-sided life. But this is far from being the case. The matter was considered important enough to be mentioned under the inspiration of God in the Sacred Scriptures themselves, and this is sufficient warrant that music and singing have a really significant place in the ceremonial of the Church. "Wherefore become not unwise," says St. Paul, "but understanding what is the will of God, . . . be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord" (Eph. v., 17-19), an injunction which he repeats to the Colossians, "Admonishing one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God." (Col., iii., 16.)

And indeed any one who has known the crying abuses that existed for many years will readily grant that the reform of church music, the banishment, that is, of what was wholly unfit, and the full restoration of the Church's glorious but long discarded sacred and beautiful psalmody, was brought about none too soon. The frequenters of the theatres, blasé from the night before, came to church on Sundays merely to hear the same strains adapted to sacred words; and no one need be told of the more than anomaly thus constituted by habitually associating the sacred mysteries and the spiritual longings of the Church with the love-languishing voicings of merely natural passion.

With all this in mind, Pope Pius the Tenth at once put this reform into vigorous force by the *Motu Proprio* "Inter pastoralis" of November 22, 1903. And the entire spirit of this document is shown by its words, "Since it is our vehement desire that a truly Christian spirit may everywhere be renewed and inviolately preserved in all the faithful, it is necessary, first of all, that we should care for the sanctity and dignity of our sacred temples; of the places, that is, where the faithful are gathered together for the purpose of drawing this spirit from its one indispensable fount; that is, from the active communications in most sacred mysteries and in the public and solemn prayers of the Church." "But we shall uselessly hope that the blessings of God will be poured abundantly down upon us for this end, if our worship of God, instead of ascending in the odor of sweetness, places, on the contrary, in the hands of the Lord the lash with which the Divine Redeemer elsewhere drove out the unworthy desecrators from the temple."

Conditions almost or quite prohibitive in some places have thus far impeded the full realization of these necessary restorations of

proper liturgical decorum in this regard, but much has already been accomplished, and we may justly hope that the worst abuses have now disappeared forever.

VIII. NEW CODIFICATION OF CANON LAW.

The discipline of the Church is one thing, its dogma quite another. The first is elastic and variable, the second immutable. And thus it is that the Church is fitting both for time and eternity. Like eternal truth, it remains immutable in its body of revealed doctrine, while at the same time, like the other living organisms that God has placed in this world of change, it is free to adapt itself in its outer life to the varying earthly conditions through which its world-long life must pass. And thus the regulations of mere disciplinary practice which filled a very important part in one age may be supplanted with advantage by others in other epochs; in epochs, that is, whose life, owing to the changes that the centuries inevitably bring, may be cast in channels widely divergent from those of preceding times.

And one may easily imagine the cloud of rules and laws that the Church must have needed since it first received from Christ the plenary assurance and command, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. xvi., 19.) Age after age has necessarily furnished its quota of decrees of all kinds, until the famous "*Corpus Juris*" is fairly dismaying in its bulky proportions and demands long years of the closest toil for even a comparatively proper acquaintance with its prolific contents. And thus the real difficulty of a new codification lies precisely in the fact that there is nothing even in that vast collection which can truly be called useless. On the contrary, this long series of consistent decisions, retaining few principles, but giving a vast explanation, form an invaluable deposit of practical legislative acumen and resource. The pruning, therefore, which the ages demand must be done with extreme caution and nicety, unless it is to destroy much more than it gains.

And yet Pius attacked this monumental work, too, and the result, though not yet complete, already promises the most valuable fruit. The new Codex is appearing in installments, as it were, in the new "*Apostolic Sedis*," the "*Official Commentary*"—also originated by Pius—which authentically records all the activity of the Supreme Pontiff and his imposing Curia. This beautiful and completed periodical commences with the year 1909 and supersedes the former analogous "*Acta Sanctæ Sedis*" of many past years. The object sought in the revision of the Codex will simply be the removal of

all the regulations that changed conditions have deprived of their practical value, the concise statement of the many remaining laws that the wide activity of the Church must ever require, and a similar orderly presentment of such new rules as may be found necessary. It may be of interest to note here that well informed authorities consider that the one possibility of this vast and difficult work at this time is due to the commanding erudition and ability of Cardinal Gasparri, a typical dignitary of the later days, raised to the purple by Pius the Tenth.

IX. THE NEW ROMAN CURIA.

To grapple with all these more than herculean labors and to prosecute them with vigor and efficiency, the Pope effected a profound change in the constitution and allotted duties of the various congregations and tribunals constituting the Curia and allied bodies at Rome. The detailed list of these important modifications can be seen in the Apostolic Constitutions "*Sapienti Consilio*" of June 29, 1908, and "*Lex Propria*" of the same date, concerning the Sacred Rota and the "*Signatura Apostolica*." The entire scope of these changes is given by the Pontiff himself in the first named document, and it is that "the Roman Curia, having been arranged in a manner that is pertinent and clear to all, may be able to give its aid and its assistance all the more readily and more perfectly to the Roman Pontiff and to the Church." (*Acta S. Sedis*, 1908, p. 426.) As to the methods by which this great result is sought, they were such as the changed times in which we live suggested to the Pope himself and to the experienced men at his side.

As to the personnel of these great congregations, its guiding spirits are the Cardinals remaining from the nominations of Leo or constituted by Pope Pius, and the list of these will show that at no period in the history of the Church were the members of the Sacred College more justly celebrated for learning, sanctity or power.

X. PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In personal appearance Pope Pius the Tenth was of medium height, solidly, but not heavily built, and there was an appearance of quiet self-possession and dignity about his person, without any suggestion of self-sufficiency or arrogance. But the especial feature of his whole personal bearing was formed by his eyes, from which there issued an expression of child-like simplicity, happiness and innocence with which it was evident nothing in his long and important experience had been allowed to interfere. He was extremely simple and unaffected in his manners, the elaborate ceremonial of

Roman etiquette being very evidently distasteful to him in many ways, in so far as it related to himself in any personal manner.

He was born June 2, 1825; ordained priest September 18, 1858; consecrated Bishop of Mantua November 10, 1884; created Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice June 15, 1893; elected Pope August 4, 1903, and crowned on August 9 of the same year; dying on the 30th day of August, 1914, in the eightieth year of his age.

Surely, then, as we stand by his bier and gaze on those childlike eyes now closed forever to earth, we may lay on the silent lips of the old, exhausted Pope the inspired words which he never would have said himself, but which are true in the fullest degree: "Lord, Thou didst deliver to me five talents; behold, I have gained other five over and above," and surely we hear the gratified Lord's returning answer, "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." (Matt. xxv., 20-21.) "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And we shall add in his name, "As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day: and not only to me, but to them also that love His coming." (II. Timothy iv., 8.)

BENEDICT XV.

And now is it too much to repeat in a modified sense the words of the Lord that the gates of hell should never prevail against His Church, and thus say, "The Pope is dead. Long live the Pope?" For the hand of the Lord seems almost visible here, seems almost plainly visible in this selection of Benedict the Fifteenth. For, again, it is clear that when the all but universal cataclysm of blood now devastating Europe will have subsided, a strong and skilled diplomatic hand will again be needed to draw from the readjustments that must take place whatever of proper recognition for the Church the times will permit; and the personal experience of Pope Benedict XV., both in his own fields and in closest and most important association with those consummate masters of diplomacy, Leo and Rampolla, will render him prompt and effective in this difficult task. On the doctrinal side the felicity of his election seems in nowise less apparent, for the crafty serpent of Modernism still lives a lingering life, and Benedict was made Archbishop of Bologna precisely because that city is one of the principal strongholds of Modernism, and was a see, therefore, which demanded his recognized personal fitness to combat this obstinate and multiplied error. And thus, both on the side of doctrine and on that of discipline, the present election seems to have been guided by God Himself, and we may well assume

that now, with all the ancient firmness of the Papacy and all the ever fertile youthfulness of truth divine, Benedict the Fifteenth will still, under God, guide the old Church, the only real glory of earth, with the invincible strength and the deathless attraction of that wondrous beauty ever ancient and ever new which leads through all the light and charm of this world to the ever fadeless magnificence of the world that is to come.

DANIEL A. DEVER.

Chester Heights, Pa.

A NOTABLE CONVERT.

II.

THE summer of 1852 found Aubrey de Vere back in England. "The glamour with which he ever invested the objects of his reverence," says Mr. Ward, "now surrounded especially the Catholics whom he met. In August he visited the Vaughans at Courtfield. In September he stayed with his old friend, William Monsale, now a Catholic, at Tervoe, and there met Father Faber, erstwhile poet, admired of Wordsworth, well known to Miss Fenwick herself, and now, like Aubrey, a convert to Rome—a neophyte in his first fervor." Of the Vaughans he wrote in a letter to Miss Fenwick: "I have seldom seen such simply-noble, generous, devout and humble people. The beautiful mother of twelve children cannot feel satisfied unless her six sons all become priests and the six daughters nuns, though this would cause the extinction of one more of those old Catholic English families which for centuries have held their ground in stormier days than these." Of Faber, whom he heard preach a thrilling sermon in Limerick, he says: "His sufferings make him look fifteen years older than he is. . . . Though his ill health has been much increased by his unremitting labors, he has at least the consolation of knowing that those labors have brought forth fruit a hundredfold in the sanctification of multitudes who, but for him, would hardly have known that there is a God. . . . Seldom in my life have I been so deeply impressed by any one as by Faber. I could hardly name to you another who (so far as I may attempt to judge of such high matters appears to live so entirely in and for God. In that one thought he seems to live and breathe." At Grace Dieu, of which Wordsworth had sung, he found another typical Catholic household in proximity to a Cistercian monastery, where, in the most craggy and picturesque part of Charnwood Forest, the "chaunted rite" is again revived and

returns its antiphonal response to the same hymns which St. Benedict sang in the fifth and St. Bernard in the thirteenth century. The abbot told him that his first inclination to the monastic life had arisen from his reading those lines in the 'Excursion':

The life where Hope and Memory are one,
Earth quiet and unchanged; the human soul
Consistent in self-rule, and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness.

This prompted the reflection: "Could he see that pile and the work it does, Wordsworth could not but rejoice, both as a patriot and as a poet, but most of all as a Christian: for in it he would see God glorified, the poor aided and the venerable strength of 'plain old times' not merely invoked, but evoked to sustain the weakness of these feeble and garrulous days." He soon afterwards rejoiced to hear that Wordsworth had actually visited the monastery of Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire, and found his portrait hung there. He calls the Lisle Phillipps' "a lovely image of a Christian household," there being a choral service in the chapel morning and evening, the younger children dressed in red soutanes and acting as acolytes, until displaced by a still younger batch, the family already including twelve children. Phillipps was a firm believer in corporate reunion, fondly imagining that the whole Church of England would some time or other come back in a body; and therefore, although fifteen hundred people in the neighborhood had become Catholics, he was less anxious to promote individual conversions than any religious Catholic De Vere had ever met. Like some converts who idealize the Church and do not take sufficient count of human limitations, he notes down among his impressions: "Every day I am more convinced that the chief obstacle to the spread of Catholicity is to be found in the shortcomings of Catholics who so imperfectly correspond with the graces given to them." A tendency to pessimism is traceable in his train of thought. The outward world seemed to him to grow more restless every day—more bustling and more tumultuous about things of no real importance, and by contrast the conventual life the only life fit for people in their senses; "or, rather," he observes, "it would be so were it not for the many monks and nuns in the world who are the salt that keeps the world from wholly corrupting its ways."

The exclamation uttered by St. Augustin of Hippo centuries ago—"too late have I known, too late have I loved thee, beauty ever ancient and ever new!"—is recalled by a passage in one of his letters, in which he says: "I have regarded my submission to the Church as the one great blessing for which I have more reason to be grateful than for all the others put together. On the other hand, I regard as the one serious misfortune of my life that I was not a

Catholic from my early youth. If I had been one, my life would have been worth ten times as much to myself and others." Religion, poetry and patriotism—the last named in the modified form which commended itself to his conservative views—inspired all his work during the remainder of his life after his conversion, which was mainly a life of lettered ease spent in his Irish home, to which he was fondly attached, alternated with occasional appearances in society and annual pilgrimages to Wordsworth's grave and to Edgbaston, and when the great Oratorios passed away to the last resting place of one who, as Mr. Ward says, had long been his most revered master in religious thought. It was at Newman's request, when an abortive attempt was made to found a genuine Catholic university in Ireland, that Aubrey de Vere accepted the chair of English literature and delivered a remarkable lecture on "Literature in Its Social Aspects," afterwards included in his published essays. "The sympathy between the two men," observes Mr. Ward, "was very close. The student of Newman will note the similarity up to a certain point of the lines of thought to be found in Aubrey's letters of 1842 and the philosophy underlying the 'University Sermons' and the 'Essay on Development'—both of them published at a later date. Direct influence, no doubt, strengthened this similarity of view in later years, though the Irish poet never had any share in the extraordinary dramatic sympathy with a critical and even with a skeptical standpoint, which was so marked a characteristic of Newman's writing. When Newman wrote 'Callista,'¹ he placed on its title page the beautiful lines on 'Reality' which Aubrey de Vere had recently published in his volume—'The Infant Bridal and Other Poems'—lines which bring out clearly one quality which they shared in common, namely, that intimate sense of communion with God which is denied to ordinary men and is the special privilege of the saints and mystics. Let the lines be here set down:

"Love thy God and love Him only,
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely.
In that one great Spirit meet
All things mighty, grave and sweet:
Vainly strives the soul to mingle
With a being of its kind;
Vainly hearts with hearts are twined;
For the deepest still is single.
An Impalpable resistance
Keeps like natures still at distance:
Mortal, love the Holy One
Or dwell for aye alone."

Newman also copied in his own handwriting from De Vere's "May Carols"—the product of three years and the outcome of the exhortation of Pius IX. to write hymns to Our Lady and the saints—the

¹ De Vere hoped that Newman would follow up "Callista" by another tale on the ultimate victory of Christianity in the Roman Empire.

two headed "In Epiphania" and "Doceus" which were appointed to be sung in the Edgbaston Oratory each day in May. The second runs thus:

He willed to lack; He willed to bear;
 He willed by suffering to be schooled;
 He willed the chains of flesh to wear;
 Yet from her arms the world He ruled.
 As tapers 'mid the noontide glow
 With merged yet separate radiance burn,
 With human taste and touch even so
 The things He knew He willed to learn.
 He sat beside the lowly door;
 His homeless eyes appeared to trace
 In evening skies remembered lore
 And shadows of His Father's face.
 One only knew Him, she alone
 Who nightly to His cradle crept,
 And lying like the moonbeam prone,
 Worshiped her Maker as He slept.

This work, "May Carols; or, Ancilla Domini," a series of poems on the Incarnation and on devotion to Mary as its human instrument, illustrated by his favorite pictures by Giotto and Fra Angelico, Ward says, "gives probably the truest picture of Aubrey's mind in his Catholic period. The imagination is that of the ages of faith. The intellect runs on lines which produce and apply the reasonings of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Newman. There is apparent in it the devotion of a knight-errant to the Virgin Queen, and at the same time a remarkable estimate of the bearing of the position she has so long held in the minds of the faithful on Christian thought, in its relation especially to the rationalistic speculations of the middle years of the nineteenth century. . . . Mary—no mere *imaginary* ideal, but conceived as existing historically and as the historical instrument of the stupendous objective fact of the Incarnation in which Christians believe—was a standing rebuke to modern subjectivity, which, as the outcome of the denial of dogma at the Reformation, threatened to resolve Christianity into a state of emotions or a mere philosophy." In the explanatory introduction, which is marked by a depth of philosophical and theological thought that shows how he had penetrated into the inward sense of the great mystery, he develops and elucidates his thesis, showing in the descriptive poems how the whole cycle of Christian doctrine and devotion finds its centre in the single great verity insisted on by St. John, "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." The idea of the "God-man" resumed all; and every year convinced him more deeply that millions of those who accept that Idea *in terms* have never the least grasped it, and that very few of those who do not accept it have ever comprehended it—or rather have ever apprehended it. "May Carols," which appeared in 1857, earned for the author the title "Laureate of Our Lady."

His pen was never idle. In 1861 he published "The Sisters" and "Innisfail," the latter followed in 1870 by "Irish Legends," both of the latter being designed to illustrate what he conceived to be the place of the Irish race in the providential plan or scheme. "To different nations," he avers, "different vocations are assigned by Providence—to me an imperial vocation, to another a commercial one; to Greece an artistic one; to Ireland, as to Israel, a spiritual one." Ireland alone among Northern nations, he held, had remained part of the spiritual polity of which Rome was the centre; it had thereby proved the thoroughness with which it had assimilated the genius of Christianity. The aim of the "Legends" he describes as the exact converse of that of the "May Carols." In the "Carols" he had endeavored to set forth the Christian religion in a philosophical form through a series of poems demonstrating the cardinal doctrine of the Incarnation in the various phases in which it presents itself to the individual intelligence. In the "Legends" he shows Christianity as a power energizing in human society and transforming it from the animal to, or at least towards, the spiritual. Those who liked the latter liked it chiefly for its delineation of character, especially St. Patrick's character. None of his poems, he declares, was written more intensely, more painfully from his heart than "Innisfail." In the introduction to it he wrote: "It has been said that Irish history abounds in touching and dramatic details, but that it is essentially fragmentary. Religion imparts a completeness to it. When religion threw off the bonds of centuries, a deliverance precious to all who sincerely respect freedom of thought and freedom of conscience, Irish history entered on its consummation, and justice won the most remarkable of her triumphs in modern times. Had it been otherwise, Irish history would have been no theme for song."

In 1864 he published "The Infant Bridal;" in 1867, "Irish Church Property and the Right Use of It," and in 1869 "Irish Odes." In the preface to the last-named volume, which consisted of poems written at various periods and not included in the writer's previous publications, he says: "The finer traits of the Irish character reveal themselves in poetry; she deals with what is beneath the surface. She makes her study not of the tavern, but of the hillside chapel and the cottage hearth without stain and faithful to the departed. She ponders the tear-blotted letter and the lip-worn rosary. In a face seldom joyless, but not seldom overcast, she finds something which makes her tread the wanderer's native land and share with him the recollections of the past."

A visit to Rome in 1870 during the holding of the Vatican Council—the year which witnessed the extinction of the Temporal Power—revived his interest in the Roman question, awakened in 1862 by

the Sardinian invasion. He valued the Papal Kingdom not for itself, but as indispensable in this imperfect material world for the independence and freedom of the spiritual power of the Papacy. Nevertheless, he earnestly favored a free Italy, the exclusion of all foreign influence from Italian affairs, and hoped for the realization of this by the formation of an Italian Confederation, in which all the component parts of Italy should be internally free and progressive. Without any fault on the part of the Popes, the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, had, in his opinion, damaged the moral position of the Holy See in Italy by establishing Austrian influence all over Italy and thereby establishing despotism. The Popes, as heads of the Guelphic party, he held, always represented both popular institutions in Italy and independence of the foreigner, and believed that the heart of Italy will come back with a remorseful love to the first asserter of Italian freedom. On the chief question, then being debated by the Council, Papal infallibility, he had an open mind, leaning rather to the "definitionist" side, feeling convinced that the Council would leave, as it has left, vast and most useful results behind it. Year by year he marked the progress of events in Rome by sonnets collected later on and published under the title of "St. Peter's Chains," in which he expressed the view that the Church in communion with the Apostolic See could alone ultimately guard Christianity from the agnostic tendency of modern free thought. He considered that in the long run Papal independence would mean freedom for religion; and religion must be free in order to be the effective safeguard of social order. The downfall of Papal independence would mean the final destruction of the Christendom which had so long represented corporate faith in Christianity. He greeted with approval Montalembert's saying, that the spiritual and temporal authority must be combined in Rome, that they may safely be separated elsewhere. At the same time he was careful to dissociate himself from the "impossible crusade," to give back to the Pope the old States of the Church, to restore exactly the *status quo* before 1870. True independence, he contended, must be won for the Papacy, but in such form and by such means as are best suited to new conditions. His great desire was to arouse public opinion from apathy on the subject to a sense that modern anarchy and Socialism would eventually triumph if the Papacy, the great historic guardian of the principles of order and authority, did finally lose its effective freedom. The victory of the anti-clerical fanatics, who treat freedom of religion as unimportant, would mean the victory of a principle of anarchy. The object of "St. Peter's Chains," he wrote to Mr. Ward in 1888, was "to attract the attention of Catholics to an enormous and most dangerous scandal and opprobrium, which can

only be arrested by the creation of a sounder public opinion, or rather Christian philosophy, than now prevails in lands nominally Christian and even Catholic. If Catholics," he declared, "remain apathetic on that subject, they cannot expect that Protestants will rise again even to such an appreciation of it as they possessed twenty years ago."

In 1874 he brought out his political drama, "Alexander the Great," the success of which encouraged him two years later to follow it up with "St. Thomas of Canterbury," the poems being intended as a dramatic contrast and a study of the philosophy of history. The first thing Tennyson said to him when they met was, "So I hear you have taken 'Becket' out of my hands." Lord Emly thought it his best work, but Patmore judged differently.

"Legends of the Saxon Saints" was a study of Saxon England at the time of its conversion to Christianity by the Benedictine monks who accompanied St. Augustin, the North and Scotland having already been evangelized by Irish missionaries. Döllinger, who ascribes the foundation of many of the English sees to Irishmen, says: "These holy men served God and not the world; they possessed neither gold nor silver, and all that they received from the rich passed through their hands into the hands of the poor."

In 1881 he made an incursion into the political arena with a pamphlet on "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Actions," but the next year applied his mind and his pen to a more congenial theme in "The Foray of Queen Meav and Other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age." In 1887 appeared "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire," followed by "Mediaeval Records and Sonnets," both of which relate to the gradual permeation of Christian ideals and beliefs throughout the civilization of the Western nations and the subsequent partial realization of a Christian polity. Like Châteaubriand, he strove to impress upon his readers the world's indebtedness to Christianity, both in what it possesses and takes for granted, without recognizing its original source and in what it has ceased to appreciate and has lost through callousness; for high moral ideals, he contended, could be lost by an age just as artistic or literary taste may become depraved. He was enamored of the middle ages, or ages of faith, and averred that they still survive among us more than we know in their instincts of honor and affection. "The descendants of those who built our cathedrals," he observes, "could see nothing in Gothic architecture; and there was a time when Dante and Shakespeare scarcely survived except as names. We still make our boast of Columbus and Copernicus; but we sometimes forget that these were mediæval men and men specially imbued with the mediæval spirit." That spirit was an

emanation of a living faith. "To the mediæval mind," he says, "life was a deep thing. To it the Divine was ever glancing forth from things which to the 'mind of the sense' seemed but trifles. To deal kindly with a leper was to clothe and feed a God. To scandalize one of Christ's 'little ones' might be to forfeit a deathless inheritance. Earth was then regarded as an exile, not a 'patria.' To the Christian the great things were the invisible things; but from this it followed that the Christian 'moved about in worlds not realized' by the senses, that they might be the better realized by the soul. Such worlds must have been phantom worlds but for those three angels of man's life, Faith, Hope and Charity, which moved among them and irradiated them."

"The Death of Copernicus," which he published in the *Contemporary Review* in 1889, was an attempt to foreshadow that blending of science with Christian faith which he regarded as the one hope for the future of civilization. "Proteus and Amadeus," a selection of his poems, appeared in 1890, and three years later "Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century." His "Recollections," published in 1897, closed his literary career.

Besides his published writings, he carried on a voluminous correspondence with a wide circle of literary friends, some of his letters, full of ripe thought, reading like finished essays. It drew him into politics, particularly Irish politics, during the stormy times of the Land League, when political passions on both sides were at white heat. He took the unpopular side, to the real or fancied detriment of his literary labors, and his reputation suffered an eclipse, so far at least as it could be gauged from publishers' sales-books—an uncertain standard at all times. But the Irish public just then were too busy with too many burning questions to devote any attention to literature even tinged with local color and of a national flavor. Writing to an American correspondent, Professor Norton, who, though not a Catholic, fully shared his views on the middle ages, he wrote:

"How pleasant must be those quiet yet active evenings you pass in literary labors with your friends, Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow! I assure you your description of them made me wish very much indeed that I could form one of that circle. Literary labor, with the hope of a result, must be a very animating thing! For a great many years I have never written anything in prose or verse without the knowledge that, on account of jealousies and animosities, either political or polemical, what I wrote was in fact but a letter to some few friends, known and unknown, to be illustrated by a good deal of abuse and recalled to my recollection by the printers' bill. I am on the unpopular side, you know, in England

because I am a Catholic, and in Ireland because I am opposed to revolutionary schemes."

The very keen interest taken in his poetry by a group of American friends, Mr. Ward says, was evidently a great pleasure to Aubrey de Vere in his last years. Many private letters and able reviews in the American papers, showing very high and discriminating appreciation of its purpose and merits, reached him during the last decade of his life. "This encourages me to hope," he wrote to an American admirer in 1895, "that my verse may yet do more of good than I should have thought likely."

The strife and turmoil of political agitation were foreign to the tranquil spirit and meditative mind of De Vere, who looked upon the modern world with the eyes of a mediæval ascetic. He dreamed of an Ireland, to him essentially a nation with a spiritual mission, transformed by righteous legislation into "the La Vendée of the Empire," and bemoaned the shortsightedness of contemporary British statesmen, whom he did not admire as much as they admired themselves and whom he charged with having produced the chief dangers of the time. But in the 80's of the last century Ireland was thoroughly aroused and terribly in earnest, led by a masterful man who personified and pleaded the cause of an ancient race resolved to achieve its legislative freedom and to remove the greatest obstacle to its acquisition. It was not to be soothed to sleep like a restless child—although Disraeli in one of his novels describes Irish sedition as "a child talking in its sleep"—or thrown into a state of political coma by the administration of such mild legislative opiates as De Vere, in his innocent optimism, would prescribe. His diagnosis was inaccurate. Poetry, not politics, was his forte. He failed to grasp and gauge the situation; failed to see that Irish landlordism, as it had existed for centuries, was doomed to extinction. It had held its Belshazzar's feast and could not see or interpret the handwriting on the wall. De Vere recoiled from revolutionary methods of redress; but every great organic change is essentially revolutionary. A revolution is now in peaceful progress in crimeless Ireland.² The transfer of the greater portion of the soil of Ireland from the landlords to the tillers of that soil by an orderly legal process, to which British credit is being pledged to the extent of many millions, is a revolution in itself. Coupled with the substitution of County Councils, elected on a popular franchise, for nominated grand juries, in which the landlords were supreme, and with restored autonomy

² During the spring Assizes of 1909 in twenty-five cities and counties the Irish Judges commented on the peaceful state of each district of the country. In Limerick and Wicklow they were presented with white gloves, as there were no criminal cases.

within measurable distance we are witnessing the evolution of a New Ireland—a democratic Ireland, not a royalist La Vendée.

What De Vere dreaded still more was “the rapid Jacobinizing of a people till lately perhaps the most Catholic in Europe, a catastrophe,” he says, “which I have long looked upon as among the possibilities, and as a thing far worse than the restoration of the penal laws would be.” His fears were chimerical. If at any time there was a danger of Jacobinism or anti-clericalism gaining a hold upon Ireland, it was averted by the united action of the majority of the Irish Bishops, particularly by the dominant influence of Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel—a vigorous prelate, cast in the masculine mould of a Doyle or a Ketteler—who took a bold line and pursued it fearlessly and unflinchingly despite obloquy, misrepresentation and misunderstanding.

After his last pilgrimage in 1898 to the tombs of Wordsworth and Newman—the two great souls who impressed him most, for whom, he said himself, his love had been most like idolatry—he spent the closing years of his long life in Ireland. His correspondence and the recollections of friends and relatives during those years give a picture of the evening of his life, passed in religious peace, full of tender memories of old days, a devotion to the interests of the Church and his country, of sympathy for those he loved, of the desire to make them share, as far as possible, in the beliefs and hopes which were so much to himself, yet ever choosing, with the tact of the heart, those thoughts which he knew to be within the store of each friend to whom he wrote. “It was,” says Mr. Ward,⁸ “truly a gracious sunset, after a long summer’s day, as he moved onwards

“In kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are still.”

Religion, never absent from his mind, took complete possession of his thoughts as the end drew near, theology displacing poetry. “As I approach the close of earthly life,” he wrote to Miss Norton, “every year makes me feel more that the one great source both of happiness and of peace in our declining years was intended to be authentic Christianity, as distinguished from the imitations of it set up by men who fancy that they make it more easy of acceptance by cutting it down, and divesting it of those high mysteries which alone give it power and reality—mysteries which no authentic religion could ever have been without, when propounded to our limited faculties, and none of them really more mysterious than the very first principles of theism or of morals.”

⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 375.

Besides his portraits we have pen-pictures of him seated in his library where his father had sat, read and wrote, or wearing a skull-cap as he took his walks in the grounds of Curragh Chase, reading the Psalms from his mother's Bible or reciting the breviary, as was customary among devout Catholics in the middle ages he loved and copied. Mr. Edmund Gosse describes him as having "an ecclesiastical air like that of some highly cultivated, imaginative old abbé." His friends called him "the Orb," and were wont to say that his feet alone touched the earth, the rest of him being already in heaven. Mrs. Monsell says of him, when he was seventy-four: "Our feeling after a few weeks of daily intercourse came to be that he was veritably a 'saint.'" When Mr. Gosse saw him at eighty-three his countenance bore a singular resemblance to the portraits of Wordsworth, although the type was softer and less vigorous. His forehead, which sloped a little, was high and domed; in his case truly,

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.

He was a brilliant conversationalist. Gosse says, "He was, in fact, conversation made visible." When eighty-four he would talk for three hours with no other interruption than brief pauses for reflection and without the smallest sign of fatigue. "The astonishing fullness of his memory," observes the writer just quoted, "made his conversation marvelous and delightful. He not merely passed with complete comprehension of the relative distance from events of 1820 to events of to-day, but his verbal memory was astounding." At that advanced age he still remembered substantially the bulk of the writings of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and other favorite poets.

Miss Helen Smith, sister of Professor Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia—a member of the University of Pennsylvania and at one time president of the American Historical Society—who met him one summer afternoon in London in 1897, says, "He brought an atmosphere of genial light and gladness with him. We are very apt to associate sadness with age, or at least a look of settled gravity and habitual care. In the presence of Aubrey de Vere there is the vigorous freshness of morning; or else his is one of those rare evenings of life when the sky is lighted to the very zenith with the glow of the sunset. His eyes are clear and bright, kindling as he speaks with rare enthusiasm; he has a keen sense of humor, the gift of all Irishmen, and at the same time a calm, dignified presence. . . . He told us of the tomb of his ancestors, the 'fighting Veres, in Westminster Abbey.' . . . He dined that night with us, a stately figure in his velvet coat, and with that gentle courtesy of manner which seems also to have passed away with much else that

belonged to a former time. . . . Our parting that night was to be the last, for we were leaving London the next day, and indeed in a few weeks would be returning to America, so that with the hope of meeting him again was mingled the fear that, at his great age, this hope was slight. Ours is a lovely remembrance of the gentle poet, in his serene age, looking out on the world with undimmed vision, keeping the generous impulse of youth joined to the certain wisdom of maturity with a faith that in its entire simplicity is like the inexpressible faith of a child, pure, radiant, calm, a jewel kept inviolate by reverent hands. As he stood at the door for a final adieu he turned his clear gaze on us and said, 'When you go back to America write to me, and if I am not here when you return to England, pray for me.'

He was not there when they returned. He had already joined the *turba magna*, singing the praises of God and Our Lady in heaven, after singing them so long on earth in melodious verse. The end was as pious and peaceful as his life had been. He was in his usual health up to January 12, 1902, two days after his eighty-eighth birthday. On that day he went to Mass at Adare in an open carriage. He caught a chill and became seriously ill on Tuesday, the 14th. Even in his wanderings he was constantly praying for his friends, "holy and saint-like," wrote his niece, Mrs. De Vere "in his death, as in life." His old friend, Dean Flanagan, who used to visit him once a month, stay over night and give him Communion in the morning, gave him now the last sacraments and was often with him to the close. He remained unconscious, hovering between life and death for a few days, until, at half-past seven on the morning of the 21st, he passed to his eternal rest.

If as a poet Aubrey de Vere did not scale the topmost heights of Parnassus; if he did not take such a large grasp of the reading public as other writers and was not so widely read and so often quoted; if he was not, like Moore, "the poet of all circles," he was at least "the idol of his own." His circle was a select and appreciative one. It included poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson, who like himself, wedded poetry to high ideals. It was no small tribute to his worth and work to have won the applause of such masters of the literary craft. But De Vere did not ambition being a poet for the mere sake of literary reputation. With him it was not an end, but a means to an end. He made it a vehicle for the expression and diffusion of Catholic thought on the philosophy of history and on all the great problems linked with the progress of Christian civilization, drawing his inspiration from Catholic theology, which attracted him as it has always attracted all really deep thinkers. "My aim in most of my poetry," he wrote to an American admirer,

"was chiefly to illustrate not nature, but the supernatural in the form of supernatural truth, and the supernaturalized affections that have their root in a supernaturalized humanity—not so much a humanity unfallen as a humanity redeemed. I wished also to illustrate that humanity in its relations with our fallen humanity by recording the conversion of two very different nations, viz., Ireland and England, and also to record some of the conflicts of nature and grace as well as their harmonies during the two chief periods of the world, viz., that from the fate of the Roman Empire to the time of Charlemagne, and subsequently through the great mediæval period to the beginning of the modern time, still in its rude boyhood, but destined to resume all that preceded it, in common with progressive science and freedom, which will prove gifts or curses, according as they subject themselves to Christian truth and love, or revolt against these."

Mr. Ward assigns to him a place in literature similar to that of the brilliant group of Frenchmen and women whose names are associated with the *correspondant*—Montalembert, Lacordaire, Madame Pauline Craven and their co-workers, who were striving in France to bring home in a form persuasive to their generation the beauty of the Christianity with which the world appeared to be likely parting. It was this mental attitude which continually fixed his thoughts on what are called "the ages of faith," particularly the epoch of St. Francis and St. Dominic, when the mendicant orders were remoulding and influencing Catholic thought in religion, literature and art. "If we have again as great an age as the thirteenth century, with all its limitations, was," he wrote to Professor Norton, "that must prove an age greater yet, and doubtless we may be on the way to it—in which case we shall have nobler buildings than the world then erected, for there will be nobler things demanding expression." From his viewpoint the present and the future are linked with the past. To him the middle ages was not a closed volume, to be occasionally reopened and perused with a kind of antiquarian interest, but as throwing light on the "one increasing purpose" which runs through all the history of humanity ever since the Incarnation.

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HISTORY OF HUMAN HABITATIONS.

IF "the proper study of mankind is man," it may be well for us to devote a few moments to the study of man's manners and customs and to take a cursory glance at his inner life. From the time of his expulsion from Eden we find him conscious of the need of a habitation. He sought protection against the elements, against the attacks of wild beasts and against the avarice of his fellow-men. In prehistoric times, when his ideas of construction were very limited and the only tools in his possession were of the rudest stone, horn and bone, we find him seeking shelter under cliffs and in caves, after the manner of the wild beasts against which he sought protection.

Nor was he content with making these caves simply his place of habitation; they became his refuge in times of danger and his resting-place after death. Thus we find that Lot dwelt in a cave; that the five Canaanite Kings who fled from Joshua, and David who fled from Saul, found refuge in the caves of Palestine, and that the cave of Adullam was such a refuge for the oppressed that its name became proverbial. So, too, the caves of Auvergne offered protection to the Aquitani when pursued by their Roman invaders.

At a Paris exposition, which we had the good fortune to attend, M. Charles Garnier, the well-known French architect, exhibited some thirty-nine buildings, the typical homes of ages long since past. This intensely interesting and instructive collection of human habitations has awakened a new interest in the origin, growth and development of the homes of men.

Th troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, of what is known as the Paleolithic or Drift Period revealed some very interesting facts to the archæologist. The comparatively recent researches of such men as M. Larlet, of France, and Mr. Christy, of England, have not only shown the coexistence of man with extinct mammalia, but have afforded a clew to the races that so existed. The exploration of the floors of these primitive human habitations have revealed broken bones of animals killed in the chase, numbers of rude implements and weapons of bone and unpolished stone, while the charcoal and burnt stones have clearly indicated the position of the hearths. Flakes, awls, spearheads, hammers and saws made of flint are to be found mingled with bone needles, carved reindeer antlers, arrow-heads and bones of reindeer, horse, ibex, etc.

The reindeer must have formed the chief article of food, and enormous herds of these animals must have existed in France in those days. Nor were these the only animals that fell a prey to

the hunters, for remains of the cave-bear and of the lion have been found in one cave and of the mammoth in five others. Professor W. Boyd Dawkins, of Owens College, Manchester, England, describes some very remarkable specimens of carved deer antlers and of figures cut in fragments of schist and on ivory. "A well-defined figure of an ox stands out boldly from one piece of antler, but the most striking figure is that of a mammoth engraved on a fragment of its own tusk." The peculiar spiral curvature of the tusk and the long mane, which are now no longer found in any living elephant, show that the original was familiar to the eye of the artist. This would seem to prove conclusively that the ancient cave-dwellers of Aquitaine lived by hunting and fishing, and that they were clad with the skins of animals sewed together with sinews or strips of intestines.

It may be of interest to the American reader to have his attention called to the fact that bone needles, flint spearheads, arrowheads and scrapers of precisely the same form as those described are still in use among the Esquimaux. The plan and workmanship of the artistic designs found in the cave habitations of France, Belgium and Switzerland are identical with those of the Esquimaux, except that the hunting scenes vary with the animals known to each race of people.

Caves are used as human habitations to this day. There are numerous caves formed into dwelling places in which the gypsies of Spain have lived from time immemorial, and in Southern Italy accidental excavations have been in like manner adapted for use. Who will say that upon examination even these might not reveal some signs of their having served as homes to prehistoric men?

We now pass to another form of habitation. These are supposed to have commenced at the close of the Stone Age and to have extended well into the Bronze Age, and are known as the Lacustrine villages, or Lake Dwellings. As their name implies, they are habitations constructed not on the dry land, but at some distance from the shore, on lakes or rivers. It was the custom to select a sunny shore protected as much as possible from storms and having a lake bottom of a soft and sandy nature. Here they drove in piles that had been cut down in the forests, sharpened either by fire or stone axes, and driven into their places by the use of heavy stone mallets. When properly adjusted, these poles were leveled off at a certain distance above the water and a platform of boards was fastened on with pegs. On the platforms thus made were built huts, probably square or oblong in shape, and not more than twenty-five feet in length. They were adapted for a single family and were generally supplied with a hearthstone and a grain-crusher in each.

The huts were made of twigs or branches of trees filled in with clay. Stalls were in some cases provided for the cattle and a bridge of from ten or twelve to so much as a hundred yards in length led back to the mainland. Over this bridge the cattle were driven back and forth. The dwellers of these habitations were probably engaged in the various occupations of fishing, hunting, agriculture and the tending of cattle. It will not be difficult to understand that structures like these must have been very much exposed to danger from fire, and many have been destroyed in this way. But what was thus a loss to the owner became of great value to the archæologist of modern times. Many of the things that were partly burned before falling into the lake were made impervious by the coating of charcoal found around them to the corroding influence of the water. In this manner have been preserved the very grain itself and their loaves or cakes of crushed meal. These grains were of various kinds, such as wheat, oats, barley, etc.

There is nothing that would lead us to suppose that these lake-dwellers were of a warlike character, and as regards the arts of peace, they were considerably in advance of the men of the tumuli. The specimens of woven textures, sometimes worked with simple but not inartistic patterns, command admiration. To agriculture they added gardening and the cultivation of fruit trees. They seem to have lived in the simplest and narrowest form of village community and to have been believers in social equality, as there is no record of any hut on these islands having been larger, better supplied or better cared for than the rest. It is calculated by some writers that the custom of erecting lake habitations prevailed for at least two thousand years among the people who lived in the vicinity of the Swiss lakes and those of Northern Italy, Austria, Hungary, Mecklenburg and Pomerania. Hippocrates, writing in the fifth century B. C., says of the people of Phasis that as their country was hot and marshy and subject to frequent inundations, they lived in "houses of timber and reeds constructed in the midst of waters and used boats made of a single tree-trunk." Herodotus, writing in the same century, describes the people of Lake Prasias as "living in houses constructed on platforms supported on piles in the middle of the lake, and which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge."

Lake-dwellings are quite prevalent in South America. They are to be seen in the Gulf of Maracaibo and in the estuaries of the Orinoco and the Amazon. Indeed, it was the prevalence of these lake-dwellings along its shores that, as is well known, gave the name of Venezuela, or Little Venice, to the province of that name. Similar dwellings are to be found among the dykes of Borneo, in Celebes,

in the Caroline Islands, on the Gold Coast of Africa and elsewhere.

In M. Garnier's collection, above alluded to, he gives a specimen of Jewish architecture, or rather of a Jewish dwelling of 1000 B. C. These buildings would seem to indicate the use of stone or dried brick. The habitations of the better classes were built with interior courts and embellished with fountains and gardens. The long sojourn of the Jews in Egypt and the fact that their chief employment while there was the manufacture of bricks would seem to explain their familiarity with this kind of building material. When the Israelites conquered Canaan they took possession of the dwellings of the people they had vanquished, and we have no record of any important buildings erected by them until the time of Solomon; but even in his time the Jews had not yet learned how to hew timber properly, for Solomon himself admits that "there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians."

If we would seek the beginnings of art, its earliest efforts, which command admiration, even in their rudest state, we must go to the Egyptians, who have given us, in all probability, the oldest specimens of architecture in the world. Herodotus tells us that the oldest works of the Egyptians were the embankment of the Nile by Menes, the foundation of the city of Memphis and the commencement of the Temple of Vulcan. It would take volumes to dwell at any length upon the general architecture of the Egyptians. What we are most interested in at present is their private dwellings, and, unfortunately, in this direction there is little to be learned. From wall-paintings we can get some ideas of the interiors of well-to-do private houses. They show the plans of dwellings and adjoining vegetable and flower gardens so well that we can distinguish even the very products. But, notwithstanding the fact that these plans designate separate rooms and their entrances, it is still difficult to arrive at any definite idea of the general arrangement of a normal house or its exterior appearance. The views of interiors, with their slender columns and narrow entrances, present a system of perspectives which show things above one another instead of behind one another. Ordinary dwellings seem to have been two stories high, with an open balcony or gallery at the top supported by columns, and from the absence of any remains of these supports, it is reasonable to suppose that they were of wood. The larger houses are supposed to have consisted of rooms ranged around three sides and sometimes four of a large courtyard planted with trees and with perhaps a fountain in the centre, very much after the manner of the habitations used in the West Indies at the present day.

The habitations of the Kings of Assyria have been described over and over again (notably in the April issue of this "Review").

In architecture they are entirely unlike those of Egypt. Here no forest of columns, no grand pylons, no magnificent cloistered courts or gigantic pyramids strike the eye. The sphinx is superseded by the winged bull and the slightly cut intaglio by the magnificently sculptured slab. In the early Assyrian structures there is art at a high state of perfection, but we have little or no means of discovering the steps by which it was attained.

Private dwellings, which were not, like the royal chambers, constructed with hewn and sculptured stones as a revetment of the weak masonry of unburnt bricks, are now in such a complete state of ruin as to make it almost impossible to obtain a clear conception of the original form. The reliefs known to us are hardly sufficient to convey any satisfactory information in regard to them. Among the clearest of these is a relief of Kouyunjik, which shows buildings with hemispherical and oval cupolas very much like those still to be found in some parts of Syria. The openings for light and air are distinctly visible on the summit of the vaults. On the other hand, the Assyrians had a sort of tent-like dwellings, which are often to be found in large numbers enclosed by fortification walls. Ordinarily private houses are represented on some of the slabs as being several stories in height and the ground floor as having but one door and no windows. All had flat roofs made of thick layers of earth on strong beams and were almost fireproof.

One of the most interesting specimens of human habitations the writer has ever seen is one given at the exposition above referred to by M. Garnier of an Etruscan dwelling. The Etruscans had long passed their highest point of perfection at the time when Hellenic influence had developed to its fullest extent in Magna Græcia. Roman traditions attest to their civilization in its artistic as well as in its political aspects. Their mode of living was very much like that of the Romans. One of the principal features of the Etruscan or primitive Italian dwelling-house was the inner court. As in Grecian architecture, this formed the central point, the chief space of the dwelling, around which were grouped the ceiled chambers subordinate in dimensions and importance. The court, being intended as the place for the usual family gathering, a partial covering could not have sufficed in these northern Apennines, as would have been the case in Rome or Naples or Pompeii, where continuous rain, snow and winter frosts were not prevalent at certain seasons of the year. The central opening was smaller and thus excluded the effects of storm and cold. The Italian atrium or cavædium thus acquired a different form from that of the Grecian court and was noted for the entire absence of columns as well as by the outward inclination of the roof. This latter peculiarity had

the advantage that, notwithstanding the diminution of the central aperture, more light was admitted, the slanting rays of the sun falling high upon the walls, while, on the other hand, the interior of the house was free from the objectionable raindrops, and by covering the opening in bad weather or at night, could be entirely isolated and protected.

The Persians, like the Assyrians, seem to have devoted all their architectural tastes and talents to temples and tombs, many of which are well known to the student of history. Notably among these is the tomb of Cyrus, which has been preserved almost intact in its architectural bearings. Little is known, however, of their domestic architecture. No vestiges of private houses have been found which belong to a period prior to that of the Roman Emperors. It is evident that the habitations of the subjects were not in any manner to be compared in style or splendor to the palaces of their despotic rulers, and they must have been built of the most perishable materials. The Persian house, while it may have borne some resemblance in plan and arrangement to the dwellings of the nobility, was, of course, greatly modified by the substitution of an open court for the hypostyle hall, by the omission of terraces, columns and carvings, and by the reduction of all space to a minimum. The houses of the better classes, of course, rarely failed to be surmounted by a dome, generally of polished brick.

The civilization of the ancient Phœnicians and their energy and progressiveness, have been the theme of many a college graduate as well as of many a distinguished writer. We know that they were noted for their push, and that they carried their knowledge of certain sciences not only into adjacent, but to remote countries as well. But how did they live? What knowledge had they of architecture? M. Garnier's specimen shows that they were acquainted with the use of columns, capitals and galleries. This knowledge they made use of in the construction of the houses of the wealthier classes, so that many of them possessed not a few of the attractions of more modern buildings. Their structures were durable. The materials employed by the Phœnician architects seem generally to have been the cedars of Lebanon and the various metals of transmarine commerce. Of the remains of the earlier specimens of their domestic architecture may be mentioned an entirely unornamented house hewed from the rock of Amrith and a portal at Um-el-Aumid, where the central block of the tripel lintel is decorated with the Egyptian disk and serpents upon either side.

Hindoo architecture has been divided into that of the Aryan and Sanscrit races of North India, that of the South, or of the Tamul races, and that prevalent in the Punjab and Cashmere. Of the

first and last we have comparatively little knowledge, but South Hindoo work is treated by Ram Raz, a native author, who tells us that many treatises on architecture existed in India. Recent researches have thrown considerable light upon the history of architecture in the East. The rock-cut temples and caves of Ellora are too well known to require any description here. The Pagoda forms a very prominent feature in the architecture of Farther India. Modern Serinagur (the ancient name of the capital of Cashmere and resumed in 1819) has the appearance of a city of chalets, and has not materially changed since the seventeenth century. Although stone is by no means scarce in that country, the inhabitants, as in times gone by, still find their building material in the cedar woods which abound upon the neighboring hillsides, and which can be obtained at little cost, because of its ready transportation on rafts. Viewed from the lake, Serinagur delights the eye by the capricious irregularity of the dwellings along the shore, some being built over the water, on piles, while others are almost buried in the surrounding verdure. The more humble dwellings, too, with their thatched and boarded roofs, suggestive of the Jura, are truly picturesque.

Of the many beautiful gardens to be found in this vicinity, the best preserved is the Schalamar Bagh, situated at the base of an amphitheatre of wooded heights rising gradually to an elevation of some 14,000 feet, between the valleys of Jhelam and Scind, and overtopped by one of the most picturesque mountains in Cashmere. It was the work of the unfortunate Shah Jehan, father and victim of Aureng Zeb, and was splendidly laid out. It was traversed by a grand canal bordered with greensward and rows of beautiful poplars. This led to a large bungalow in the centre of the garden. Here was another canal, far more beautiful, leading to the extremity of the enclosure. Along the banks were numerous fountains and jets playing in the sunlight. It terminated at another bungalow more beautiful than the first, quadrangular in form and surmounted by a dome. It consisted of a central building and four smaller ones at the corners, all ornamented with gildings and inscriptions. There were four doors, two of which opened upon a noble flight of steps leading into a canal, and the other two opening upon bridges that spanned the canal and were connected with the avenues. On every-hand might be seen columns of a black and gray marble, supposed to have been brought from an ancient Hindoo temple destroyed by Shah Jehan.

We now come to make a hurried study of the homes of the Greeks. As no nation has ever equaled the Egyptians in the extent and magnitude of their architectural monuments, neither have

the Greeks ever been surpassed in the exquisite beauty of form and proportion, in the extreme simplicity and perfect harmony, which pervade every detail in their structures. Unfortunately their monuments are known to us only in their ruins, for there is not a perfect Grecian building in existence to-day. Then, too, the origin of Greek architecture, like the origin of every art and science of that country, is intermingled with mythical and fabulous history. Each of its three styles has its peculiar mythical birth. Thus, the Doric is said to have been copied from the early wooden huts of the aborigines; the Ionic, which sprang up among the Greek colonists in Asia Minor, to have been modeled upon the graceful proportions of the female figure, as the Doric had been upon the more robust form of man; the volutes (or spiral scroll appended on each side of the capital of the Ionic order) representing the curls of the hair; the fluting, the folds of the drapery, etc. The story of the origin of the Corinthian style is very pretty, and, though well known, may not be out of place here. A nurse had put in a basket on the grave of a departed child, the toys it had played with in life. The basket was placed accidentally on the root of an acanthus, and in the spring, when the leaves grew, they curled gracefully around the basket, and under a flat stone which had been laid on the top of it Callimachus, the sculptor, caught up the idea and worked out, at Corinth, the beautiful capital since called after that city. Modern discoveries, however, show that Greece owed much to the earlier civilization of the countries which preceded it in history. The private dwellings of Greece stood in no relation to its monumental public buildings; and the fact that no remains exist of the domestic structures of the Greeks is a proof that these were of the same subordinate importance as was the family in the Hellenic State. The house was nothing more than the scene of the family labors, and turned modestly inward, confined and simple chambers being grouped around a central court. The life of the Greek was, for the most part, spent away from home, upon the market-place and in the gymnasia and stoas. It was only at meal-time and for repose that he sought his home. This was completely separated from the outer world, the dwelling-rooms having no windows upon the street and the façade being unimportant. The rooms, with the exception of the dining-hall, were but little developed and were lighted through the door alone. Their windowless walls presented no opportunity for architectural treatment, this being restricted to the court, which was a space of considerable size and surrounded by a colonnade. For centuries there was nothing to lead to any change in this simple dwelling or to the development of a palace architecture. In the days of heroes and tyrants the constructive

ability was insufficient, and the subsequent republican equality was opposed to all individual display. It was not until the royal power had, in the Macedonian period, taken the place of democracy, that private architecture made any decided advance.

The Roman dwelling houses, although in their earliest ages identical with those of the Etruscans, were built on a scale of greater magnificence than those of the Greeks. Everything appears to have been directed to internal splendor and effect only; and, indeed, all collateral evidence tends to show that the exterior of Roman palaces and habitations was a matter of little importance, as they were merely plain brick walls. The Roman palaces of to-day have little to recommend them architecturally to the beholder; but the interiors have always commanded admiration. It is true that they were very different from the houses of the present day, both in style of architecture and what we call "home comforts." The entrance hall, called the *ostium*, was often paved with mosaic. The atrium was the inner court, or hall, the sitting-room of the family, and often, in the houses of the humbler classes, the kitchen. In the centre was the *impluvium*, or tank of water. Small rooms at the right and left of the atrium were called the *atæ* or wings. The *triclinium*, or dining-room, had couches on which the guests reclined, and a central table. The family records and archives were kept in a recess, or room, called the *tablinum*, and the beautiful court, open to the sky and often surrounded by columns and statues, was the *peristytium*. In the centre was the *viridarium*, or garden, and the rooms for social purposes were the *exedra* and *æcus*.

It may not be out of place in this connection, to say a word about the cost of living. In Cicero's day a laborer lived on forty dollars a year, and under Augustus the yearly maintenance of a slave was fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents, or a little more than ten cents a day. The fare of the rich was as sumptuous as that of the poor was humble. Thousands of dollars were spent on costly dishes, while flowers, perfumes, ointments and dress swallowed up millions every year. We learn from Pliny that Cicero's friend, the tragedian *Æsopus*, paid over \$4,000 for a single dish of singing birds; and from Seneca that *M. Gavius Apicius*, the prince of Roman gourmands, after spending \$4,000,000 on the pleasures of the table, took poison because, having only \$400,000 left, he saw starvation staring him in the face. When private citizens—nay, even an actor—spent thousands of dollars, it is fair to infer that vast sums were invested in their importation and sale.

It is in the early Roman basilicas and churches, some of which are of the time of Constantine, and which were constructed in the

Roman style, that we begin to notice certain divergencies which increased in the process of time, until they developed into a new style, having peculiarities of its own, but even more clearly deducible from its origin than Roman is from Greek, or Greek from Egyptian. There was one important modification of Roman art brought about by contact with the East which soon became known as Byzantine. This influence was made manifest and very strongly, too, in St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, which is entirely Byzantine in style, as opposed to Romanesque. From Venice it went to Perigueux, France, to the Church of St. Front, and this copy influenced the style of a large number of churches in the south of France. But the finest example of the Byzantine style is the Mosque of St. Sophia (the Church of Divine Wisdom) in Constantinople. It soon spread to Russia, and some of the most beautiful churches in that country, notably the Church of the Blessed Virgin, in the Kremlin, belong to that order.

Private dwellings throughout the country were, almost without exception, built of wood, and even in the large cities there were no houses of stone until the middle of the fifteenth century, when Western customs were beginning to be introduced into Moscow. The architectural forms determined by a timbered construction admit of so little variation that the modern houses of the Alps and Russia are strikingly similar in general appearance.

The unity of plan and architectural forms observable throughout Germany, in spite of provincial differences, was as little to be found in the twelfth century in France as in Italy. The native Celts and Gauls remained prominent only in the west of France, and so many and such different foreign elements were introduced into the other districts that no regular and settled architectural types could be developed. The dwellings of the primitive Gauls were not unlike those of the Romans of the same period. Their habitations were more huts than houses, being circular in form, the supports resting upon enormous stones and the oval roof they sustained being of straw. After the Roman invasion, the Gauls gradually adopted the civilization of their conquerors and their dwelling places became more pretentious.

The dwellings of the Arabs or Mahommedans are very interesting in their way, and yet there are but few remains of their civic and domestic architecture in Egypt which can with certainty be referred to the earliest epoch. But it may be inferred that the style employed in structures of this class, after having been once fully developed, was but little altered during later centuries, so that the general character of the dwellings and public buildings of the first century after their occupation may, perhaps, be understood from a

study of the examples of this kind still erected in the country of the Mahommedans. The exterior of private houses was plain and uninviting. The portal was, in some instances, richly decorated, but always calculated to resist forcible intrusion. In the lower stories the windows were small and irregularly distributed, but above this they were broad and airy, and supplied with projecting lattice-work, which took the place of the Italian and Spanish balconies and the oriel-windows of the North. The dwelling-rooms all opened toward a large inner court, which was rendered extremely picturesque by colonnades and fantastic arcades, by pavements of colored marbles or of glazed tiles, by fountains and by the woven draperies of the doors and windows. A dais of masonry took the place of furniture in the sleeping and living rooms. The Arabians have always had great veneration for water. Even in private houses the surroundings of this life-giving element are often magnificently adorned, while the decorations of the public fountains are really elaborate, as, for instance, the well-known Fountain of Abderrahman.

To attempt a description of the habitations of men in their many varieties and their geographical distribution would take us far beyond the limits of a magazine article and furnish ample matter for a large and intensely interesting volume.

We have seen that the form of man's living abode has almost inevitably been the model for the resting place of his dead. As the former has been primordially either caves burrowed in the earth or the crevices of rocks, so the tombs have been originally excavations. The dwelling places of the dead have also exerted a greater influence upon the construction of human habitations than many of us are aware of. We know, too, that the tomb at times has been made to resemble in its structural form at least the chambers of the living. It was dug out, and sometimes walled in, and generally covered with a mound of earth, not only for protection, but to conceal the relics it was customary in times gone by to inter with the dead. That this custom prevailed to a very great extent is simply attested by the countless tumuli to be found not only in India and Ireland, but likewise along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. From the shores of Lake Erie, where they are scarcely discernible, these tumuli gradually increase in size until they rise to the colossal heights of the pyramids of Anahuac and Totteca. In India, Etruria and Greece the tumulus is found rising gradually into monumental magnificence.

Now, in mounding the tomb thus progressively enlarged, the earth could not be piled up to any great extent without inconveniently widening the base nor kept up against the weather without

some means of support. To remedy this double inconvenience, the mound was tucked to a certain height by a slope or ground-work of stone; then, to ease the lateral pressure and to promote the great end of elevation, a shaft was inserted, first in the centre, and after, repeated in process of experience, at each of the four corners. The term "corners" is used, for the forcing would necessarily be angular and unbroken lines, no curved masonry being thought of at that time. Now let these five stays, or, as they are technically termed, steles, be supposed to pass quite naturally from perishable wood to durable stone; these pillars to be hung with bells, and the whole roofed in by an umbrella and we have the tope tombs of China as they exist to-day. Let the steles be elevated gradually, that is to say, abstracted from the earth, until elongated into towers of some four hundred feet high, and we have restored in the mind's eye the celebrated Tomb of Porsena, in Etruria, reckoned in ancient times one of the wonders of the world. Let the five towers, which have thus outgrown the original purpose, be next fasciculated into one by simply filling in the facing produced upward, of course, to a point, and we behold the primeval birth of the pagodas of India and the pyramids of Meroe. Let this tomb-temple of a provincial Ragis be duly proportioned to the magnificence of a universal monarch, and lo! we have the great pyramids of Egypt, the tombs of the monarchs and great men of that ancient land.

From this we see that the tomb, fortified into a mound, elevated into a monument, abstracted into a pyramid or pagoda, was the first and is the simplest architectural formation. We may go into the history of the habitations of the dead at some future time.

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THE MYSTERY OF BEING.

THE average man speculates very little, if at all, on the things he finds around him, and even educated people seldom push their theories to their ultimate conclusions. This is especially true of modern scientists, who have for the most part set up an impassible barrier between Physics and Metaphysics. This is to be regretted, as the logical conclusions to be drawn from the teachings of science are of enormous importance. There are no doubt many eminent Physicists who do not hesitate to state their convictions in no faltering tones. In the present paper we are concerned with the most fundamental fact underlying all science—the existence of eternal being!

If one were to ask an intelligent carpenter to prove that the blow of his hammer is the cause which drives a nail through a board, he would think his questioner had taken leave of his senses; but with all his conviction he could give no further proof than to repeat that he knows it to be so. If our carpenter were to be solemnly assured that the hammer had no part in driving the nail into the wood, but that it just happened that whenever the hammer touched the nail the latter began to move forward, the two actions being simultaneous, but perfectly independent of each other, he would no doubt look at his informant with feelings of pity or annoyance, according as he thought him serious or indulging in a silly joke.

The workman is, of course, right in saying that *we know* such a fact to be true. The principle of causality is in the same category as the fact of the freedom of the will or that of our own personality. They are facts of experience. I know I am myself, and I know that I am free to choose in certain of my actions, and conclude that the same facts are true of others also. In the same way I know and feel that I am the true cause of definite effects in my own mind and body, and that I produce effects on objects outside myself and that I am subject to the influence of my own will. Therefore, I conclude that other beings are able to cause effects one on the other. All science is founded on this principle. Without it it would be impossible to formulate laws concerning the actions or properties of material things. It is here recalled because it is the basis of all speculation and reasoning on the fundamental truths of science.

The mental development of an intelligent human being who relied altogether on reason would probably be somewhat as follows: Having become familiar with the principal facts of physical science and having studied the laws which natural phenomena obey, he would pass on to generalizations and would become acquainted with

the universal laws which apply to all science. He would thus arrive at a knowledge of the law of the "conservation of energy" and would be impressed by Lord Kelvin's* assertion of the gradual running down of the stock of "available energy" in the universe, and would eventually arrive at the conclusion that the energy of our system must have a beginning. For otherwise all differences of temperature throughout this limited universe of ours would long ago have disappeared. He would also accept the statement that this earth of ours, as well as all the planets, were once too hot to allow living things to exist on their surfaces. Thus the origin of life would demand an explanation. Having satisfied himself that no case of spontaneous generation has ever been proved, he would find no other explanation satisfactory than that life was produced in the universe by some principle which was the source and origin of all life and energy. He would feel called on to meet fairly the problem of creation—and of a creator.

The great theologians who so often bore the student with nice distinction and abstruse reasoning on the nature of such a being are scientists who deal with the fundamental philosophy of being. For them the Creator—or God—is the most real and important object in the universe and the most worthy of study. The knowledge of other things has interest for them only in so far as it tends to shed some light on the subject which absorbs all their interest. The natural philosopher who generalizes on the phenomena of nature is always brought back to the fact of the æther, which becomes for him, though unseen and unfelt, the most real and important thing in the material universe, and other facts of science seem of fundamental importance in proportion as they help him to a more complete knowledge of this all-pervading substance. No fact, however minute, can afford to be overlooked, for oftentimes the solution of a problem depends on some apparently unimportant detail, which may be so easily ignored. Just as the smallest fact concerning the phenomena of magnetism, electricity, gravitation and the like seems worth a long and arduous investigation on account of the light its solution may throw on the laws of ætherial physics, so the philosopher considers the smallest detail concerned with the nature of the origin of being worth a long and detailed examination. Sometimes the critics forget that a great deal of theology and philosophy does not profess to be more than speculation.

In this article it is only intended to call attention to one aspect of the question, but one which goes to the very root of the mystery of being. We are accustomed to look on the note of "Creator" as

* Cf. "Lord Kelvin and the Existence of God," by the writer, issued by "The Catholic Mind," America Press.

being the most suitable for designating a supreme being, but it is not difficult to show that there is a more fundamental note than this. The most fundamental of all possible concepts of the first cause is that in which the mind represents it as a being which proceeds from no other, whose existence postulates no relationship whatever with anything existing outside itself. This fact has been accepted by the metaphysicians as the note which essentially distinguishes the supreme being from every other being. They define such a being as '*Ens a se*,' i. e., "*Being which is of itself*." The fact of a being which accurately corresponds to this definition is the most certain and necessary deduction from scientific reasoning. When we attempt to realize the nature of such a being we find it simply overpowering, and it is true to say that no language could describe this concept. We may, however, make an attempt to state the nature of the problem.

There is in the human mind an instinctive desire to know the reasons of things, and the greatest scientist is like a little child in his endeavor to explain to himself all that falls under the observation of his senses. This tendency points to a spontaneous attempt to connect everything with some previous cause—a tacit admission of the principle of causality. There is nothing in nature which does not suggest this investigation, and the more complicated the object, the more imperatively does it demand an explanation, and the more perfect its constitution, the greater perfection do we seek in that which produced it. This kind of intellectual curiosity so often fails to be satisfied that we soon become oblivious to it, and it is only when some new and hitherto unnoticed object falls under our observation that this latent craving for such knowledge becomes apparent. It requires an effort to remind ourselves that the oldest and commonest things are as wonderful as the most surprising developments of modern scientific research; that the blade of grass or a sunbeam or an apple falling from a tree are mysteries so great that no scientist attempts to do more than to describe the phenomena by employing vague language and imperfect illustration. No attempt has been made to lift the veil, behind which some agency is at work which eludes the senses. What this agency is we know not. Of the fundamental nature of the forces which manifest themselves in the operation of nature we are profoundly ignorant. One thing alone we do not doubt—they all have a cause.

There is no difficulty in accounting for the *absence* of anything which does not appear to be necessary. It is the *presence* of such things which arouses our curiosity and demands an explanation. When Robinson Crusoe walked along the beach of his island he was not surprised at the absence of footprints on the sand; he never

considered such a possibility—their absence was for him the normal condition of affairs. But no sooner did he perceive the familiar mark of a human foot than his whole attitude of mind was completely changed. Amongst the conflicting thoughts which rushed in on his mind we may be sure that the one idea which did not present itself was that these marks got there of themselves or without the agency of a human foot which caused them. The footprints themselves ceased to be a matter of absorbing interest as soon as they had been examined and identified as human. They served merely as an index to the cause which had produced them, and every faculty now began to strain towards the knowledge of the human cause who alone could have made them. How much more true would be all this if Crusoe had found the proverbial watch! So it is with everything around us. Every one of them points to a previous agent, and if we do not oftener feel interest and curiosity about the agencies which produced them, it is partly because we are so accustomed to their presence—and partly because we have not sufficiently developed our powers of reasoning and observation. Existence and change demand a cause; non-existence and inertia seem the normal condition of things.

All this is true of our attempt to penetrate into the mystery which surrounds the fundamental truths of nature. It is the origin of being which presents the supreme difficulty. We may easily enough prescind from our own existence and gaze into a great space or void wherein we can see no existing object, just as on a summer day we look out on a calm sea under a canopy of blue when sea and sky seem insensibly to blend into one harmonious whole, unbroken by any object which could arrest the attention. Such a scene is restful to look upon, because there is nothing which appeals strongly to the senses, and therefore nothing which demands an explanation. But no sooner does a ship appear on the horizon than our imagination begins to endow it with a history—whence it comes, whither it goes, its size, its character. In a word, its *presence* requires a cause. So, too, when we realize the presence of any object in the vast void which our imagination has created, the mind at once begins to seek for an adequate explanation of its appearance. How came it there, when did it begin to be, who made it? These and a hundred other questions present themselves. The empty universe, implying the absence of the earth and of all other things, does not ask for an explanation; the tiniest object in that space imperiously invites us to seek its cause. It need not be there; why is it there?

Our reason and experience tell us that the majority of the things we see around us are not necessary. We see no reason why this particular house in which we live should be in existence at all or be

just quite the kind of house it is. We realize that there was a time when it was not, and in spite of our affection for our home, we realize that a time must come when it will be no longer. We know that neither we ourselves nor our friends have always been, and we have no doubt that there will be an end to mortal existence. Every one of these and similar things tell of a beginning, and from them we argue that older things had a beginning, too. That which experience and observation tell us about much which is around us science teaches us of things further from us. The geologist builds up for us the earth on which we stand; the astronomer and physicist tell us how the planets gradually assumed their present shapes, and we see nothing which contradicts their teaching. They speak of beginnings, and this concept so harmonizes with the demands of our reason that we accept it willingly.

Yet the satisfaction we feel in such explanations is not complete. We feel that the solution of our difficulties is not final. Science tells us that this universe as we now behold it had a beginning, and that the matter from which it sprang was once distributed as cosmic dust throughout space. Whence came this cosmic dust? If it be made up of elements smaller still, be they electrons or other bodies, whence came they? If these elements be but a modification of an all-prevailing ether, whence came this ether? These are the problems which must be faced by all who would attempt to account for the facts around them. It is the answer to this problem which involves the greatest mystery of the universe.

We may state the problem thus. Something exists. Even the idealist who professes that nothing can be asserted to exist outside his own thinking principle must at least admit that it exists. Anything which does exist either existed always or proceeded from some previously existing being or else began to exist for itself. The last supposition may be at once ruled out as a contradiction in terms. For nothing could pass from nothingness into existence of itself. We have thus to choose between the two former alternatives. Everything which exists was therefore produced by something else or has existed forever. If we reply that it is possible that things which exist now may be but items in a series which can be traced back interminably, then the alternative may be stated in slightly different words. Either existing things have always existed or they are part of a series which has always existed, or, finally, they have proceeded either directly or indirectly from a cause which has always been in existence. The existence of the smallest thing implies everlasting being!

This, then, is the conclusion to which reason must lead—that there exists something which had no beginning and which even in

thought has no dependence on anything outside itself. It is easy to repeat these words, but when we attempt to examine the nature of such an existence, the mind can do no more than assent to the proposition that such a being must exist, and endeavor to formulate the necessary consequences of such a being. We can fix our attention on an object which is asserted to have had no beginning and prescind from all other objects. This object may be conceived as the only body in the universe, and in some way we may study the nature of its being. In the first place, the mind asks instinctively *how* this object came into existence, or, rather, how it exists. There was never an instant when it was not; there was never an instant when it passed from non-existence into existence. Thus it was produced by no cause, for cause implies priority of some sort. Therefore, it must exist of itself and without any dependence of any kind on any other object. The mind goes on to ask *why* it exists? As we have considered, the mind demands a reason for everything. Here, however, there is no other reason to be given than that this being exists because it *must exist*. It is inconceivable that it could ever have not existed, for then there would have been no possibility of its coming into existence. Since it exists, the only reason which can be assigned is that its nature is such that it demands existence. It is, in fact, *a necessary being*.

Thus we are forced to acknowledge a being which had its existence from no other being which always was, a being which could not but be in existence. This conclusion is so different from any which the mind arrives at from the study of nature that a sense of complete impotence comes over us when we attempt to bring home to ourselves this notion of being which had no origin and which involves no cause. We keep asking ourselves involuntarily, "Why does such a being exist? Why does anything exist? Why should not an empty space be necessary rather than an existing being?" The intellect can but repeat the self-same words: "It exists because it is necessary that it should exist." When we try to understand the nature of such a claim, we can but bow our heads in reverence and in awe in presence of so great a mystery. Surely here is a fact in comparison with which every other mystery seems easy to accept, and yet this is a conclusion which is absolutely certain, and which demands an assent firmer and more absolute than that which we give to the best supported result of scientific research.

But it may be urged we have only shown that *something* must exist, and who will say that this something is different from the material universe around us? The agnostic may say that we know nothing about matter, and that therefore we can assert nothing of its beginnings. We cannot, it is true, form any but the vaguest

concept of the fundamental nature of matter, but we can at least come to certain conclusions as to the limitations of that nature. If a being is such that existence is a necessary note of its nature, then that being can no more cease to exist than it could have begun to exist. Hence anything which ceases to be cannot be identified with the necessary existing first cause. If human life were "necessary," then it could never cease to exist; hence life is not a necessary property of matter. Neither is the "available energy" of the universe a "necessary being," for it, too, will one day cease to be. And so if we examine the properties of the things we see around us, we speedily come to the conclusion that if there is anything necessary in their constitution, it must be the primal matter or ether which constitutes the basis of the material universe. But the matter cannot rest there. When we examine the universe, from the great solar system to the smallest molecule of matter which can be subjected to analysis, we find a most wonderful harmony and coördination of parts and balancing of mutual forces, so that the whole universe works as a perfect machine. It is just here that the application of the principle of causality is most valuable. Just as life comes from life, so—with far greater evidence—does order come from intellect. Without intellectual principle there would be no more order in nature, especially as manifested in animated nature, than in a heap of stones or in the erratic motions of a crowd. The intelligent principle of order must evidently be prior to the matter constituting the ordered universe. Hence if matter be without a beginning *a fortiori*, the intelligent principle of order was without a beginning.

Lord Kelvin was accustomed to lay great stress on the importance of accounting for the order in the material universe: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument from design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations." It is not sufficient for the philosopher to study nature from the standpoint of being and energy. Just as our own personal experience convinces us of the reality of *efficient* causality, so, too, we appreciate the principle of *formal* causality. In other words, we know that we never produce an orderly result without intending it; and the more complicated the result we aim at, the greater is the need for the intervention of intellect. As the philosophers were accustomed to say: "What is last in execution must be first in intention." Unless the concept of the orderly arrangement is present to the intellect, it is certain that the orderly effect will not be produced. Our reason tells us when we examine a watch that it is the outcome of an intellectual principle. We no more suppose the materials of which it is constructed to be themselves the principle of order than we suppose the chemical substances which go to build up our bodies to be

the principle of life and thought. When, therefore, we examine the evident order in the universe, we are at once aware of an interdependence of the various parts which points clearly to an intellectually ordered design. By the same kind of reasoning as we have already employed we must conclude that an Intelligence must have existed forever; that it exists necessarily, and therefore that it is uncreated. In fact, we identify It with the First Cause—with God.

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THE CROSS AND THE SWORD.

WHERE the blood of President Madero soaked the soil of Mexico and where Victoriano Huerta so long hurled defiance to his foreign and domestic foes, a hundred thousand Aztecs once assembled to do homage to the sun-god in their religious feast, the *piece de resistance* of which was a line of human sacrifices two miles long. It is related that at the dedication of the great temple to Huitzilopochtli, the god of war, in the year 1486, perhaps eighty thousand victims were sacrificed.

"Each prisoner," it is said, "was stretched on a flat sacrificial stone, five priests securing his head and his limbs, while a sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle, dexterously opened the breast with a sharp knife and inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the heart, and first holding the body up toward the sun, threw it to the people, who divided it among themselves for cannibalistic purposes." These are the Indian antecedents of the present day Mexican leaders whose human sacrifice is made in the name of liberty.

It is nearly four hundred years since the Spanish conquistadors first invaded Mexico. These daring explorers were searching for gold, having had their ambition fired by the tales of returned navigators. On reaching the shores of this continent they found immense temples profusely decorated with the precious metal they sought and the people a race of sun-worshippers. The Spaniards ceased to yearn for the fabled Babylonian wonders of India, and being welcomed as gods by the Indians, they set up an empire, which in its grandeur was second only to that of old Spain, and between times, while engaged in the task of procuring treasure for the Spanish galleons to carry home, proceeded to convert the natives to the creed of the Cross.

The trail of the Spanish conquest through Mexico and Central America is easily traced by the splendid churches they chose to

erect literally by every brookside where they stopped for water and near every tree whose shade afforded them rest. The creed of the Cross as taught by the Roman Catholic priest is woven inseparably into the history of Spanish America.

As a consequence there has been much criticism of Spanish colonization methods by North American statesmen. She has been accused in our United States Senate of "raising more crosses in more lands and under them shedding more blood than all the other nations of the earth combined."

We lose sight of the fact that in the North where Boston now stands the Puritans killed or drove out the Indians, and what few are left are penned up on reservations, pitiful objects of government charity, remnants of a dying race.

How different the history of the Indians of Central America. Though as a mass they are ignorant and uneducated, they are industrious, amiable and faithful, and were so found by the Spanish conquistadors. All the labor of the country rests on them. They form the small merchant and the farm labor class; they weave the cloth and cultivate the sugar and coffee. Unlike the North American Indians, they embraced Christianity with a singleness of heart and purpose that is remarkable.

The North American Indian refused to bend his neck to the yoke of toil or his back to the burden of the cross as carried by the Puritan Fathers. His nature was closed alike to the brotherly love of the Quakers and the mortification of the flesh as practiced by the Puritans. There was no appeal to his imagination in either the sombre religious precepts or practices of those religious zealots who drove him from home and preëmpted his best hunting preserves.

Quite to the contrary was the effect on the Aztecs and Toltecs of Central America of the cassocked padre, who in fatherly fashion opened his arms and invited the little red savages to come into the fold. The Indian imagination was appealed to in the sign of the cross, the image of the Virgin and the saints and the ceremonies of the Mass.

The North American Indian could not be forced to extend his vision to the throne of a Heavenly Father, but his brother of the Southland could comprehend, when, with the crucifix held aloft before him, he was told: "This is the cross where the Saviour died; this the bleeding image of the Saviour," and when the Indian curiosity stirred him to inquire whose was the maternal figure kneeling at the foot of the cross, his human needs made him willing to believe in the "Blessed Virgin." It was only a mental step from the idol of the Aztec to the impersonation of a living God, but a

step, guided by the skillful hand of the padre, that the simple mind of the Indian could easily take.

The colonizer of the North country was his own hewer of wood and drawer of water, while the Spanish grandee, to the manor-born, found the tropical Indian an economic necessity. It is but fair to say that it is not the Indian as a class, who has degenerated and allowed his blood to mingle in the production of an inferior race; it is his lord, the white man, descendant of the conquistador, once accorded the veneration of a Deity by the simple-hearted sun-worshipper. He is it who has kept the country distraught with revolution—not for religion, but in the name of religion, in order to gain the sympathy of the Indian who has come to hold the honor of the Church dearer than life.

Luxury loving and idle in a temperate climate, but doubly so in a land basking in the eternal springtime of a tropical sun, these are the ones who have drifted into a class of parasites, fated to go down into the race of life, just as the Romans and Greeks have done before them.

It is in keeping with the destiny of the world that the civilization of the white race should complete its cycle here on the American continent. Mexico and Central America have been the melting-pot of the races, probably since the days of Adam. Archæologists have proven this by uncoverings acres of monoliths covered with masks and hieroglyphics, buried since the twelfth century in the ruins of ancient Indian cities. Among the masks are found some decidedly un-American types—that of a negro whose thick lips and wooly hair furnish proof of his African blood; a Chinese head, that of a native of Java, Japanese and even Caucasian types. Many of the masks have retreating foreheads and not a few have Greek profiles. All go to show that many different races have succeeded one another or amalgamated on this continent.

Every civilization is said to be marked by its religion. If this be so, accounts of the past glory of the Spanish colonies that have come down to us cannot have been much exaggerated. The churches that dot the map of Central America are unequaled in their grandeur in either Italy or Spain. Their number is surprising. They are found at the edge of the jungle and by the seashore, perched high on the sides of a mountain, their white mission walls silhouetted in picturesque effect against a background of forest trees, or, fronting the village plaza, the bell sends out its call to vespers, as the Indians stoop low on the ground over a charcoal fire lighted in preparation of the evening meal.

Of the Central American group, the Republic of Guatemala has the best collection of church buildings and relics at the present

time. This is due to the fact that as the seat of capital of the young empire, it became the pet colony of Charles the Fifth, who bestowed on its churches shiploads of rare art works, marks of royal favor to loyal subjects. Guatemala, which is the next State south of Mexico, lies somewhat out of the beaten path of travel, and the churches there are much the same as they were three hundred years ago. There is nothing cheap and tawdry in the relics or altar decorations. The notorious sea pirate Morgan did not attempt to penetrate into the mountainous region and pillage the churches, as was the case in Panama and Costa Rica. If he had, he would have gotten considerably more loot than he took from those countries to the south, which lying on the coast, were open to his depredations.

Much of the church property formerly used as convents and monasteries have been confiscated by the Liberal party for government usage, but the relics and the churches proper have been carefully preserved. Here one may see immense altars, exquisitely carved, covered in gold leaf. Many are further ornamented with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl. Quaint confessionals, resembling throne chairs, with steps on three sides, on which the penitent may kneel, are still in use. Silver and gold candlesticks, rare altar vases, wood carvings and jewel studded images are here in great profusion. Images of saints moulded solidly in silver are not uncommon. In the Church of Santo Domingo, in Guatemala City, now the capital of the Republic, there is a statue of St. Anthony, or San Antonio, about three feet high and worth its weight in silver, remarkable for an emerald fully two inches square set into the breast. Experts say this gem is perfect.

No native would ever dream of stealing the church relics. They are holy. Foreign residents of the country sometimes manage to pick up a rare antique after they have gained the friendship and confidence of the people. Pancha, my maid, came to me one day and said she had seen a beautiful "rosario" in a shop on the Calle Real or Royal Road. It belonged to a poor widow who had to sell it or starve. Pancha described the rosary as being so unusual that I determined to go and look at it. We set off in the direction of the little plaza to the south of the capital and soon arrived at the place. It was in a one story house, having a single window with iron bars. The outside wall of the house was painted pink. Over the door was a sign which read, "Saints for Rent."

We were met at the door by the proprietor, who invited us to enter and help ourselves to anything we cared to take. This is a form of Spanish politeness that it is better not to put to the test. Should you take him at his word, you could never hope to over-

come his contempt. While the proprietor went into another room to get the rosary, Pancha explained that the imposing array of images on the shop shelves could be rented on special occasions by people who could not afford to own their own. Hung about the walls were many religious paintings very crudely executed. Since the discovery of a Rubens here some years ago, all of the shopkeepers invested heavily in old paintings, and should you see one that struck your fancy, the shopkeeper would ask an exorbitant price, suspecting that you had discovered a masterpiece. A glass case filled with coin bracelets, a collection of Indian rag dolls and a baby perambulator with broken springs were among the other wares on display.

The proprietor placed the rosary on the counter for inspection. Pancha had not exaggerated its beauty. It was fully two and one-half yards long. Each bead, the size of a marble, was of ivory, hand carved and capped with silver. The crucifix, hammered out of the same metal, was four inches long. Above this, in a design that resembled lace work, was the escutcheon of the Church of La Merced. The relic was so old that the head of the Christ on the crucifix was nearly worn away. I asked the price of the rosary and was told it was for sale at fifty dollars gold. As it was worth this, I did not care to bargain for it and turned to go out.

"You will not buy?" asked Pancha, evidently disappointed.

"No; I cannot pay fifty dollars."

"Well," said Pancha, with that freedom characteristic of all the Indian servants, "if you will not buy, at least go back and put it around your neck. It will bring you good luck."

The next day I returned to get it, but it was gone. The widow who owned it had won some money in the lottery, and now being well off, did not care to sell.

There are thirty Catholic churches regularly open for worship in and about Guatemala City. That of La Merced, where the rosary belonged, is one of the oldest and most interesting. In it is the curious old altar, carved of wood and painted in natural tones, depicting the grief of Alvarado, the first captain general of the Empire, and his wife Beatrice over the death of their infant son. La Merced is the only church outside of the Cathedral having crypts for burial purposes. These were abandoned some years ago because of an epidemic of cholera that proved very disastrous. Now the dead are interred in mausoleums and apartment house vaults in an imposing burial ground outside of the city.

It was with the permission of the Archbishop of Guatemala that we were allowed to go through the crypts, now closed to visitors, where we had been told we would be shown through a "rogues

gallery" of skeletons. In company with several other Americans I visited the church one morning just as the people were assembling for six o'clock Mass. The church stands on a raised court of flat stones and covers an entire block. In the walls, once white adobe, but grown gray with time, are deep cracks, showing that the church has held out bravely against repeated earthquakes. The people hurried up the steps, pausing now and then to pat an acquaintance on the back by way of greeting. In the weather-beaten tower, which serves as belfry, a small boy sat astride the cross beam pounding vigorously on the bell with a hammer. This was the call to Mass. There is nothing musical in the church bells here. They are all rung at about the same time, sending forth harsh, discordant sounds that would better suit a fire department. At the door of the church sat a woman leper, who extended her bony hand for alms, never pausing in her incessant recitation of the rosary. Inside the floor of the church was covered with kneeling figures. The women all wore black shawls, which they held drawn over their heads. Many of the men stood, hats in hand, during the service. The churches here are not supplied with benches and such a thing as soft cushions for the knees are unheard of. It was a most inspiring sight to witness at this hour of the morning this sea of black-robed figures, their knees pressed hard on the cold stone floor, their faces full of devotion, turned toward the altar, and to hear their voices raised in a chant of adoration, the sweet low tones borne out as on the crest of a gentle wave, its echoes reverberating as it swept the length and breadth of the church. At a side altar, where they had lighted a dozen small candles, knelt a party of Indians. These had come in over the mountain roads this morning and had stopped, on their way to market, to say a prayer for a sick relative. The women held baskets of vegetables and eggs on their heads, while the babies were strapped on their backs. The men had left their packs at the front door. Both women and men were in their bare feet. Each man carried his machete, a very dangerous looking knife, stuck in his belt. This seems strange until one learns that the machete is not worn for murderous purposes, but is a form of decoration very much after the English fashion of carrying a cane.

When the Mass was over the sacristan opened a door for us in the floor of the church, and with two acolytes holding candles to light the way, we descended a flight of stone steps into the burying ground of a past generation. Once on level ground we found ourselves some distance below the street and in a round room, in the centre of which was piled a heap of skulls. Four posts were ranged around this, ornamented with chains, skulls and cross bones. It

was a very spooky place. Half buried in the dirt of the earth were small mahogany coffins holding the remains of celebrities. The most horrifying spectacle, however, was that presented to our gaze when on looking around the wall, we discovered a startling array of skeletons, each robed in the cassock and hat of a priest, chained to the wall by their necks. The skin that covered the bones was perfect, but the color of old leather. It was impossible to look at these mummies and imagine they could ever have lived. The faces told that they had suffered unspeakable agonies. One had had his tongue pulled out and another had been bled to death. One, over six feet tall, a magnificent specimen of humanity, had had both legs broken. Horror-stricken, we demanded to know of the sacristan why these poor creatures had been tortured this way. But she was old and deaf. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Quien sabe?" ("who knows?") he replied.

As we left the church we noticed a young Indian mother with a small baby on her back, making a pilgrimage of the church shrines. She would stop before every altar, kneel and kiss the floor. She made several unsuccessful attempts to make the baby do likewise, but the little thing would throw out its arms and brace its body back from the floor. The mother became so exasperated at the bad conduct of her child and kneeling before a painting of the Madonna Della Sedia, she held the youngster's hands, shoving its head down on the stone floor with such force that we thought the child had been hurt. It never whimpered, and the mother, thoroughly satisfied, swung her basket of vegetables on her head and her baby on her back and trotted off toward the market.

The Cathedral, which stands fronting the Plaza de Armas, is one of the finest edifices in the country. It has the distinction of being the first building erected in the capital and of having taken thirty-three years in its construction. Unlike the majority of the other buildings made to withstand earthquakes, which often number as high as twenty-five in one day, the Cathedral is raised somewhat off the ground. Across the front are four statues of the Apostles, much over life size. Adjoining is the residence of the Archbishop, quite an imposing home, with handsomely carved mahogany doors and windows with ornamental iron bars. In the Cathedral are many images and rare pieces of carving, taken from the old capitol known as "St. James of Gentlemen," when the latter was destroyed by earthquake in 1774. Among them is a life size statue of Christ on the road to Calvary, said to be the finest piece of wood carving of its kind in the world.

The way in which these valuable antiques found their way into the churches here goes back to the history of the conquest of

Spanish America, when in the year 1520, following the invasion of Mexico, Cortez and his men unfurled the Spanish flag, planted the cross under it and drew their swords in the protection of both. The spirit of the conquest is ably illustrated by historians, who relate that when Cortez landed he was repulsed in battle with the Indians. Anticipating that his followers would seek safety in flight, he set fire to his fleet, forcing his men to conquer the country or die in the attempt. The native Indians were sun-worshippers, who had a legend that told of a powerful deity who was to come out of the East and rule them. The Spaniards had no recourse but to take possession of the country and used their firearms with disastrous effect. The Indians, seeing the fire from the weapons, supposed it came out of the nostrils of the horses which the Spaniards rode, and being duly impressed, they remembered their old legend and thought that they recognized in the foreigners their long expected deity. This gave the Spaniards a free entry and was the greatest factor in the conquest of the country.

The Indians were known as Aztecs, descendants of the Toltecs, the latter a highly intelligent race, who worshipped an "Unknown God, the Cause of Causes," and believed that the life hereafter would be one of peace and happiness. In the course of time their high morals and sound philosophy had given way to the barbarous custom of the Aztecs, chief among these being cannibalism, which they practiced at their religious feasts. The Spaniards, cruel and rapacious as they often were, were astonished and repulsed, when attending the Aztec celebrations, to find that no sooner had the priest torn out the heart from a victim still warm with life than the fanatic worshippers, waiting round in hordes, seized upon the body like starving dogs at a bone, and tearing it in pieces between them, devoured it.

Inspired by a desire for the gold so profusely used in the adornment of the Indian temples and feeling no religious qualms at the slaughter of a people so plainly outside the fold of civilization, the Spaniards soon plotted the downfall of the Aztecs.

"It was the month of May," writes Father Durna, the Mexican Toxcatl, "when it was customary for the Aztecs to celebrate their great annual festival in honor of their war god Huitzilopochtli, which was commemorated by sacrifice, religious songs and dances in which all the Mexican nobility engaged, displaying their magnificent costumes, with brilliant mantles of feather work, sprinkled with precious stones, their necks, arms and legs ornamented with collars and bracelets of gold. Pedro de Alvarado, whom Cortez had left as lieutenant while he conducted an expedition against an enemy, was petitioned by the Indian caciques to

be allowed to perform their rites. Alvarado agreed upon condition that on this occasion there should be no human sacrifice and that they should come without weapons. He and his soldiers attended as spectators. They were all armed, but as this was not unusual, it excited no suspicion. As soon as the festival, held in the court of the great temple, had fairly begun and the Indians were engrossed in the exciting movements of the dance and their religious chants, Alvarado and his followers, at a given signal, rushed with drawn swords on their defenseless hosts. The pavement ran with streams of blood and the ground was strewn with dead. Over six hundred of the flower of the Aztec nobility fell in this affray. The tidings of the affair filled the natives with stupefaction and dismay; they immediately set about to be revenged by throwing up earthworks around the castle where the Spaniards were domiciled and suspending the market to cut off food supplies. The situation of the Spaniards was desperate, when they were relieved by the sudden return of Cortez. The city again rose to arms and besought the Aztec Emperor to mediate with his subjects. The Spaniards now endeavored to effect a retreat out of the city. This they accomplished under cover of a dark drizzling night after a fearful carnage and bloodshed lasting over several days. The conquistadors left the city, lately the scene of great triumphs, loaded with as much gold and jewels as they could carry, to meet death in the murky waters of the canal. The Spanish leaders, followed by the tattered remnants of their troops who had escaped, were allowed to defile to an adjacent village, where Cortez, on beholding the deplorable condition of his thinned ranks, gave vent to the anguish of his soul."

Alvarado was severely reprimanded for thus dealing with the natives in the absence of Cortez. The latter now assembled his forces and attacked the Mexicans with such vigor that his fame spread terror through the South, and the Kachiquel kings sent word of their willingness to become vassals of Spain. Cortez received these ambassadors very kindly and dispatched Alvarado to take possession of the country. That Alvarado proved equal to the occasion is evidenced by the fact that in a short time he had installed himself as captain general of the territory of Central America. His rights in this respect were afterwards questioned and he was called to Spain to give an account of himself. He proved a clever politician, for history shows that he returned to establish an empire with the sanction of the King of Spain.

The country, now known as Guatemala, proved especially pleasing to Alvarado and he determined to place his capital here. The climate of the mountainous plateau, seven thousand feet above sea

level, was like that of perpetual springtime. There were no mosquitoes, poisonous snakes and sand flies to make life miserable. The blue of the sky, the majesty of the volcanoes that formed a backbone through the country, multitudes of birds with brilliant plumage and fields of flowers appealed to the love of the beautiful inherent in every true Spaniard. The green meadows were well watered by abundant streams, insuring good pasturage for the horses and cattle, and the soil was so fertile they had only to scratch the ground to produce every variety of fruit and vegetable to delight the eye and please the palate. Over and above all was the assurance, oft repeated by the Indians, that the mountains were made of gold and the foothills were lined with mines of precious stones. It was not within human province to turn away from so alluring a bit of earthly paradise, and the Spaniards, in spite of all things said of them to the contrary, were intensely human. At a place called "Almolonga," meaning in the Indian tongue "the mountain from which water flows," Alvarado laid out the site of his Capitol, which he called "St. James of Gentlemen." Here on a level plain lying between the two volcanoes, from one of which, "Agua," came water and from the other, "Fuego," meaning fire, issued volumes of smoke, the ceremonies that marked the founding of the city took place. On the 25th of July in 1524, at the festival of St. James, Alvarado and his men assembled, dressed in the superb costume of the period. While Juan Godines, chaplain of the army, said Mass, hundreds of Indians in festive attire crowded the plain and looked on. Tired with fighting, the Spaniards now prepared to enjoy the fruits of conquest. Here amid a throng of elegant ladies and handsome cavaliers they held their court, sixty years before Jamestown was founded and one hundred years before Henry Hudson sailed into the Bay of New York. But the beautiful city of their dreams was ill-starred. One calamity followed another in rapid succession. Finally, in the year 1541, after repeated earthquake shocks, an immense torrent of water rushed down the mountain side, carrying rocks and trees before it, demolishing the houses and burying the inhabitants under the walls, among the many victims being Dona Beatrice de la Cueva, widow of Alvarado, whom the natives believed had suffered this fate because she always signed her name "Beatrice, Most Unfortunate of Women."

The lure of the country was so strong that the Spaniards could not be dragged away from the spot, and in 1542 they again set to work and rebuilt the ruined city at a site a league distant. Here came great numbers of priests and nuns from European cities. Under their supervision was builded the Cathedral, which was 300

feet long, 150 feet wide and 70 feet high. Here was located an immense college for the Jesuits, where as many as 700 subjects were domiciled. The Franciscans and Capuchins occupied vast monasteries, buildings so large that they covered whole blocks and contained patios or courtyards big enough for ballrooms. Here many orders of the nuns taught the young girls sewing and painting, tended the sick and relieved the sufferings of the dying. But this splendid city was destined for a worse end than that which destroyed the first. After a series of earthquakes that were so terrifying that even the wild beasts left their haunts and came to seek shelter among men, the volcano of Fuego sent out a stream of fire which was followed soon after by a convulsion of the earth that tore down the buildings again, burying many of the inhabitants in the ruins.

Little is left to-day that tells of the one time grandeur of this city. The gray stones of the ruins form a safe shelter for the lizards when they come out to warm themselves in the bright sunshine. Trees have grown high in the walls, cracking the mortar to make way for their roots, and mosses and ferns now adorn many of the niches where once reposed image of saint and martyr. In the vast courtyards, where the Jesuits once took their daily exercise, mules, cows and pigs are stabled, and the vacant window frames that mark the spot where the imposing monastery of La Recollectos once stood, stare out on the world around them, their awful mystery, comparable to nothing so much as the vacant eye sockets of a human skeleton. And to-day the mountains of Agua and Fuego, that have caused this fearful destruction, are a mass of flower gardens and coffee farms, and the Indians who dwell among them in peace and contentment say they will never disturb the place again, seeing they have been blessed by a priest.

After the last destructive earthquake, which occurred in 1774, the people who escaped death in that disaster, decided to abandon the place, and after obtaining consent of the King of Spain, moved over to the valley of Las Vacas, and their first act after laying out the city was to build the Cathedral. All of the relics which adorned the forty-seven churches of the old capital were dug out of the ruins and brought here. Strange to say they have been singularly free from molestation during the frequent revolutions, which during the last fifty years have run a close second to the volcanoes in keeping the people in a state of terror.

Rufino Barrios, who rose from the state of a barefoot Indian boy to be President of the Republic, made one unsuccessful attempt to appropriate church relics. Barrios was elected by the party opposed to the Church, and it was under his régime that most of

the convents were confiscated and the priests and nuns exiled. This striking instance of a native actually daring to attempt the desecration of a church altar affords a good example of the peculiarities of disposition of an Indian executive.

In the church of Santo Domingo, over the main altar, there is an image of the Virgin of Concepcion, fully six feet high and made of silver throughout. The gold crown on her head is studded with real gems. Completely surrounding the figure is a halo or rays, made also of silver and artfully designed to represent wheat and grapes, the symbol of bread and wine. A few precious stones are scattered over this for further ornamentation. At the close of one of the wars, Barrios was forever engaged in, it is related that one of his generals who had proven especially loyal, claimed as his reward this silver Virgin, which he proposed to have melted into money. Barrios could not be persuaded to grant this request, but he told his general, as a compromise, he could take the silver rays, studded with opals and emeralds, and do with it as he pleased. Accordingly the general sent to the church and demanded the instant surrender of the rays. But the padre in charge of Santo Domingo, having been warned of the generosity of Barrios, went quickly to work and copied the rays in tin, substituting this for the silver one, which he placed in hiding. The orderly sent by the general rode up to the church and delivered his message. The priest seemed reluctant to comply with this rather unusual request, protesting against such an act of sacrilege and declaring that no good would come of it. The messenger could do nothing but obey orders, so the rays was delivered, and he rode away to present it to the general. The latter soon discovered that he had been deceived, that instead of the silver he had expected to use in a carousal, he had received only a pile of worthless old tin; so he took the matter to the President and demanded the immediate execution of the priest.

When Barrios heard the story he burst out laughing. The general, furious at being ridiculed, became very angry.

"It is mine," he shouted. "I will have it and the priest must die."

"Stop," said Barrios, his face growing stern. "The priest is smarter than you are. He shall keep his trinkets because he earned them. You are like a cow for dullness and fit only to associate with them."

The President then laughed louder than before, and the general walked out so humiliated, that no one ever again asked to be rewarded for heroic services by melting the silver Virgins.

Not alone the priests, but the Indians themselves, are very artful in protecting these relics if they imagine any danger confronts

them. This is supposed to have been the case in the mysterious disappearance of the Virgin made of gold that was formerly in the church of El Cerrito del Carmen (little hill of the Carmen). The church itself is very interesting. It is situated on a grassy knoll overlooking the city, at its base a fringe of the cocoa madre, which, when in bloom, showers the ground with lovely pink and white blossoms. In the distance are the twin volcanoes, Agua and Fuego, and a little volcano, their son, whose peak is just discernible above the horizon and who is said to be growing taller year by year. The church was built to serve the twofold need of temple and fort. It is said Barrios attempted to tear down the church and take the location for a barracks, but the hill shook so violently during an earthquake that he was swerved from his purpose through fear that the whole city might be destroyed.

The church of El Carmen was built especially for the gold Virgin from which it took its name. The image was given to Father Peter, a hermit, by some French nuns, who told him that they had been commanded in a dream to deliver the image to him, and that it would go into a far country and there perform miraculous deeds. The hermit sailed, and in due time landed in Central America, where he made a shrine for it in the forest. Father Peter at length decided that a church should be built, and after its completion announced a big feast to mark the opening ceremonies. All of the Indians attended in their gala clothes on the day the Lady of El Carmen was brought to her home, but imagine the consternation that ran through the crowd when it was learned that the image had disappeared. Some one suggested that the Lady did not like the big church and had gone back to her quiet shrine in the forest. The people set out in great crowds to investigate the matter, and to their surprise found the image back in the old place. It was again brought to the hill of El Cerrito, only to again disappear. On the last disappearance she was never found, and it is thought the Indians, believing the gold Virgin unhappy in the new abode, stole it away and buried it. Its place is now filled by a silver Virgin, but the Indians do not believe in her efficacy to cure, and so they have come to lose interest in the little church on the hill.

The celebration of a feast day, or *fiesta*, as it is called, is a great event with the people. There are something over two hundred of these holidays in each year. They serve a twofold purpose—first, in supplying an outlet for the emotions of a pleasure loving people, and, second, by reason of their strong appeal to the imagination, they have swept away the fierce tribal customs of the Aztecs, forcing the Indian unknowingly to fall into line in the march of civilization.

One of these, the feast of *La Concepcion*, is of particular interest. Rockets set off from the façade of the church at three o'clock of a Sunday afternoon announce the event. On this particular day we walked up to the church door between a row of Indian girls who sat cross-legged on the ground, with baskets of dulces and tamales in front of them. We bought some purple hued candies from one of the girls and asked what was going on inside of the church. She explained that the Virgin of San Francisca was going to make a visit on the Virgin of Santa Rosa. The church was decorated with huge satin banners and strips of bunting in yellow and white. We wedged our way inside. The scent of incense and the fragrant pine needle that covered the church floors signified a special feast day. From the front door we could hardly distinguish the form of the priest as he went about the celebration of the Mass, but there was not a nook or cranny over the entire floor that was not occupied by a kneeling black robed figure.

Suddenly the pipe organ burst forth in loud music and two acolytes, swinging censors, started for the front door. Eight men put their shoulders to the pedestal on which the Virgin of San Francisca stood and raised it up. The image, much larger than life sized, was dressed in red velvet and ermine. From under her crown came a cluster of heavy black curls that hung below her waist. The platform on which she was borne along was completely hidden beneath a blanket formed of lilies and white roses. Following the Virgin came four figures dressed to represent angels, each carried on the shoulders of two men. These angels wore their skirts above the knee, revealing socks held with ribbon garters. Their wings of white gauze made them appear to float in the air. Next came the priest in gorgeous vestments, walking under a silken canopy held aloft over his head by four acolytes. After the procession had moved out into the street, all the people prepared to follow. Pushing and crowding one another almost to the point of suffocation, they made their way through the city, while those who could not get into the jam stood on the sidewalk with heads bared and watched the procession go by. Often when passing a tienda, or store, the owner would run out and sprinkle flowers in the pathway. This was done to insure a good business for the shop.

At night the scene around the church of San Francisca was very animated. Skyrockets were set off at frequent intervals. There was music by a merimba, a native instrument played by four men, similar to our xylophone, but much larger. The Indian women built fires out in the street, where they paid close attention to the big pans of grease in which plaintains puffed out their sugary

sides until, swelled to a delicious brownness, they were taken out and sold piping hot to customers who loitered nearby. There was turkey and chicken, chopped up and decorated with peppers, big jars of chocolate and a drink made from pineapple juice. No black beans and tortillas on the bill of fare to-day; they belong solely to market day. The fires lighted up the wrinkled faces of the Indian women until they appeared not unlike pictures of witches stirring up mysterious potions in their cauldrons. And indeed some of these potions were mysterious enough. For instance, one platter was full of iguana, a kind of big lizard, having eyes like a rabbit, stewed up with tomatoes. This dish, when ready to serve, looks suspiciously as though a snake might have formed the main ingredient and is therefore repugnant to most Americans. The natives, however, consider it a great delicacy and say that it tastes like chicken.

The three greatest days in the year are Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. The whole passion is enacted in the streets. On Good Friday those who have been neglectful of their church duties during the year will pay fifty dollars just to carry the image of the bleeding Saviour half a block, when others pick it up and continue the imaginary march to Calvary. Women penitents stagger and almost faint beneath the weight of the weeping Virgin as she follows her Son to the place of crucifixion. The men participants wear most fantastic costumes. One order, known as the "Cucaracha" or cockroach, present a terrifying spectacle in their costumes of flowing black robe and immense black peaked cap.

That every one keeps posted on the feast days is evidenced by the custom of naming an infant for the saint on whose day it is born. On St. Paul's day, for instance, a resident of Central America will purchase birthday gifts for each of his friends who bears the name of "Pablo."

Gift giving is confirmed almost entirely to the "dia de santa," saint day or birthday. Christmas is a religious festival entirely. The Spanish children have no Santa Claus. Instead, on Noche Bueno (the Good Night) they will go to church and gather about the altar, whereon is depicted the birth of the Christ child by means of tableaux. In many homes they have what is called a nacimiento, wherein is again unfolded the story of the Nativity by means of a miniature art display.

The Indians have retained one curious custom that is not a part of the Church ritual. They are given to burning many candles. Very frequently these are found burning upside down. This means that some Indian entertains hatred toward another and is praying

that some terrible punishment may be visited upon his enemy. Padre Arzu, of Mexico, who has something over ten thousand parishioners, says that whenever he finds the candles burning upside down he makes a special sermon to his flock. After telling them of the discovery of the candle, he points out that he does not know who put it there, nor does he care to know, but that he, the priest, will say a prayer for that enemy, and the Indian, believing that the prayer of a holy man will get to heaven first, thus learns that he has lost his prayer and his candle, too.

The lure that held the conquistador in spite of earthquakes and various epidemics of disease is still a part of this country. That you may better understand the witchery that surrounds it, come with me, my reader, to the top of El Cerrito del Carmen. Let us climb together to the top of the little church from which the gold Virgin of Carmen disappeared so many years ago, and watch the sun as it shoots down behind Volcan de Agua, leaving behind it a mass of scarlet light to trail its course through the heavens, and like some immense skyrocket fixed behind the mountain of water, as we look the scarlet changes to old rose, then to lavender, and as a final salute to the dying day the whole sky is lighted up in a delicate shade of shell pink. Around the top of old Agua is a halo of fleecy clouds, but the bold one, Fuego, stands erect, clearly silhouetted against the sky. We look over the red tiled roofs of the adobe walled city, with its barred windows, where the pretty *senoritas* smile coyly at the passer-by, its patios full of flowers and its parks where the people gather to gossip. Our thoughts drift back to other days. In fancy we see pass before us at the foot of the hill where the cocoa mardre trees are in bloom a cortege of priests and acolytes, bearing the cross aloft and following in their train a procession of Spanish nobles. The houses seem to melt away and the plain is peopled with a throng of Indians gaily dressed for the occasion. The Indians prostrate themselves in the dust as the cross is borne along, and as it passes on they rise and join the procession, and in the chant that is wafted up to us on the soft evening breeze we catch the words, "Ave Maria."

A bugle note rings out on the stillness, and the priests, Spanish nobles and Indians disappear, and we look across to the fortress, where the soldiers are preparing a field piece to fire the sunset gun.

Down in the city the people are beginning to hurry indoors. The gloom that comes with the nightfall is better borne inside the house than out of doors, where political assassins may lurk in the shadows.

We turn and go down the narrow steps worn by the feet of many monks of bygone days. We reward the sacristan, who is

waiting in the courtyard of his little home, with a few reals. The children of the sacristan, scantily clothed, look at us and say "Gootby," and we reward them with half of a real for the one English word they know.

There is no twilight hour; the darkness comes down without warning and a myriad of stars appear. We walk home through streets that are almost deserted. All of the shutters are barred and the doors are closed. The great silence, as much a part of the tropics as the heat or rain, becomes oppressive after nightfall. All nature seems to be on tiptoe waiting for something to happen.

They say that with the opening of the Panama Canal something will happen in the shape of a mighty tide of commerce that will re-people the plains, teaching the natives self-government through the broader lesson of the brotherhood of man.

I told all this to an American, a resident of the country for fifty years and a non-Catholic.

"Quien sabe?" he said, using the Spanish expression that suggests so much and tells nothing. "I have lived here a long time. Now that the people have been given so-called liberty, they do not know what to do with it. To the uneducated peon it means license and laziness without restraint of any sort. In the old days the village that had a padre was blest indeed. To him the people flocked for counsel. He was both guide and friend. God pity us who live here if the day is to come when the Church teachings have been forgotten by the people of Spanish America."

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ROSWITHA, NUN AND DRAMATIST.

IT seems a strange thing that a play written by a Benedictine nun, who probably lived in the eleventh century, should have been acted upon a London stage in the twentieth century, yet, incongruous though it be, this was the case when "Paphnutius," a drama written by Roswitha, a Benedictine nun of Gandersheim monastery, was translated from the original Latin into English and produced last spring in a London theatre.¹

Of Roswitha, or Hrotsuitha, herself very little seems to be known, and that little is by no means certain, for there was more than one Roswitha in the middle ages who were nuns at Gandersheim, and confusion has arisen between them. There was a Roswitha, Abbess of Gandersheim in the seventh century, a very

¹ "The Savoy." Miss Ellen Terry took a small part in it.

learned woman, a rhetorician and logician, who wrote a volume on logic considered by her contemporaries as an excellent work; she was the daughter of a King of Greece.

Then there was another Roswitha of royal birth, the daughter of Edric, King of Northumbria, who was a nun at Gandersheim for thirty-three years, and was believed by one Laurence Humfrey, an Englishman, who perhaps desired this honor for his countrywoman to be the poetess, but this is rightly denied by other writers, including Fabricius and Trithemius, who point out that the English Roswitha lived in the seventh century, while the poetess was of German origin and lived much later.

There is a good deal of doubt about the exact time in which Roswitha, the dramatist, lived: Trithemius sometimes puts her in the tenth and sometimes in the eleventh century, while the latest German writers place her death in 1102;² the most general opinion seems to be that she lived in the eleventh century, probably in the latter end of it.

Most writers agree that she was a Saxon of noble birth, and that she was educated at Gandersheim monastery, and after her profession lived there for the rest of her life as a Benedictine nun. She tells us herself in the preface to some of her poems that she was brought up at Gandersheim under the nuns Richarda and Gerburga, whom she describes as her "very kind and very wise mistresses." In a short historical notice of her prefixed to her works by Meibonius it is said that she succeeded Gerburga as novice-mistress. This writer, while admiring her as a poetess and dramatist, says, "She sinned so much in prosody, which is to be condoned on account of her sex."³

Very little seems to be known of her personally beyond the facts that she was very learned, especially in the Holy Scriptures; that she knew Greek as well as Latin, and that she was the authoress of six plays or religious dramas, a good many poems and a few prose writings, all of which were first published in the year 1501 by a German named Conrad Celt, who edited and dedicated them to Frederick III., Elector of Saxony. She wrote in mediæval Latin, and a glossary of some of her expressions is attached to her works. She dedicated her poems to her late mistress, Gerburga, who was at that time Abbess of Gandersheim. In her own preface to her dramas she says she wrote them because there were many Catholics who preferred to read profane writers such as Terence, whom they

² Orden Congregationen der Catholischenkirche. Helmbucher, p. 400, Vol. I

³ Roswitha Paul et Winlfred, 1902 Migne. Vol. CXXXVII. Pat. Lat., p. 912.

loved for the beauty of his style, to studying Holy Scripture, so she has attempted to afford them amusement and edification at the same time.

Possibly, nay, probably, her comedies, as she calls them, were acted in her monastery, but it appears to have been left to the twentieth century to produce any of them on a public stage, which is rather strange when we remember the popularity of the miracle-plays in the middle ages. Roswitha's dramas were all written in prose; the speeches are for the most part very short; very rarely do they exceed a few lines in length, and very often they consist of only a word or two, but these few words are very much to the point and are frequently as sharp as they are few. The scenes are proportionally short and none of the plays have more than one act, except "Gallicanus," the first in the book.

The scene of all the plays is laid in early Christian times—that of "Gallicanus" in the fourth century, under the Emperors Constantine and Julian the Apostate; "Dulcitius" in the third, under Diocletian; "Callimachus" in the first century; "Paphnutius" and "Abraham" in the fourth, and "Sapientia" in the second century, under the Emperor Adrian.

The plots of "Paphnutius," "Abraham" and "Sapientia" are founded on legends of the early Christians; these three plays are the most dramatic and the best constructed of the series. If the plays were written in the order in which they are arranged, these three, which are the last, show that the author gained both in dramatic power and in the technical knowledge of the art of play-writing as she proceeded in exercising her talent for it. "Gallicanus" is in two acts, and as the second act turns on a totally different subject from the first and savors of anti-climax, the play would have lost nothing had it ended with the fall of the curtain at the end of the first act.

Gallicanus is a pagan Roman general, a widower with two young daughters; he falls in love with Constantia, the daughter of the Emperor Constantine, a devout Christian girl, who has made a vow of perpetual chastity.

In the first scene Gallicanus approaches the Emperor very much as a twentieth century lover, if old-fashioned enough to do so, might approach a prospective father-in-law and ask his consent to his suit.

In scene II. Constantine apprises his daughter of the wishes of Gallicanus, not without much hesitation on his part, for as he tells her he fears to make her sad.

Constantia:⁴ "I shall be sad if you do not tell me."

⁴ Migne. Pat. Lat. Tom. cxxxvii., pp. 975-987.

Constantine: "Gallicanus, the general whose frequent and successful victories have gained him the first rank among our Princes and whose skill is most often needed for the defense of our country——"

Constantia: "What of him?"

Constantine: "He desires to have you for his wife."

Constantia: "I prefer to die."

Constantine: "I foresaw it."

Constantia: "Nor is it remarkable when, with your consent and your permission, I devoted my virginity to the service of God."

Constantine: "I remember."

Constantia: "No torments will be able to compel me to consent, for I will keep my vow inviolate."

Constantine: "It is but right. But it places me in an exceedingly difficult position, because if from a paternal point of view I should consent to your perseverance in this purpose, I shall suffer no light loss in public affairs. But if I resist you, which God forbid, I shall suffer the pains of eternal torments."

Constantia: "But if I should despair of divine help, how exceedingly great would be my grief."

Constantine: "True."

Constantia: "But there is no place for sadness when we trust in the love of God."

Constantine: "How well you speak, my Constantia!"

Constantia: "If you will deign to take my advice now, you will be able to avoid both losses."

Constantia then proceeds to unfold to her father the scheme by which she hopes to convert Gallicanus to Christianity, and she urges the Emperor to pretend to Gallicanus that if he returns victorious from the expedition on which he is about to be sent, he may hope for her consent to his proposal. At the same time Constantine must persuade Gallicanus to leave his two daughters with her and take with him her two chief advisers, John and Paul. Constantine then inquires what he is to do if Gallicanus returns victorious from the war, and Constantia says they must pray to Almighty God to recall the mind of Gallicanus from the intention of marrying her.

Gallicanus consents to both these suggestions and goes to war with John and Paul in his train, leaving his daughters with Constantia, who very soon converts them to Christianity and induces them to consecrate themselves to Our Lord as she has done. In the meanwhile in the course of the expedition John and Paul convert Gallicanus, as Constantia had foreseen they would do, and when he comes back to Rome he tells the Emperor how he won the battle after he had made a vow to God at the persuasion of John and Paul.

Gallicanus:⁵ "There appeared to me a beautiful youth, bearing on his shoulders a very large cross, and he ordered me to follow him with my sword drawn."

Constantine: "Whoever he was he was sent from heaven."

Gallicanus: "I understood that, and immediately there stood on my right hand and on my left armed soldiers whose faces I did not know in the least, and they promised me their help."

Constantine: "A celestial army."

Gallicanus: "I do not doubt it, but when I safely followed him preceding me into the midst of the enemy's lances, I arrived at the King, Braban by name, who, seized with terrible fear, cast himself at my feet and surrendered with all his men, promising to pay constant tribute to the Roman Empire in future."

Constantine: "I should like to know what became of the tribunes who deserted you at the beginning of the battle."

Gallicanus: "They returned begging to be reconciled and I proposed to them that whosoever should become a Christian should receive pardon and high honors, but whoever refused to become a Christian should receive no pardon and should be dismissed from the army."

Constantine: "A just proposal and consistent with your authority."

Gallicanus: "I indeed, being baptized, submitted myself entirely to God, renouncing your daughter, whom I loved above all things, so that I might please the Son of the Virgin."

Constantine: "Come nearer that I may embrace you. Now I must unfold to you what at the time I studied to hide from you."

Gallicanus: "What is that?"

Constantine: "That your daughters, through mine, have embraced the religion which you have chosen."

Gallicanus: "I rejoice."

Constantine: "And they burn with such a love of preserving their virginity that neither threats nor cajoling will be able to recall them from that intention."

Gallicanus: "Let them persevere. I consent."

Constantine: "Let us enter the palace, where they are awaiting us."

Gallicanus: "Proceed. I follow."

Constantine: "Behold! here they come to meet us with my mother, the glorious Empress, Helena, all weeping tears of joy."

Gallicanus: "Live happily, holy virgins! persevering in the fear of the Lord, and preserve inviolate the beauty of virginity, by which you shall be found worthy of the embraces of the eternal King."

Constantine: "Praise and glory be to Him Whom every creature ought to serve."

⁵ *Ibid.*

Gallicanus: "I desire to go and join myself to the Holy Land, Hilanion in the city, and devote the rest of my life to praising God and serving the poor."

Constantine: "May He to Whom all things are possible grant thee grace to live near Him and bring thee to eternal happiness. Who reigns and is glorified in the Unity of the Trinity."

Gallicanus: "Amen."

Thus ends the first act. Some years are supposed to have elapsed between this and the second act, during which Julian the Apostate has come to the throne and a persecution of the Christians takes place, under which Gallicanus and the two priests who converted him, John and Paul, suffer martyrdom. We pass over the second play, "Dulcitius," which culminates in the martyrdom of three noble virgins, after some farcical scenes which are not very edifying, but which perhaps justified Roswitha in describing her plays as comedies, even when they end in a tragedy.

The third play, "Callimachus," is, we think, the least good of the series. The plot is very mediæval, and turns on the diabolical arts of a magician named Fortunatus, which are frustrated by St. John the Evangelist, who brings to life Callimachus and Drusiana, the wife of Andronicus, whom he unlawfully loved and whose prayer to die rather than consent to him was granted.

Following the legend of the fall and repentance of the hermit Abraham's niece Mary, the plot of the play to which he gives his name is based upon that story. It opens with a scene between Abraham and another hermit named Ephraim, in which Abraham tells his brother-hermit how he has adopted a little orphan niece of eight years of age, and has given her money to the poor, and he now wants to persuade her to consecrate herself entirely to Our Lord and live in one of his cells as a recluse. He explains that he felt bound to do this because the child is named Mary after Our Lady. Ephraim fully approve of the plan and agrees to try and instill into the mind of the child the beauty of celibacy. In scene II. the two hermits proceed to do this.

Abraham:⁶ "O adopted daughter. O part of my soul, Mary! Yield to my paternal admonitions and to those of my companion Ephraim, that you should imitate the Virgin of Virgins, Mary, whose name you bear and shine as she does in the beauty of chastity."

Ephraim: "It is very unfit, O daughter, that thou who are pre-ëminent with the Mother of God through the mystery of her name. Mary, among the stars which never set, should revolve inferior in merit upon the earth."

⁶ Migne. *Ibid.*, p. 1,016, et seq.

Mary: "I am ignorant of the meaning of the name, so I do not understand what all this mysterious conversation means."

Ephraim: "Mary is interpreted Star of the Sea, round which the world is borne."

Mary: "Why is it called Star of the Sea?"

Ephraim: "Because it never sets, but directs mariners in the right path on their voyage."

Mary: "And how is it possible that such a little girl as I, made of dust and ashes, should ever attain such merits as shine in the mystery of my name?"

Ephraim: "By immaculate purity of the body and perfect holiness of mind."

Mary: "Great is the honor for man to be equal to the rays of the stars."

Ephraim: "But if thou wilt remain a virgin, thou wilt be made equal to the angels of God, guarded by whom, when at length having cast off the heavy weight of the body in passing through the air, thou shalt step above the ether, thou shalt run through the zodiac, nor shalt thou delay a step by standing still until thou art folded in the embrace of the Son of the Virgin, in the illuminated bridal-chamber of His Mother."

Mary: "Who despises such things lives like the brutes. I therefore despise this present world. I deny myself the same, that I may merit to be enrolled among those who enjoy the joys of such great felicity."

Ephraim: "Behold we have met with the mature wisdom of an old mind in the breast of an infant."

Abraham: "Thanks be to God that it is so. I will make her a narrow cell close to the entrance to my own little house, through the window of which I will instruct her in the Psalter and in other pages of the divine law, and I will visit her very frequently."

Ephraim: "I agree to that."

Mary: "To thy prayers, Father Ephraim, I commend myself."

Ephraim: "May the Celestial Spouse, to whom thou hast given thyself in this tender age, protect thee from all fraud of the devil."

An interval of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed between the first and second scenes, which time Mary has passed enclosed in this cell, but at length corrupted by a man disguised as a monk, she fell, and despairing of pardon, fled to the world, escaping through the window of her cell and is now living an immoral life. In scene III, Abraham relates the story to his friend Ephraim and consults him about it.

Abraham: "Brother Ephraim, if anything good or bad happens to me, it is to you that I come first; you only do I consult. There-

fore, do not oppose what I propose to do now, but help me to bear the grief which I suffer."

Ephraim: "Abraham, Abraham, what dost thou suffer? Why art thou more sad than it is lawful to be? Never was it the lawful custom of a hermit to be troubled in a worldly manner."

Abraham: "An incomparable sorrow has happened to me—an intolerable grief afflicts me."

Ephraim: "Don't trouble me with a long preamble, but explain what you are suffering."

Abraham: "Mary, my adopted daughter, who for twenty years I have cared for with the greatest diligence and instructed with the greatest care——"

Ephraim: "What of her?"

Abraham: "Alas! woe is me; she perishes."

Ephraim: "In what way?"

Abraham: "Miserably; she has escaped from hence."

Ephraim: "With what snares has the fraud of the old serpent led her astray?"

Abraham then relates the story of Mary's fall and subsequent despair and consequent flight, and his horror when he discovers that she has fled, which Ephraim shares in listening to the tale. Abraham then unfolds the plan by which he hopes to rescue his lamb from the wolf who has stolen her and bring back his wounded dove to her nest, and incidentally he tells Ephraim of a vision he has had, by means of which he has discovered his loss.

Ephraim inquires if he has any idea where Mary is, and Abraham says he has a friend in the city, who will not rest until he has found her, and he then proposes to put off his hermit's habit and disguising himself as a young man of the world, go and seek his strayed lamb, and bring her back to the fold.

Ephraim approves of the plan and will pray for its success.

In the next scene Abraham learns from his friend where Mary is to be found, and in the next scene, disguised as a lover, he interviews his unfortunate niece, and ultimately succeeds in persuading her to return with him and abandon her present sinful life.

Abraham: "Behold thy deserted cell."

Mary: "Alas, it is conscious of my wickedness and so I fear to enter."

Abraham: "And rightly. The place is indeed to be feared in which victory followed the enemy."

Mary: "Where, then, dost thou intend me to live in penance?"

Abraham: "Go into the inner cell, lest the old serpent should find another occasion of deceiving thee."

¹ Migne. *Ibid.*

Mary: "I do not struggle against it, but what thou commandest I obey."

Abraham: "I will go to my friend Ephraim, that he who alone condoled with me in my loss may rejoice that I have found thee."

The concluding scene is between the two hermits, who discuss the life of severe penance which Mary is to lead for the rest of her life, and which according to the legend she did lead for twenty years.

The plot of "Paphnutius" is very similar to that of "Abraham," and concerns the beautiful penitent Thais, so renowned for her beauty and for the luxury in which she lived. Paphnutius is a priest, who conceives the idea of disguising himself as one of her lovers and thus gaining entrance to her house, persuades her to abandon her wicked life and retire into a cell attached to a convent, where for three years she lives a life of exemplary penance and dies a happy death. In this play Roswitha has followed the story of the life of Thais as told in lives of the saints, and puts into the mouth of Paphnutius the words of the only prayer she was permitted to use, "Thou who hast made me, have mercy upon me," when she asks him how she, a very great sinner, is to address Almighty God.

"Sapientia," the last of the series of plays, is founded upon the legend of St. Sophia, a noble Greek widow with three young daughters, named Faith, Hope and Charity, all of whom were martyred under Adrian. The plot is concerned with the arguments between Sapientia and her daughters on the one side and the Emperor and his chief Senator on the other, as the latter endeavors to persuade these Christian women to sacrifice to the gods.

It is the most suitable of all the plays for production on a convent stage, and is with "Gallicanus" quite free from any of the unpleasant situations and scenes which characterize the four others. In "Dulcitius" and "Callimachus" the authoress introduced witchcraft and sorcery. In this last play she puts into the mouth of Sapientia some of the clumsy arithmetical modes of notation which were current in the time of Roswitha, before the introduction of the Arabic system in the year 1200. The Greeks were cleverer arithmeticians and mathematicians than the Romans, and so Roswitha makes Sapientia instruct the Emperor in the relations of quantities and numbers and magnitudes, and makes Adrian astonished at her learning and the subtlety of her arguments. The play opens with a scene between the Emperor and Andronicus, the chief Senator, in which the latter informs Adrian of the presence in Rome of Sapientia and her daughters, and of the dangers they are to the State on account of their religion, to which they are

making many converts, especially among the wives of the Senators and officers, which Adrian agrees with Andronicus is very inconvenient. In the following scenes Sapientia and her daughters are summoned to Adrian's presence, that he may persuade them first by flattery and then by threats to sacrifice to the gods.

Andronicus:⁸ "This is the Emperor whom you behold sitting on his throne. Take heed what you say to him."

Sapientia: "The saying of Christ forbids this. He promises to give us the gift of insuperable wisdom."

Adrian: "Where are these little women whom thou hast denounced as Christians?"

Andronicus: "They are here before you."

Adrian: "I am confounded by the beauty of every one of them, but I do not know how sufficiently to admire the nobility of their demeanor."

Andronicus: "Desist, your Majesty, from admiring them and command them to sacrifice to the gods."

Adrian: "What if I first approach them with flattering speeches? Perhaps they may be willing to yield."

Andronicus: "It is better; for the weakness of the feminine sex is more easily overcome by flattery."

Adrian: "Illustrious matron, I invite you gently and quietly to sacrifice to the gods, by which you may obtain my friendship."

Sapientia: "I do not desire greatly either to satisfy your wishes by sacrificing to the gods or to enjoy your friendship."

Adrian: "I am still moved with mitigated fury in my indignation against you, but for your own and your daughters' sakes, I implore you to do so with paternal love."

Sapientia: "Be unwilling, oh! my daughters, to offer your hearts to the alluring words of this serpent of Satan, but scorn them together with me."

Faith: "We scorn and condemn such frivolity with all our souls."

Adrian: "What are you murmuring about?"

Sapientia: "I am speaking a few words to my daughters."

Adrian: "You appear evidently to have sprung from the highest birth; nevertheless, I should like to learn more fully your country, race and name."

Sapientia: "It is not lawful for us to take pride in our noble blood, but I nevertheless cannot deny my origin is from an illustrious race, for very eminent Greek princes were my parents, and I am called Sapientia."

Adrian: "The love of frankness shines on your face, and the wisdom of your name is in your mouth."

⁸ Migne. *Ibid.*, p. 1,048 et seq.

Sapientia: "In vain these flattering words, for we shall not yield to your persuasion."

Adrian: "Tell me why you are here and why you have come to our country."

Sapientia: "For nothing else except to confess the truth by which I may more easily teach the faith which you are fighting against and consecrate my daughters to Christ."

Adrian: "Explain the names of each of them."

Sapientia: "This is Faith, the other is Hope and the third is Charity."

Adrian: "What are their ages?"

Sapientia (aside): "Does it please you, my daughters, that I should trouble this fool with an arithmetical disputation?"

Faith: "Certainly, mother. We shall listen with pleasure to it."

Sapientia then proceeds to inflict upon the Emperor a mathematical lecture, which we spare the reader. At the close of it Adrian again urges them to sacrifice to the gods, and threatens them with torture and death if they refuse, and orders them to be placed in a prison near his palace for three days, and if at the end of that time they still refuse, they are to be handed to the executioners.

The next scene is in the prison between Sapientia and her children.

Sapientia: "Oh, my sweet daughters and dear children, do not be saddened by the narrowness of this prison and be not terrified by his threats of imminent punishment."

Faith: "It is possible that our little bodies may tremble with fear at the torments, but our minds earnestly desire the rewards."

Sapientia: "Conquer the fear of your youthful age by the fortitude of mature reason."

Faith: "It is your part to help us with your prayers, that we may be able to conquer."

Sapientia: "This I pray for without ceasing; this I implore, that you may persevere in the faith which from your cradles I have not desisted from instilling into your minds."

Faith: "What we learned as babes and sucklings we shall never forget."

Sapientia: "For this I nourished you at the breast, for this I brought you up delicately, that I might give you not to an earthly, but to a celestial Spouse, so that I might merit for your sakes to be called the mother-in-law of the eternal King."

Faith: "For the love of this Spouse we are ready to die."

Sapientia: "I am more delighted at your wisdom, oh! my daughters, than I should be with the taste of the sweetest nectar."

Faith: "Send us before the tribunal of the Judge and you will experience how much courage His love will bring us."

Sapientia: "This I desire, that I may be crowned by your virginity and glorified by your martyrdom."

Charity: "We will go with joined hands and confound the face of this tyrant."

Sapientia: "Wait until the hour comes in which you will be summoned to him."

Faith: "Delay is tedious, but nevertheless we will wait."

The next scene is in the throne room, whither Sapientia and her children are brought before the Emperor by Andronicus, who tells Adrian they are determined to persevere in their obstinacy, and urges the Emperor to deliver them to the torturers.

Adrian: "Faith, look upon the image of the great Diana, and offer sacrifice to the great goddess, that you may win her favor."

Faith: "Oh! foolish precept of an Emperor, worthy of all contempt."

Adrian: "What are your murmuring and whispering? Whom are you scoffing and frowning at?"

Faith: "I scoff at your foolishness. I laugh at your folly."

Adrian: "At mine?"

Faith: "At yours."

Andronicus: "At the Emperor's?"

Faith: "At his."

Andronicus: "Oh! wickedness."

Faith: "Yes, for what can be more foolish, what could be seen more idiotic than what he is exhorting us to do? To dishonor the Creator of all things by offering veneration to metals!"

Andronicus: "Is not this rather the greatest madness and the most extreme folly to say that the Emperor, the prince of all things, is foolish?"

Faith: "I said it, and I say it, and I shall say it as long as I shall live."

Andronicus: "You will not live long; death will soon be your portion."

Faith: "This I desire that I may die in Christ."

Adrian: "Twelve centurions shall alternately beat you with scourges. Oh, strongest centurions, come hither and avenge my injuries!"

Faith is removed by the centurions, and after an interval Andronicus is sent to see if she has yielded and to bring her back.

Andronicus: "Come hither, Faith. Are you still inclined to insult the Emperor with your jests?"

Faith: "Why should I be less inclined?"

Andronicus: "Because you have been prohibited by whips."

Faith: "Whips won't make me silent, for I felt no pain."

Andronicus: "Oh, miserable pertinacity! Oh, contumacious audacity!"

Adrian: "Her body is wearied with torments, but her mind is swelled with pride."

Faith: "You err, Adrian, if you think to wear me out with torments. For not I, in sooth, but the weak torturers fainted with fatigue."

Adrian: "Let her be placed on a gridiron with a fire burning underneath, that she may be almost killed by the power of the smoke."

Andronicus: "She deserves to perish miserably when she does not fear to struggle against your commands."

Faith: "All that you prepare for my suffering is turned into peacefulness. I rest as comfortably on the gridiron as if I were in a boat on a calm sea."

Adrian: "Let a frying-pan full of pitch and wax and burning oils be set over the fire, and into this boiling liquor let this rebel be placed."

Faith: "I leap into it willingly."

Adrian: "With my consent."

Faith: "Where are now your threats? Behold, I swim unhurt, playing in this burning liquor, and instead of heat I feel only the refreshing coolness of the morning dew."

Adrian: "What is to be done with her now, Andronicus? Let her head be cut off. There is no other way of conquering her."

Faith: "Now let us rejoice, now let us exult in the Lord."

Sapientia: "Oh, Christ! Victor of the devil, give the patience of Faith to my daughter."

Faith: "Oh, venerable mother! Say farewell at last to your daughter; give a kiss to your first-born; be not afflicted with any sadness, because I am going to eternal joys."

Sapientia: "Oh, daughter, daughter, I am not disturbed, I am not saddened, but exulting I say farewell to thee, and I kiss your eyes and mouth weeping for joy, that you are keeping the mystery of your name inviolate under the sword of the persecutor."

Faith: "Oh, my sisters, give me the kiss of peace and prepare yourselves to bear the coming struggle."

Hope: "Help us with earnest prayer, that we may merit to follow in your footsteps."

Faith: "Be obedient to the admonitions of our holy parent, who has exhorted us to scorn the things of this world, that we may merit to attain eternal joys."

Charity: "We willingly obey the advice of our mother, by which we may merit to enjoy eternal happiness."

Faith: "Executioner, come hither and fulfill the office enjoined upon thee by killing me."

Sapientia: "In embracing the head of my dying daughter, and kissing it frequently with my lips, O Christ, I congratulate Thee who hast given the victory to such a little girl."

Adrian: "Hope, yield to my exhortations counselling you with paternal affection."

Hope: "What do you advise? What do you exhort me to do?"

Adrian: "To beware of imitating the pertinacity of your sister, lest you should undergo similar torments."

Hope: "Oh, would that I could merit to imitate her in suffering, so that I might be like her in the reward."

Adrian: "Put off this hardness of heart and offer incense to the great Diana, and I will cherish you like my own child and love you like a father."

Hope: "I repudiate your paternity, and do not in the least desire your benefits. On which account you deceive yourself with a vain hope if you expect me to yield."

Adrian: "Speak less or you will make me angry."

Hope: "Be angry. I do not care."

Andronicus: "I am surprised, oh, august Emperor, that you should suffer yourself to be calumniated by this vile little girl for so long. I am bursting with anger in listening to her railing against you with such rashness."

Adrian: "Till now I spared her extreme youth; I spare her no longer, but hand her over to just vengeance. Oh, lictors, come and beat this rebel with fierce whips to death."

Andronicus: "It is fitting that she should feel the severity of your anger, because she thinks little of the mildness of your paternal affection."

Hope: "I desire this mildness."

Andronicus: "Oh, Sapientia, what are you murmuring about, standing with upraised eyes near the corpse of your dead child?"

Sapientia: "I am invoking the Father of all things, that He may grant to Hope the same perseverance in suffering that He gave to Faith."

Hope: "Oh, mother, mother, how efficacious do I feel your prayers to be. Behold, angels with raised right hands counterbalance each stroke, and I feel no touch of pain."

Adrian: "If you make so little of whips, you shall be compelled with sharper pains."

Hope: "Bring something more cruel. Think of something mortal. The more you rage the more will you be confounded by being conquered."

Adrian: "Let her be suspended in the air and torn with nails, until her bones are naked and she is broken asunder limb from limb."

Faith is removed, and these and other torments proving futile, Adriant at last orders her to be beheaded.

Hope: "Oh, Charity! my beloved and now my only sister! Do not fear the threats of this tyrant nor the pains. Try with the constancy of faith to imitate your sisters preceding you to the heavenly palace."

Charity: "I am weary of this present life. I am tired of this earthly habitation because I am separated from you even for this little time."

Hope: "Illustrious mother! rejoice and do not let your heart be touched by maternal grief at my suffering, but set hope before lamentation when you see me die for Christ."

Sapientia: "Now indeed I rejoice, but then at length I shall rejoice perfectly, when I shall send you to heaven with your dead sister, equal to her in courage, and I myself shall very soon follow you."

Hope: "May the Blessed Trinity restore thee in eternity the full number of thy children without any diminution."

Sapientia: "Be strong, my daughter. Here is the executioner with his unsheathed sword."

Hope: "Gladly I welcome the sword. Do thou, O Christ, receive my spirit."

Sapientia: "Oh, Charity! my one remaining hope! do not sadden thy mother waiting for the end of your struggle, but scorn this present world so that you may attain the eternal joy in which your sisters shine with crowns of undefiled virginity."

Adrian: "Charity, say only 'Great Diana' and I will not compel you to any further sacrifice."

Charity: "I most certainly shall not say it."

Adrian: "Why not?"

Charity: "Because I will not tell a lie. I indeed, with my sisters, was born of the same parents, and imbued with the same sacraments, and strengthened together with them in the constancy of the same faith. Wherefore, know us to will, to feel, to know and to be one and the same, neither will I in anything be different from them."

Adrian: "Oh, shame that I should be scorned by such a little girl. Let her be taken away and beaten atrociously, and if that does not prevail, let a furnace be heated for three days and let her be cast into it."

Charity is now removed, and presently Andronicus comes to tell

the Emperor that neither the whips nor the flames could hurt the child in the least, but, on the contrary, when Charity was cast into the furnace she played about in the fire, but the flames burst out and destroyed five thousand men; whereupon they agree that nothing remains but to behead her without delay. In the last scene Sapientia is found at the tomb of her three daughters by some Roman matrons, who endeavor to comfort her, and her concluding and dying speech is the only long one in the play, and is a prayer.

The above is a summary of Roswitha's dramatic works. She also wrote eight poems, one on the life of Our Lady, one on the Ascension of Our Lord, one on the martyrdom of St. Gandolf, another on the martyrdom of St. Pelagius, one on the fall and conversion of Theophilus, another on the conversion of Proterius, one on the martyrdom of St. Dionysius, a longer one called "A Song of the Foundation of the Monastery of Gandersheim" and another song on the Emperor Otto I.

She also wrote a prose life of the first abbess of Gandersheim, Hathumoda, and a rhymed dialogue on her death.

DARLEY DALE.

PRAGMATISM AND THE PROBLEM OF THE IDEA.

PRAGMATISM is best described as a point of view which is based on definite postulates and is expressed in a distinctive way of regarding mental life and conduct. As a point of view it is looking away from first principles and looking to results, which it terms facts. Hence it claims to be an empirical tendency. The point of view is shown in its theory of truth, its explanation of mental life and in its teaching on the relation of thought to reality. Thus its doctrines have been summed up and set forth in three phases: in Psychology by Professor James, who calls his system Radical Empiricism; in logic by Professor Dewey, who proclaims Instrumentalism, and in metaphysics by Professors Royce, who claims to be an Absolute Pragmatist; Schiller, who teaches Humanism, and Bergson, who is known as the Apostle of Creative Evolution. The present article is confined to the psychological and logical phases which deal principally with the theory of truth and the explanation of mental life.

I. POSTULATES OF PRAGMATISM.

Pragmatism can be understood only by viewing it against a background which it accepts without question. In origin it is a reaction against the extravagant idealism of the nine-

teenth century. With the reaction went a leaning to and an acceptance of the empirical stream of nineteenth century thought. To this it added its sole characteristic doctrine: insistence on mental activity, which is viewed as a unifying principle for the empiric background. In the background are found the postulates or assumptions of Pragmatism. The more important of these are: Sensism, Evolution and a so-called Scientific Method.

1. Phenomenal Idealism of Sensism is the basic postulate of Pragmatism. Sense-experience is held to be the source and material of all knowledge. Therefore the objects of knowledge are not *things*, nor the real appearance of things, but their appearances as they are viewed within the mind. Thus Professor James holds that our whole conception of an object consists of "sensations and their reactions," and that "ideas themselves are but parts of our experience." To confound ideas with sensations by denying a distinction between the two is *Sensism*, just as to say that the mental appearances are the object of knowledge is *Phenomenal Idealism*. Again he writes that things are not what they are, but only what and as "they are *known as*," and "for us they are not different if they make no difference." But this is the false principle of the *Relativity of knowledge* added to the *Idealism*. Moreover, he tells us that we cannot know substances, either material or spiritual, as such. But this is *Agnosticism*. Besides, to say that "substance is a spurious idea," that it is only "the name for a group of sensations," because phenomena come to us "as groups of sensations," is to propose the false teaching of *Nominalism*; i. e., our conceptions of things are names only. With Professor Dewey "experience" is the sum and substance of knowledge and of mental life. He denies an ontological distinction between thought and its material, and says this distinction is "within experience" and then only "an economic distinction" to show "a division of labor." Hence the material or subject-matter of thought is not outside of and distinct from the mind. Again he writes that "the distinctions between mind and body and their alleged disparateness and supposed parallelism are a pseudo-problem created by a prejudiced metaphysics." Thus the facts with which Pragmatism deals are mental facts; not things, but the perceptions of things; not God, but belief in God; not an external world, but belief in an external world. God and the external world exist for the Pragmatist only because and in so far as these beliefs have the marks of a true belief. Hence God and the external world are known only as inferred from the beliefs.

2. Evolution is the construction or integrating postulate of Pragmatism. The world, i. e., experience, is an evolutive process. Professor James rejects Absolute Monism and Absolute Pluralism. To him the

world is one in so far as its parts hang together by any definite connection; it is many just so far as any definite connection fails to obtain; and adds that "it is growing more and more united by those systems of connection which human energy keeps forming as time goes on." Professor Dewey holds that the evolution process is *of* experience and *in* experience, and writes, "Reality must be defined in terms of experience, and judgment appears as the medium through which the consciously effected evolution of Reality goes on." Hence thought is not a mere product, but an organic factor in the process. Thus the difference between mind and matter, subject and object, does not mean the existence of two separate and naturally exclusive worlds, but the rich potentiality, the creative activity of one. But this is *Ideal Monism*. Reality, therefore, does not exist outside the mind. It consists in the mental process of making or remaking the world, i. e., experience. Hence evolution is an essential character of Reality and Reality is change. This fact that "experience" is undergoing change in the evolution process is the Pragmatic doctrine that Reality, i. e., Being, is plastic. Experience is conceived as self-supporting and self-propelling. Thus the principle of *continuity* is assumed. Reality, i. e., experience, is not conceived as individual experience, but as social. Hence the evolution is described as a social process, of which the individual experience or reality is a part. Moreover, Pragmatism holds that Darwin showed the existence of purpose, and hence teaches that the evolution-process is *purposive* or teleological. In criticism it can be said that the evolution postulate is a pure assumption. Reality is not what is *known as*, nor is it merely the product of our thought. Realities exist without reference to our minds. The mind finds realities and must conform to them. It is true I can combine realities, e. g., build a house, or dissociate them, e. g., in chemical analysis, but I must conform to certain laws having reference to their properties and action. To make the knowledge of realities constitute realities is idealism. The familiar story of the nine blind men and the elephant comes in illustration. Many realities exist without being *known as* such and exert an influence upon our lives, e. g., the composition of the atmosphere. Again we are told that private and social consciousness make up experience, but Professor James assures us that experience only becomes experience when *known as*, and what is *known as* does not exist. Moreover, to set forth evolution as a world-process, whether real or ideal, is the extreme of metaphysics, although Professor Dewey is fond of ridiculing metaphysics. Darwinian evolution is discredited by scientists of to-day. The only element of truth in Darwin's system is the fact of growth. He showed that growth is a law of life. But the processes of growth depend upon the nature

of the life. The mind grows, but not like the body; Psychology is not Physiology. The body grows, but not like the tree; Physiology is not Botany. The only real advance in Biology within fifty years is Mendel's Law verified of vegetable life only. And Professor Bateson, of Oxford, asserts that had Darwin known of this law, the *Origin of Species* would not have been written. To conceive the abstract fact of Growth as an integrating principle in a world-process is a pure assumption in contradiction to established truths. Even Professor James holds that the perception of *sameness* in kind is a category of common sense, and according to him the one first discovered and used by our lowest ancestors. But how can we recognize *sameness* in kind in an ever-changing process of development where the "experience" is ever plastic and thinking of a thing means its "real modification" with Professor Dewey, or its "transformation" with Professor James, so that "the future may not identically repeat and imitate the past?" 3. A so-called Scientific Method is the instrumental postulate of Pragmatism. This method is the application of the working-hypothesis of modern science to mental life. Evolution explains the "going," the working-hypothesis gives us the instrument of the "going" and unfolds the technique of the process. The working-hypothesis of science is a "device" or "working-formula" for dealing with scientific problems and accepted provisionally if it does the work. In like manner all our theories are viewed as "leadings," "instruments for use," "modes of adaptation" to the Reality which is conceived to be in the solution of the mental problem. The sole question in the mind of the Pragmatist is not that the theory or the "idea" with Professor James or the "judgment process" with Professor Dewey be true or false, but will it "work?" The theory is adopted simply for that reason and for that alone. Its value consists in its working quality, and this consists in its adaptability for undergoing real variation in the evolutive reconstruction of experience. Thus, in the sense that it is a useful instrument, the idea becomes a mediating factor or function in the process. In criticism we say that men of science explicitly contrast working-hypotheses with established truths and give provisional assent only to the former. It is *Skepticism* to hold that all scientific theories are purely working-hypotheses, and it is false to apply the working-hypothesis to mental life and call it a scientific method. Finally, science deals with actual existing things, not with group-sensations.

II. THE THEORY OF TRUTH.

Pragmatism tests the truth of a notion by its respective practical consequences. Truth with Professor James is what is "useful" or "expedient;" with Professor Dewey what is "instrumental" for

"satisfaction." Hence truth is relative to the person: what is useful to me may not be useful to you, and what is useful to me to-day may not be useful to-morrow. Thus truth changes with persons, times and places. But this is Skepticism and destroys the bases of physical science. Again, Professor James asks what difference it would practically make to any one if this notion rather than that were true, and answers, "If no difference, the alternative means practically the same." But this is *Subjectivism* and is contradicted by the history of development in every branch of science. We distinguish *pure* science from *applied* science. The truths of pure science are discovered and verified before they are applied to the practical uses of life. Again, practical significance may be real or apparent, actual or possible. Yet I do not know the possible practical significance of all things. To make my present knowledge or needs the test of truth is the ego-centric doctrine in an extreme form. But Pragmatism cannot avoid the difficulty, for its basic postulate is "experience." Truth is conceived as working within "experience." Hence experience must find within itself the source and support of its values of truth and error. Thus Professor James holds that objective truth, i. e., apart from its function in our experience, is not to be found.

2. As experience is the basis upon which the theory of Truth rests, so the evolutive-process furnishes the test of its value. An idea is true if it works, and it works if, in the constant evolutive reconstruction of experience, it is successful in bringing one part of experience in touch with another part, especially in mediating between old opinions and new experience, so as to cause the least possible jolt in the blending. Hence truth is not a property inherent in the idea: it marks the success and efficiency of the idea as a useful instrument. This is the theory of Instrumentalism proposed by Professor Dewey. The working is prompted by needs, hence it is true for a special purpose. But to assume that the satisfaction of needs is desirable and necessary is perfectionism in its most flagrant form, although Pragmatists are fond of ridiculing Perfectionism. Not all our needs or desires should be satisfied, and, with many, restraint should be used. Temperance in thought and action is a cardinal virtue. Discipline of thought and character is the basic principle in education. Hence there is a difference of value in needs and desires. If the value of truth consists merely in the efficiency of work, where is the standard for the difference of value in needs and desires? The act of the idea to Pragmatists, not the idea itself, is true, and it is true in so far as it functions or is an adaptation in the evolutive process of experience. Its truth is its utility as a means to an end. An idea is true because it makes itself true by an efficient

discharge of its mediating function as an organic part of the process of real change in a developing world. Thus with Professor James the true is only "the expedient" in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient "in the way of our behaving." As ends constantly change in the experiencing-process, so do the purposes change, and with the change of purposes comes the corresponding constant changing of the means when judged by the test of expediency. With the change in means goes a corresponding change in truth. What may be true, i. e., expedient and useful to-day, may to-morrow be false, i. e., inexpedient and useless. The ends and means change, because the means, in working, effect a change in the contents of experience. This is the Pragmatic Doctrine of the *Plasticity* of Truth. Thus as the postulate of evolution teaches a plasticity of being so, when viewed as the background of Truth, does it teach a plasticity of Truth. Professor James calls Absolute Truth, i. e., what no further experience will ever alter, "that ideal vanishing-point towards which we imagine all our temporary truths will some day converge." Nothing is stable in this teaching. Yet there are stable elements in the physical, mental and moral worlds. These do not impede, but guide and serve action. Orderly activity supposes them. Otherwise science could not exist. The very basis and structural elements of a science are made up of definite fixed principles or laws.

3. Thus truth as a mental activity appears in the form of a working-hypothesis, with no guide or test except the measure of success which it achieves for the time being. The measure of success justifies its use and it is useful "in so far forth" as it succeeds. Applied to business life, this principle implies, if not dishonesty, at least *sharp practice*. Applied to politics, it does not set forth a high, true ideal of citizenship, but is very welcome to the "grafter." Applied to moral life, it teaches that the *end justifies the means*. As a working-hypothesis, the idea appears as a process, a plan of action, and a process which is only approximately true. Hence there are grades in truth. Some truths are truer than others, i. e., if they are more useful instruments for the work. If better instruments are found or invented, the old truths, like old clothes, are outworn and discarded, unless a practical mother makes them over for the rising heir. Professor Dewey teaches that truth is what is "instrumental" for "satisfaction," and Professor James says that "individuals will emphasize their points of satisfaction differently." In criticism we say that science holds data true prior to the process, hence they are true in some other sense than by being satisfactory. Besides, some truths are not satisfactory just because they are true. Again, men of science distinguish between established truths and working hy-

potheses. In taking the latter to illustrate mental activity, Pragmatism assumes as its method that which in science is regarded as giving the least assurance that truth is present at all. Again, a lie may be useful at times; if useful, it is true. Moreover, to tell the truth may not be useful or expedient, hence the truth may not be true. The Pragmatist is ever asking the question, What is there in this for me? Thus Professor James says that "we cannot reject any hypothesis if consequences useful to life flow from it." Yet in fact error, delusion and deception appealing to human needs and purposes are at times effective in directing human life and conduct.

Thus, while the Postulates of Pragmatism furnish the setting for the Theory of Truth and enable us to see how it works, yet the theory itself is clearly grasped only when viewed as the positive expression of the sole characteristic doctrine of Pragmatism, viz., its explanation of mental life which sets forth the "idea" or the "judgment process" as a purposive action, thereby combining mind and will in one act. Hence truth with them is not the correspondence of an idea within the mind to an object outside the mind, but consists in the efficacy of the "idea" or "judgment" as a means or instrument to an end. The end, constantly changing with the constant changing subject-matter or experience, is the ever-present purposive reconstruction of the experience within the mind. The successful working, at best approximate only, and different with different persons, or with the same person at each succeeding moment, is the reconstruction of experience, and this is viewed as reality because it is the effect or result of mental action. Thus to Pragmatists Truth is the relation or the correspondence of the idea or judgment to reality, i. e., the mental effect which it produces. Therefore the postulates, in furnishing the setting for the Pragmatic theory of Truth, are not accepted because they are true in themselves. In fact, they are pure assumptions and considered as true by Pragmatists "inasmuch" and "in so far forth" as they are "useful" or "expedient" for the working presentation of the theory.

III. THE PROBLEM OF THOUGHT.

With Professor Dewey the heart of the knowing problem is the relation of thought to its empirical antecedents and to its consequent, i. e., truth, and the relation of both to Reality. To him Reality is not viewed as self-existent outside the mind; it is experience undergoing reconstruction in and through the judgment process. Therefore mental life contains no entity as "soul" or "mind," but is "a stream of consciousness" compounded of "instincts," "interests" or "impulses." Hence he defines psychology as the natural history of the various attitudes and structures through

which experiencing passes as mental states in the stream of consciousness. Thus experience is the general term for mental activity; "habit," "attention," "consciousness" are particular works or functions of that activity. Experience first comes to the mind unorganized; as such, with Professor Dewey, it is not knowledge, for knowledge he conceives to be organized or reconstructed experience, and as this reconstruction takes place in the judgment-process, there is no knowledge outside of the judgment. "Fact" and "idea" are distinctions within experience, and as such are parts of experience viewed as different simply because they act or function in a different manner; the "fact" is the object within the mind, the "idea" is its meaning. The antecedents of thought are not knowledge: only *stimuli* to knowledge. Hence Professor Dewey says that "the simple idea of sensation is without objective reference;" that "what is perceived immediately is that part of the datum in the mind which is the object of attention;" that "objectivity consists in actually being the object of thought," for "what I do not think about is not objective," and to be the object of thought is what is "isolated in the stream of conscious experience by attention with a view to the attainment of a purpose." Thus "things are apprehended as objective in virtue of the agent's attitude to them; they are not objective antecedent to his attitude." In like manner Professor James tells us that things are "as they are known as." Therefore the basis of mental life is Phenomenal Idealism. In criticism it can be said that objectivity is defined in a partial and erroneous sense. It is true a mental state may be the object of thought as in meditation. Yet a thing existing outside the mind can be the object of thought, e. g., a child playing with blocks, my friend at solitaire, or a scientist in the laboratory is dealing with real objective things. Again, the objects within the mind came wholly or in part from the outside world. Therefore the term objective primarily and essentially refers to things existing outside the mind. Pragmatism confines the use of the term objective to mental states and makes the distinction between objective and subjective a distinction within the mind because its teaching is based on mental experience, and holds that mental experience is the sole subject-matter of thought. But this contention is contradicted by the happenings of ordinary daily life. Moreover, Pragmatism assumes mental experience as the subject-matter of thought because it denies immediate knowledge of things external to the mind. Yet Professor Dewey admits that mental "actions are suggested by consciously recognized stimuli" and that the external "object, e. g., a stone, must have a certain meaning as a stimulus first of all."¹ These admissions overturn the foundation of his

¹ "Studies in Logical Theory," pp. 251, 256.

system. The "conscious recognition of stimuli" and the apprehension of their "meaning" is knowledge. This knowledge may not be classified or as complete as that found in the judgment-process, but there can be grades or degrees of knowledge, and even Professor Dewey says that the knowledge of the judgment-process is not final, but provisional only. Hence it is a contradiction to confine knowledge to the judgment-process and admit that we grasp the "meaning" of what stimulates the process.

Thought for Pragmatism is the name for the process in which instincts and their appreciations interact and reconstruct themselves under the guidance of purpose with a view to conscious control. As ideal experience is the basic postulate of mental life, so evolution is the integrating postulate. The first stage of the process arises in inner "distractions" or "tensions" produced by needs of the mental situation. The process is active throughout and is described as a constant movement toward a defined equilibrium or reorganization which is viewed as the fulfillment of the purpose. The "idea" is derived from the situation and mediates as "a plan of action" in readjusting the conflicting elements. This is known as "the conflict-mediatorial" theory of thought. Mind or Consciousness is what it *seems* to be, viz., a transition-phase of the contents of experience undergoing reconstruction into something else. In this view experience is conceived as dynamic and self-evolving in specific conditions determined and controlled by the specific purposes. Knowledge therefore is not a state, i. e., stable, but an action: it is knowing for the present plan or purpose, and the act of knowing is set forth in Biological terms. Thus Professor Dewey says that Logical Theory is an account of thinking as a mode of adaptation and judges its validity by the consequences, i. e., its efficiency in meeting the problem. This view of thought as a dynamic teleological evolution effecting ever-constant change in reality brings out the fundamental doctrine in the Pragmatic Theory of Thought, viz., the definition of thought as *purposive action*, and purposive action is conduct, a definition which identifies thought and will and denies any distinction between them. The source of this doctrine is found in the development of modern Psychology. Just as modern Sociology differs from the Sociology of Spencer in this that it takes the Sociology of Spencer, which is structural merely and views it as functional, so that writers hold that modern Sociology begins where Spencer's Sociology ends, in like manner a change in the point of view has taken place in Psychology. The Psychology of Spencer, Bain and Mill is based on evolution, but is structural only. This structural Psychology is now viewed as functional and its basic element of evolution is regarded as functioning. The evolutive functioning of

experience is expressed in the dynamic action of thought, which can be so conceived only by identifying thought and will. The identification becomes necessary from the fact that purpose is now admitted to rule in the world. Thus we can understand why Professor Dewey aims to set forth the natural history of thought, i. e., after Spencer; why he seeks its beginnings in conflict, i. e., after Spencer; why he describes the process as a teleological integrating movement toward conscious control, i. e., adding purpose to Spencer's equilibrium; why he considers First Principles as results of previous inductions transmitted to us, i. e., after Spencer, and why he explains the thought-process as an adaptation not of structure to function as with Spencer, but of function to Reality, which is conceived as the product and result of the thought functioning. Reality therefore is considered as ever in the making, and here Pragmatism places its doctrine of Free-will, which, with Professor James, means the introduction of "changes" into the world. In criticism we say that, although Pragmatists teach the identification of thought and will by explaining thought as Purposive Action, yet in fact they admit the distinction by regarding some thought as not here and now entering into the purposive action. Thus Professor James writes: "The practical value of true ideas is primarily derived from the practical importance of their objects to us. These objects are, indeed, not important at all times, and these ideas, however verifiable, will be practically irrelevant and had better remain latent. Yet since almost any object may some day become temporarily important, the advantage of having a general stock of *extra* truths, of ideas that shall be true of merely possible situations, is obvious."² Professor Dewey writes that "the conflict in thought makes certain elements in experience assume conscious objectification;" "that the most characteristic trait of consciousness is its selective function with reference to stimuli;" that "the subjective is the holding of contents from definitely asserted position;" that "the objective is that which is carried forward in the process, the subjective is what is left behind" or "excluded from the problem;" that "this subjective may become the initial in other problems and remains a fact, even a worthful fact, as a part of one's *inner* experience." He admits "abstractions which are without possible reference or bearing" on the specific problem, says "thought starts from a *specific*, i. e., particular occasion and ends at a specific issue," and holds that "in the history of scientific inquiry there is a relegation of accepted meanings into the limbo of mere ideas."³ These words show clearly that there are conscious elements in experience which

² "Pragmatism," p. 203.

³ 1. c., Ch. X.

here and now do not enter into the present purposive thought-process. This means that while all purpose includes the element of thought, yet all thought-elements are not purposive here and now, although they may become so. But this is the fundamental teaching of Scholastic Philosophy, and Professor Dewey's admission of this truth destroys the basic element of his system. In fact, the introduction of purpose as the guiding element in the thought-process apparently makes thought purposive, and in truth much thought is purposive, but closer analysis shows that purpose is selective both in the beginning and throughout the thought-process, and selection means that certain conscious elements of experience are excluded from the present process. They are latent or quiescent and exist in the mind, for Professor Dewey describes them. Therefore all conscious experience is not at the same time purposive action.

In explaining the technique of thought, Pragmatists appeal to the "working hypothesis" of Physical Science. To them knowledge is confined to judgment and not to judgment pure and simple, but to a special kind of judgment, viz., the judgment whose meaning is uncertain. Hence knowledge begins with *doubt* and is in essence an *inquiry*. The subject of the judgment is the *mental fact*, the predicate is the *idea*. The process is the determination of the *fact*, and the *idea* accomplishes this after the manner of a working-hypothesis. In criticismism we may say that knowledge, according to the expressed statements of Pragmatists, is not confined to the judgment, for they admit conscious elements in experience which are not included in the judgment process going on here and now. Therefore the technique of the working-hypothesis cannot be applied to *all* our conscious states, but is confined to the actual judgment-process of the moment. Furthermore, the working-hypothesis cannot be applied in explanation of all judgment, for there are judgments whose truth is grasped without any process of inquiry, e. g., first principles and axioms. These are the basis of knowledge. To deliberately exclude self-evident truths from being considered knowledge and to confine knowledge to elucidation of mental situations which are doubtful is to make Skepticism the beginning and basis of knowledge. Finally, even in the process of the doubt-judgment, the idea is not a working-hypothesis. If it were, then the only difference in ideas would be their efficiency in solving the situation. But the presence of purpose in the process shows clearly that some ideas are selected in preference to others as more fitted to meet the situation, and that they are selected because their difference in character is perceived antecedent to their work.

IV. CRITICISM.

The postulates in the background of Pragmatism are fragments

coming from the broken Science-Philosophy of the last century. They are not true in themselves, and no mere combination can ever make them true. The sole characteristic Doctrine of Pragmatism, which forms them into the new combination, is not true; for Pragmatists admit that all conscious elements of experience are not purposive. This means that all thought is not purposive.

To take the Associative Psychology of Spencer, Mill and Bain, discarded for some years in the schools, and to turn it, by the twist of a word, into a new system, does not make a new system in reality, but in appearance only. The fundamental difficulties unanswered to the Old Psychology are thus carried over into the New and persistently cry out for a solution. To get the old structural mechanism to work by the use of a word will not solve the difficulties. The mechanism itself needs attention.

Thus how can Pragmatism explain *unity of consciousness, memory, anticipation, personal identity* or even *reflection*? In fact, Pragmatists give minute description of the mental process in all its stages and mention the other elements of conscious experience which are *outside* the process, but forget to explain the most important problem of mental life, viz., who *sees* all this. Pragmatists explicitly reject a *soul* or *mind*, but in their descriptions of mental life actually postulate its existence.

There is *direct* knowledge, e. g., when I deal with external things, as well as *reflex* knowledge, e. g., meditation. To confound both or to neglect the former and make the logic of reflective thought constitute the logical theory is on a par with confirming the use of the term knowledge to the judgment of doubt and assume that this kind of knowledge is all we have.

Mental distinction does not mean actual separation. I can distinguish many elements in combination without thereby separating them.

In calling attention to the activity of mental life, Pragmatism insists upon a truth. Mental life is active. Its explanation of this activity, however, is false. This is the purpose of the present article, viz., to point out that the distinctive doctrine of the latest philosophical system is based upon the false definition of the idea: the most fundamental and apparently the simplest element in mental life.

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IS IT EVER LAWFUL TO TELL A LIE?—AN INQUIRY.

IN this essay I propose to discuss the question of the morality of lying and to investigate our notions of truthfulness and falsehood. I wish to probe the principle which condemns a lie as wrong and approves of veracity as right, in order that we may more clearly understand the nature and extent of the obligation we are under to speak the truth and lie not. I have been led to the examination of this subject by some awkward instances of allowable deception which I find very hard to justify on the ordinary recognized principles of moral science. For example, within the domain of rubrics a question arises whether it is lawful for a priest to celebrate Mass without a Missal? The answer to this question is in the affirmative, provided two conditions are complied with, namely, he must be certain that he has the Mass by heart and he must place some other book on the Missal-stand, lest the faithful present be scandalized. But the question at once arises how this second condition is justifiable, since it misleads the faithful unto believing that the priest is reading from the book when he is not, as a matter of fact? Another and similar case occurs in regard to the confessional. It is prescribed that when a confessor hears confessions in the presence of others, and if for some reason he has to defer absolution from a penitent, he must, to save the character of the penitent, say some form of prayers over him. Now, is not the simulation of absolution an inevitable deception of those around? And then there is the historical example of St. Athanasius, so often quoted as an instance of pardonable equivocation, who by an ambiguous statement misled and escaped his pursuers. These cases, and many others of a like nature, which may be cited brings us face to face with a serious problem, which is this: On what grounds are we to justify an action or words which have for direct object the deception of others, even though this deception may be the means of effecting greater good?

Various solutions of a more or less plausible character are offered to this question, but not all, if any of them, are free from grave difficulties which make one feel dissatisfied as regards their validity. At first sight one may be inclined to justify the cases of deception cited on the well-known principle of a cause with two effects. Here is an act—the placing of the book or the recital of some prayers—with two effects, one bad and the other good, whose morality we seek to determine. The good effect is the prevention of scandal or defamation, while the bad is the deception of innocent onlookers. There can be no doubt but the good counterbalances the evil effect,

but is the other condition necessary for the justification of the principle present? I do not think so. For it is plain that the good results from the evil effect and is produced through its medium. You have in these instances a deordination or insubordination of essences which nature did not intend. It was never destined by Providence that the deception of one man should lead to another's benefit, nor even to that of his own, whereas here we have the deception made the immediate and necessary means of the good results produced. For unless those present were deceived, the scandal and defamation feared could by no means be obviated. Accordingly, we are forced to abandon this solution to the problem and seek for one in another direction.

Now the moral principle which we desiderate must be of such a nature as not only to lay down a general rule as to the obligation of truthfulness, but, further, it must, without being violated itself, make allowance for such apparent, if not real, exceptions as men almost universally recognize as lawful. For, after all, what is the duty of a moralist more than to give scientific shape to conclusions arrived at by the general consensus of mankind? The race comes first, and by its intuitions, or by the test of sweet over bitter experience, labels some acts as good and others bad. Then comes the ethicist who ingeniously arranges these acts according to uniform and universal categories or principles which underlie the various classes of acts, and which are as immutable as the natures themselves from which the acts proceed and about which they are concerned. It is exactly similar to what occurs in physical science where the phenomena are first observed and noted, after which the scientist classifies them and discovers their underlying principle. Having regard, then, to the phenomena, as it were, of lying and deception which society has noted, and concerning which it has issued its prohibition or permission, as the case may be, will not the principle which I shall presently enunciate be taken into account and satisfy all the circumstances, for while it determines the rule it leaves room for the allowable exceptions?

In a lie we must recognize a twofold malice carefully to be distinguished. First, there is the malice of not conforming our words to the truth; that is, to the ideas existing in our mind; while the second malice consists in deceiving another. To these two malices correspond two correlative duties on the part of the speaker—he must not say what he believes to be untrue and he must not deceive another. The former of these duties admits of no exception: our words must ever truly express our thoughts, for by nature they are destined for no other purpose than to **extenuate** the concepts of the speaker and to use them to **believe** these concepts and to convey what

the speaker believes to be untrue is to pervert the immutable order of nature and to be guilty of a moral deordination. The second duty, however, does not impose so stringent and inexorable an obligation. Its extent is only commensurate with the right on the part of the hearer to be told the truth, or at all events not to be deceived by a lie. When he exceeds or has lost his right to be truly informed, the speaker has no duty towards him, but he still remains under the obligation to himself or to the Author of nature, who ordained words to be the impression of one's thoughts, and not their concealment. On this principle it is quite easy to justify such evasions, equivocations and other forms of deception as are regarded by men generally to be lawful in certain circumstances or when there is present what they term a just cause. This cause I consider present as often as the hearer has no right to be told the truth and may be deceived for his own benefit or for the benefit of another whose right he is invading by an impertinent question or by unjust prosecution. This principle, then, furnishes an easy answer to the questions raised at the outset. The laying of a book other than the Missal on the stand and the recital of prayers different from those of absolution over a penitent are actions which are certainly not lies in themselves, whereas also they are not wrong nor forbidden because of the deception they effect, because the persons misled have no right to be informed of the true condition of affairs—what concern of theirs is it whether there is a real Missal on the altar and if the penitent is actually absolved? And the scandal or defamation averted outweighs the evil consequence of deception. Similarly, when St. Athanasius, in answer to the inquiry of his pursuers, if he had seen Athanasius, replied, "Yes, pass on; he is not far from you," he stated but what was objectively true; his words were a suitable expression of the truth, yet they were calculated to mislead; but such deception was quite justifiable on the ground that his cruel persecutors had forfeited all claim to exact information. In this way we can defend all other cases of equivocation and mental reservation which are recognized as permissible.

The principle enunciated and expanded in the foregoing paragraph is, I believe, that on which theologians rely for their defense of deviations from the strict rule of truthfulness which are regarded as allowable. To the same the present writer adhered hitherto with implicit confidence. But on a further and fuller investigation of the whole question of veracity, lying and deception, my convictions have been shaken, and this principle I have come to regard as unsatisfactory in many respects and inapplicable to many cases which can be adduced. Hence, as a result of a more exhaustive study of the subject, I have been forced to modify my views, and the fruit of

my labors I set forth in the subsequent pages. I must honestly confess that I am not quite satisfied with the conclusions reached, but I have been urged to them by the considerations brought forward. If I were to follow my own inclinations and to be influenced by my previous prejudices, I should willingly take my stand on the principle already explained; but in matters of this kind we are not free to determine our own rules and draw our own conclusions, but we must try to arrive at what is objectively true, and to that end be docilely guided by the evidence at our disposal. Only in this way can the true interests of any science be promoted.

Now, in the first place, I think we may safely define a lie as "saying what one knows to be false with intent to deceive." With this definition I feel confident all parties can agree. At least it contains as much as anybody requires for the essence of lying; whether it contains more or not will be clear from what is afterward said. If, however, instead of confining ourselves to the words of any definition, we go and investigate the objective reality and try to discover wherein precisely consists the malice of lying and where arises the obligation of avoiding it, we at once find ourselves up against two schools of thought, which, though in practice they may be in thorough agreement, in theory they are widely divergent. The intuitional school of ethics places the essence of a lie in the want of conformity of words with the concepts in the mind. They regard a lie sufficiently defined by the words *locutio contra mentem*, and hence the obligation imposed on us by the virtue of truth is to conform our words to our ideas, and while we know one thing to be true, not to utter with our lips quite the opposite. St. Thomas puts it briefly thus: "Of its nature a lie is evil, since it is an act which falls on inordinate matter. For inasmuch as words are by nature signs of concepts, it is unnatural and inordinate for one to signify with his voice what he has not in his mind." Accordingly, it is plain that intuitional ethics places the peculiar malice of a lie in the disorder which consists in the difformity of words from the concepts in the mind, and that regardless of the consequences. Were a lie instrumental in procuring the greatest amount of good, nay, even could it save the universe from destruction, still on this theory it would not be lawful to tell the least lie; it is an act so essentially immoral and bad in itself. But the direct and natural effect of a lie, which is its deception of another, this St. Thomas considers as appertaining only to the perfection of a lie, and is by no means of its essence.

On the other hand, Utilitarianism, whose uniform practice it is to judge of the tree by its fruits, condemns lying because of its baneful consequences. This system holds the essential malice of a lie to

consist in its deception and in its destruction of that confidence so necessary for social life. In fact, it is so enormous an evil that if universally practiced it would destroy the very foundation on which society rests and render its continuance impossible. For is not language the sole medium of intercourse? It is the cement of the social edifice wherein men are united and unified in a common mode of existence, where each derives the greatest advantages from the assistance of his fellow. But once speech becomes corrupted and perverted by lying, so that no man can believe or rely on the assurances and assertions of his neighbor, then no longer is this common life enduring and society is at an end. For language, then, is not only useless, but worse than useless, since it defeats its own object, in which case better live apart and seek what happiness one may than enter society, where you are ever exposed to be deceived and defrauded. I may here quote the words of John Stuart Mill, the ablest champion of Utilitarianism in modern times, in regard to this matter:

"It would often be expedient [he says] for the purpose of getting over some momentary embarrassment or attaining some object immediately useful to ourselves or others to tell a lie. But inasmuch as the cultivation in ourselves of a sensitive feeling on the subject of veracity is one of the most useful and the enfeeblement of that feeling one of the most hurtful things to which our conduct can be instrumental, and inasmuch as any even unintentional deviation from truth does that much towards weakening the trustworthiness of human assertion, which is not only the principal support of all present social well-being, but the insufficiency of which does more than anything that can be named to keep back civilization, virtue, everything on which human happiness in the largest scale depends, we feel that the violation for a present advantage of a rule of such transcendent expediency is not expedient, and that he who, for the sake of a present advantage to himself or to some other individual, does what depends on him to deprive mankind of the good and inflict upon them the evil involved in the greater or less reliance they can place on each other's words, acts the part of one of their worst enemies."

If such are the evil effects of lying, is it possible to exaggerate the paramount importance of veracity and overestimate the stringency with which the obligation of being truthful should be urged by society and by the laws of nature on which society is built?

Now, were I asked to determine offhand which of these two systems better explains the source and obligation of the virtue of truthfulness, I should be very slow to make my choice. But although I should not care at once to decide, still, while pondering on the question, some considerations have occurred to me which I think well to

bring forward and which I believe will help us to discriminate them and declare our preference for the one or the other. My intention is to bring forward some cases which are admitted on all sides and about the morality of which there is no quarrel, and by means of these we can test the principles of the opposing camps, and then whichever principle most consistently explains all cases is the one of our choice. For a principle to be of any value must be consistent and such throughout, and should there be any concrete cases within its scope with which it cannot deal, it is considered to fail and must be rejected. This is true of principles in physical science—one fact may overturn a long-venerated law—equally true is it in moral science.

Intuitionist ethicists, while reprobating all lies and admitting no possible excuse for lying, nevertheless allow mental restrictions and equivocations when there exists a sufficient cause. By equivocation we understand the use of an expression capable of two meanings, one true, the other false, for the purpose of suggesting the false meaning to the hearer without committing the speaker to that meaning. Thus they allow you to deceive another on certain occasions, provided, however, you do so by an expression capable of a true interpretation. You are free even not merely to permit, but to intend this deception. For unless the deception is intended, why equivocate at all? But while they will allow you to mislead in this way, they will not tolerate deceit by a downright lie, as the inviolability of truth must be preserved, say they. The conformity of words to concepts is an unalterable duty which brooks no exception. I must confess I am not at all satisfied with this subtle distinction. It seems but a mere formalism, having little or nothing to recommend it beyond its general acceptance for many ages. For, if free to deceive, why such delicacy in the selection of a set form of words? It appears little more than a vain attempt to stand by the letter while deserting the spirit of veracity. This becomes evident if for a moment we consider what is ordinarily understood by speaking truthfully. Is it not plain that the function of veracity is not so much to measure our concepts by precise words as to endeavor to express our mind in such terms as will produce an impression on our hearer corresponding to what we possess in ourselves?

Truth, like language, has to do with the particular individual addressed, and it is of no importance what sense our words may convey to outsiders, provided they beget in the mind of him we speak to such information as we possess and to which we give utterance and expression. In the words of Professor Sidgwick, "The duty of truth-speaking is not to utter words which *might*, according to common usage, produce in other minds beliefs corresponding to

our own, but words which we believe will have this effect on the persons whom we address." Hence the only reason I see for conforming our words to our concepts is that this is the surest means of communicating our ideas to those whom we address. But if departure from this conformity could better convey the true impression, I see no reason against so doing. In fact, I can conceive a set of circumstances wherein the truth can best be conveyed to some individual by words the very opposite of those which people generally would consider the true expression of the concepts in the mind of the speaker, and yet I am sure few would condemn the speaker in this case as guilty of a lie, though you may say he has broken away completely from the conformity of words and concepts. From this it is quite clear how futile is the attempt to safeguard equivocation from the common name of lie. At all events, it is impossible to label equivocation as a truth, for by other definitions they are diametrically opposed. He speaks the truth who expresses his mind in such words as are calculated and intended to produce a true impression on the mind of the hearer, regardless of how the words affect all others; whereas, he equivocates who expresses himself in such words as are calculated to convey a true sense to men generally, regardless of their effect on the person addressed, or rather even with the purpose of deceiving him. From which it is manifest how immaterial the difference between an equivocation and a lie; they are distinguished merely by subtle quibbling of no objective value. Hence if you allow equivocation, rather say a lie is lawful on certain occasions. *Pecca fortiter*. If you deceive at all, you need not be too nice in the choice of your form of words. An equivocation as efficaciously deceives as a lie, and the deception is equally intended in both cases. And as veracity has to do with the relations between speaker and hearer, and not between the speaker and his own words, both a lie and an equivocation are equally untrue, both equally fail in discharging the function of truth-speaking; that is, the duty of not deceiving another or of communicating to another through the medium of speech a true impression of the mind of the speaker.

From the foregoing it is fairly clear that I recognize no such independent and immutable obligation as that of conforming our words to our mental concepts. If there is a duty of conforming our words to our concepts, it exists because of the relation of these words to the impression produced on the hearer and solely because the words are a means to the objective result. The malice of a lie, in my opinion, is not any want of conformity which nature demands between words and concepts (for I do not believe there is any necessity or obligation urging us to this, independently of its injurious

effect), but consists in its deceit. The essence of a lie is in its deception—in the harm it inflicts on another who has a right not to be deceived, and on society by diminishing that mutual trust and confiding intercourse so essential to the welfare and happiness of mankind. This contention I hope to strengthen and make good by the following considerations:

Why is it that I can tell as many incredible falsehoods as I please, which I am aware none will believe, and nobody will regard me on that account as a liar? For example, I can tell a man I was up in the moon, or that the wall which he sees to be white is black, or that two and two are five, and still be considered quite innocent of a lie. In like manner I can speak as many falsehoods as I wish to children and madmen without fear of being accused of lying. Further, I can utter all the untruths imaginable in the absence of any listener, or in a tongue unknown to the hearers and for this I do not suppose anybody would impugn me for want of veracity. Besides, society recognizes as lawful the use of such expressions as "not guilty" before a court of law, or "not at home" to an unwelcome visitor, or "I don't know" to an impertinent questioner, though in each case these may convey a sense the very opposite of what is true, and, as far as is in the power of the speaker, produce a false impression in the mind of the hearer, else why use them at all? What do all these examples prove? Well, if they prove one thing beyond another, it is this—that there is no distinct and separate obligation of giving expression to our concepts by true and corresponding words. There is no deordination in saying what we know to be false, provided there is no danger of the deception of individuals or of injury accruing to society therefrom. For if such natural duty exists, as intuitionists claim, of conforming our words to the ideas existing in our minds, it would bind *semper et pro semper*; it would admit of no exception. But if exceptions do exist, and are generally recognized even by their own school—well, we are not to quarrel with them, but with the principle with which they are inconsistent. Such we see to be the case. The examples I have cited deviate from that immutable and universal conformity between concepts and their expression which the law of nature demands in the opinion of intuitionist moralists. Hence we feel induced to abandon this school and seek elsewhere for the source of the obligation of veracity, and thereby strive to establish some consistent principle which, while it condemns lying generally as bad and wrong, nevertheless makes allowance for such exceptions as we have already adduced and more of a similar character.

From what has been hitherto said it is plain that I put the essence of a lie in its deceit and the detriment thereby resulting to the indi-

vidual and to society. Accordingly, the source of our obligation to speak the truth is rights of the individual and of society, which we must not infringe by any form or fraud or deception. Language, which is the vehicle of truth, has to do between man and man—is a social asset destined by God for the benefit of society. Veracity, whose purpose does not exceed that of language, has the same object. Its utility is to communicate the thoughts and sentiments of a man to his fellows and so beget mutual confidence and aid social progress, whereas, lying defeats this object; it retards and tends to destroy the well-being of society, and thereby lessens the happiness of ourselves and others whose welfare it is our interest and duty to promote. Thus far I feel drawn towards the Utilitarian principle. For I recognize that the alternative is between Intuitionism and no exception, or Utilitarianism and some exceptions. But there can be no doubting the fact that exceptions to the rule of truth do exist, however subtly one may try to explain them away and label them with any other name than a lie—lawful, I admit, but still a lie according to the definition and true sense of the word.

But on what grounds does Utilitarianism admit exceptions, and how reconcile them with its principle? On no other basis than that of public utility are they allowed. Men recognize that in certain difficult circumstances to expect the truth would be to demand too much; it would redound to the public injury, and as a consequence deception is allowed in all such cases. Men cannot get along apart; they must enter society, and so to promote the interest of society is to promote their own well-being. Hence they must cherish all the social virtues, of which the chief is veracity. Accordingly, as far as truth-speaking helps on society, men are bound to it. But the rule of truth is not so rigorous that it will not admit of exceptions—and these are such cases wherein the breach rather than the observance of truth is of greater benefit to society and to the human race. Hence we see it is the one principle regulates the rule and the exceptions—social utility. What are these exceptions *in individuo* it is not for each one to decide, but it must be left to the experience of the race to determine. It has done so in several cases. For example, the culprit who is accused before a court of justice is not bound to confess his guilt; he is even free to deny it, because his words will not deceive his hearers, and it would be too hard to expect a man to incriminate himself. The servant can say her mistress is not at home, because to have to speak the truth would be either to have to admit every undesirable visitor or to turn them away unceremoniously, both of which courses would lead to very unpleasant issues. Hence society has adopted the happier plan. Similarly, if we had to unbosom ourselves to every impertinent ques-

tioner, life would be intolerable, and that secrecy which plays so important a part in the business of life would be at an end; accordingly, we can deceive such an inquirer, who has no right to be properly informed. These and many other cases which could be adduced are all guided by the one common principle of Utilitarianism, which in this matter of veracity, as in all others, has laid down one common standard by which to test the moral worth of all acts—determining that act to be right which if universally practiced results in the aggregate in the greatest happiness of the race; whereas, that act is wrong which, no matter how beneficial in a particular case, would if generally allowed cause the scale of misery to fall.

The foregoing must seem an extreme view to those of us who from the days when we first read our penny Catechism have looked upon all lies as essentially bad and inexcusable for any motive, however good, and I must confess that I for one had to do some violence to myself to draw myself away from the traditional view and adopt the above conclusions. But as I said before, I do so, however reluctantly, because of the reasons given. As to the validity and strength of these, I leave it to others to decide. They weighed with me and led me on to the conclusions I have drawn. Others might see their way to differ from them. If so, I shall not complain nor quarrel with them. All I seek is light, and in fewer questions is it more difficult to find than in this perplexed one as to whether it is ever lawful to tell a lie.

CORNELIUS F. CREMIN, S. T. L.

St. Paul Seminary.

LOUVAIN.*

Salvate, Athenae nostrae, Athenae Belgicae,
O fides sedes artium et fructu bona,
Lateque spargens lumen nomen tuum!

—Justus Lipsius, 1547-1606.

ATHENS of Belgium—no prouder name could be given to the venerable University of Louvain! Echoes as they are from days now long gone by, these beautiful Latin lines are a tribute to Louvain from the great soul of one of the most illustrious scholars of the time—Justus Lipsius, a loyal son of our holy Mother the Church and the constant admirer of the old alma-mater, where he was a professor. During the last quarter of the sixteenth century, when he taught at Louvain, the influence of

*The writer thanks the editor of the *American College Bulletin*, of Louvain, for permission to make use of a former article in writing this.

Lipsius upon letters and upon art spread far beyond the borders of the Low Countries, and the Universities of Rome, Paris and Cologne strove with one another to secure his services for their faculties of law. But the "*Urbs amati nobis*," as he lovingly calls Louvain, ever held the first place in his affections. The lustre his writings shed upon all fields of learning has never been dimmed in the centuries that have flown by since his death, and it was the realization of the glorious place he holds in the history of the University which made every Lovanist rejoice that the first official act of the festivities during Louvain's jubilee in 1909 was the unveiling of a statue in his honor in one of the principal squares of the city.

One cannot wander through this mediaeval university town without breathing again the spirit of the olden times. Little, very little, indeed, has changed since the happy days of the past, when the quaint crooked streets of Louvain were filled with merry throngs of students, who had been attracted in thousands to her halls by the eminence of her learning and the renown of her teachers. Four hundred years ago, when the University of Louvain was a dominating factor in the world's history, Flemish art, with its wondrous paintings from the hands of Rubens and Vandyck, and the commercial activity of Bruges—the Venice of the North—and of Antwerp had placed Flanders upon a plane of industrial and intellectual prosperity which probably has never since been equaled in Belgium or Holland. That the city of Louvain profited by this activity is evident from the fact that it numbered nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, all busily toiling away for the markets of Antwerp and Bruges. Many volumes have been written during the past five centuries upon the prosperous days of this, the old capital of Brabant, as well as upon the life of its University, and the catalogue of these volumes would be a surprise to those who have never read the narrative of its fascinating and instructive history. The University has never lacked loyal sons who love to tell her life-story over and over again. From the days when John Molanus, who was rector magnificus in 1578, wrote his "*Historia Lovaniensis*" to the publication of the classic "*Description*" by Justus Lipsius, a half century later, and to the histories of Vandervelde, of Baron de Reiffenberg, of Van Even, and especially that of Monsignor de Ram, the illustrious first rector magnificus of the restored university (1834), a large collection of works have been edited and published, throwing much valuable light upon the important part played by the university in Reformation times and afterwards during the Spanish and Austrian domination of the Netherlands. The city of Louvain itself

might be described as a quaint Sleepy Hollow, filled to-day with the same picturesque customs which inspired the paintings of Rubens, Jan Steen and Van Ostade; and though the ordinary tourist—unless attracted by the exquisite Gothic beauty of its Hotel de Ville—passes Louvain by as uninteresting, it has never ceased to be recommended by physicians as the healthiest town of the Netherlands on account of its high position and the salubrity of its air. In fact, it used to be a *bon-mot* among the students of the university in pre-Reformation days that Pope Martin V., in drawing up the Pontifical Bull for the erection of the University (December, 1425), by happy collocation of words had *canonized* the temperate climate and the healthy condition of the city; for the Decree "*Sapientia immarcescibilis*" records the fact that the Pope sent messengers from Rome to see the city, and that it was found a most fitting place for a university, "on account of the mildness of its air and the abundance of those special things which are necessary for human use."

At the commencement of the fifteenth century no school for higher learning existed in the whole stretch of territory occupied at present by modern Belgium and Holland. Schools for the humanities had been established alongside the cathedral churches, in religious convents and in the houses of the Hieronymites or Brothers of the Common Life; but for advanced studies in philosophy, theology, law and medicine students from the Low Countries were obliged to go to Cologne, Erfurth and Paris. Cologne and Paris especially drew large contingents of Belgian and Dutch youths to their academic halls. But the expatriation of the future leaders of Belgium in countries which were often rent by civil disturbances and wars caused great inconvenience and threatened to check the intellectual progress of the Netherlands. The renewal of the war between England and France in 1433 and the desolate conditions of the French provinces under Charles VII in the years preceeding the heroic assistance of Blessed Joan of Arc, made access to Paris impossible to the Belgians. The counsellors of the young Duke of Brabant, John IV., conceived the plan of erecting a university in Belgium itself, in order to accommodate the ever increasing number of students. In compliance with their worthy request, the Duke sent one William Neeffs, who had gained his doctorate at Cologne and who afterwards became the first rector magnificus of Louvain, as envoy to the Pope in the name of all those interested in the foundation of the new university. His mission was successful, and on April 26, 1426, after a journey which at the time took nearly two hundred days, Neeffs arrived in Louvain with the precious Bull of erection, dated December 9 of the

previous year. It is interesting to note in passing that this valuable document, which had been lost to sight for several centuries, was found in 1909, in the archives of the Seminary of Haarlem and was returned to the University of Louvain through the generosity of the Bishop of Bois-le-Duc.

The Halles built in 1317 by the drapers guild were placed at the disposal of the university, and on October 20, 1426, the courses were solemnly opened by Duke John IV., with four major faculties—art, medicine, civil law and canon law. Theology was not begun till 1431, when Pope Eugene IV. instituted the fifth faculty and made the university complete. The Halles, to which a second story was added in 1680, are substantially the same to-day as they were nearly five centuries ago, and in them were located, up to two years ago, the principal lecture halls of the university. From 1425 to 1500 the young university gradually increased the number of the subordinate faculties or schools, while its students and professors grew to a total of from six to eight thousand. Some of the earliest printing presses were set up around it, such as that of John of Westphalia, who first printed Juvenal and Cicero at Louvain in 1474, and that of Thierry Martens, the Aldus of the Low Countries, whose influence both as a printer and a scholar was paramount in Belgium at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was then that a period of the highest prosperity commenced at the university.

The old chronicles of Louvain during the happy days when poverty was common among the students contain many amusing pages describing the daily life of the young men who frequented her halls. Despite the generosity of the townspeople, many a student, it is related, had to work hard outside of study hours to pay the pittance asked for his lodging and tuition. One of the chronicles relates that the future Pope Adrian VI. when attending the university found himself so poor that one time he could not buy candles to study with and was obliged to prepare his lessons sitting under the lamp which hung at the door of St. Peter's. The invention of printing robbed the young men of one means of income which the copying of valuable manuscripts had always afforded them. As a result we find professors who had gained a little fortune to support themselves in the autumn of their life, when their teaching days would be over, building homes for their pupils and housing them at a price which seems trifling in this money-loving age. As the years went by the faculties were enriched by the Popes and the princes of Brabant, and colleges were erected on all sides so rapidly that soon there were some forty university buildings scattered throughout the city. "When one

has seen Oxford and Cambridge," wrote Monsignor de Ram, "one can picture what Louvain must have been in these early days with its Halles and its forty-three colleges, the rich donations and the numerous burses, its civil exemptions and academic privileges and the life and movement of its six thousand students." Among those whose names are linked inseparably with the university in its golden age are Erasmus, who wrote, in the days of his friendship with Louvain, that the splendor of its learning and culture exceeded every other university in the world except Paris; Justus Lipsius, acknowledged in the intellectual circles as one of the most learned men of his time; Florentinus, who gained his degree in Louvain in 1491, and afterwards became Pope, under the name of Adrian VI. and the illustrious pupil of Adrian, the young Prince Charles of Spain, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who made his studies at Louvain. He lived out beyond the boulevards, in an old castle, which has since fallen to ruin, on the site of the present Benedictine Monastery of Mont Cesar. A statue of Our Lady, over twenty feet high, now stands upon the spot, and the outstretched Hands of the Infant Jesus scatter perpetual blessings on the city of Louvain, which lies at His Mother's feet. The civic exemptions enjoyed by the students often brought them into conflict with the city authorities, and the university was forced to organize a sort of police corps of its own, which patrolled the town at night and arrested the over-boisterous night prowlers. The old prison of the university, called the carcer or cage, was often the scene of pitched battles between the police and the friends of some unlucky student. Yet, in spite of all their youthful pranks, the Louvain students enjoyed a good name throughout Europe and the Chronicles contain many encomiums on their conduct from strangers who visited the university in the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, and who avowed that nowhere were the young men more orderly than at Louvain, and that nowhere was the discipline more severe and better observed. And these were the days when students carried swords and wore leather jackets! The rise of the so-called Reformation in 1517 badly disturbed the peace of the university. It threw its professors into the unhappy confusion of the times, not alone on account of their noble defense of the faith against Luther (they were the first to expose his heresies), but also on account of the theological controversies which began shortly afterwards between Michael Baius and the saintly Jesuit, Lessius, and which continued down to the days of Jansenius, who was a professor in the faculty of theology. One can catch a glimpse of Luther's hatred for Louvain in his attacks upon the professors, especially in one very unpleasant letter which Bossuet has quoted

in his "Variations" in the original Latin, not daring, as he says, to translate it into French owing to its indecency.

After the passing of the acts of supremacy and Uniformity in England (1559), Louvain became the place of refuge for all the leading English, Irish and Scotch exiles, who sought in Belgium the freedom of conscience denied them at home. During Elizabeth's reign Louvain was crowded with the professors and students of Oxford and Cambridge. The English Catholic exiles began two colleges in the town, which they called *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, and where the students were housed until the foundation of the English College at Douay (1569). It was to Louvain that the fleeing remnants of the religious orders of England came, and it was there that William Cardinal Allen, the Moses of the English Catholic *diaspora*, continued his studies and received his doctorate. Louvain is also the cradle of the present English Jesuit province, and it was in its halls that the clergy of Ireland were educated up to the reign of James II. It was there also that the counter-Reformation found its strongest and bravest exemplars, and there that the English School of Apologetics, which gathered around the last two Bishops of the old English hierarchy, published that splendid series of volumes which did more to stem the tide of Protestantism in England than all the threats of Philip II. and the Armadas. Relics of the Irish and the English exiles abound in the city, and even up to the present time the English Dominicans possess two free burses founded by Cardinal Howard in the faculty of theology.

No one did more for the persecuted English and Irish Catholic exiles of the time than the Archdukes Albert and Isabella, under whose personal direction the influence of Louvain increased to such an extent that it may fairly be claimed to have possessed at this period of its history the most flourishing place among the universities of the world. The foundation, however, of similar institutions of learning at Leyden and at Douay drew a large number of youths away from the old alma mater, while the constant internecine wars and the different sieges of Louvain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were not favorable to progress and study. The agitation caused by the "Augustinus" of Jansenius, one of the professors of theology from 1617 to 1630, the spread of Gallican ideas and the new theories in the natural sciences promulgated by Descartes, who was then in Holland, are but a few of the disturbing elements which deprived the University of Louvain of much of its former splendor. The university, which formed a sort of free and independent republic in the Duchy of Brabant, was often called upon also to assist the inhabitants of Louvain in the attacks made upon the town by Dutch and German marauders.

One classic incident of this kind occurred at the close of the reign of Charles V., when the brutal Captain Van Rossem besieged the town, after having burned many of the villages in the surrounding country. All who have seen Louvain will remember that it is surrounded with three series of high boulevards, now covered with maple trees and flowers, but then lined with forts at regular intervals and manned with soldiers. At the time Van Rossem attacked the city the soldiers were absent in the south of Flanders, and Louvain was at the mercy of the invaders, whose motto: "L'incendie est le magnificat de la guerre," sufficiently indicates the enemies with whom the authorities had to deal. The Mayor soon realized that he could not expect much assistance from the frightened citizens, and he decided to appeal to the patriotism of the students. In the face of the peril which threatened them the rector magnificus and the Academic Senate allowed the young men to go out to meet the enemy. The courses were suspended and the student body, numbering nearly eight thousand, was divided into companies in the Vieux Marche, where they were captained by a rich Portuguese nobleman, Damien de Goes, who had made Louvain his home. When the siege began the students proved themselves heroes. For three days they fought with the enemy for the safety of the town. At all points the attacking party was repulsed, and on the evening of the third day Van Rossem retreated. Many of the students were wounded and ten were killed in the siege. Charles V. knighted the leaders of the student-army, and the university celebrated the victory by carrying the captured flags and banners in triumphal procession to the Dominican Church, where they are still preserved as relics of one of the noblest generations of young men Louvain has ever seen. The constant encroachment of the Austrian civil power upon the intellectual and the religious life of the university during the eighteenth century arrested the intellectual progress of former years; and, though we find among its professors such eminent scholars as Heuschling, Rega, Vanheyen and Minckelers, nevertheless the usurpation of the Church's sphere by the "royal sacristan," Joseph II was fatal to the advancement of the university and was but a prelude to its subsequent suppression. The gallant stand maintained by Cardinal Frankenberg, Archbishop of Malines, in 1789 against the innovations which the Austrian Emperor endeavored to introduce into the theological faculty and the noble efforts of Francis II., who undertook to reestablish the university on its ancient basis brought new life to Louvain for a time; but the unsettled condition of Belgium during the French Revolution practically ended all academic studies in its halls. In 1795 the

rector magnificus and the professors were ordered to attend in a body the opening of a Temple of Reason in the lovely Renaissance Church of St. Michael, where the sacrilege of Notre Dame was repeated. The response of the university was well worthy of its glorious past and was an echo of over three centuries of filial allegiance to the Mother Church: "We recognize no other legitimate or salutary worship except that which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, True God and True Man, has deigned to reveal to us and which His Church,—the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church—recognizes; consequently, our conscience will never permit us to take part, either directly or indirectly, in the worship to be established." This noble reply caused the official suppression of the university, and on October 20, 1797, the doors were closed to the students. The professors were dispersed and forbidden to teach; the riches of the university were confiscated for civic purposes, and its forty-three colleges turned over to the infidel government then in power. The university fell, but it fell nobly, a martyr to the cause of religious freedom and a sacrifice to the legal pillage which the French Republic has more than once sanctioned in its relations with the Church. The theological hall—to-day the Salle des Promotions—was turned into a theatre; that of canon law into a cafe; the reading room of the library into a dance hall; and the beautiful Salle de pas perdus into a butcher-shop. In 1805, after the nightmare of the French Revolution, Napoleon sold most of the old colleges. This is the reason why the heart of every lover of this old alma mater grieves as he walks along the picturesque streets of the town and sees here and there colleges, with the names of their founders still chiseled in the marble of their quaint Gothic portals, turned into barracks for soldiers, who cannot realize the ancient sanctity of their homes, and into public buildings and asylums where the *va-et-vient* of daily modern life seems a sacrilege against these mute memorials of the proud academic days of a hallowed past.

After the fall of Napoleon in 1815 several of the professors attempted to reconstruct the old faculties, but they were unsuccessful until 1830, when Belgium gained her independence from Holland; and in 1834 a Papal Brief from Pope Gregory XVI. gave the old schools of Louvain their former privileges and honors. The new university took up its quarters in the places made famous by the great men of bygone splendor and renown—in the Halles, in the College of Pope Adrian VI. and in the College of the Holy Ghost, with Monsignor De Ram as first rector magnificus. "As heir to the ancient alma mater erected in 1426," Canon Cauchie writes, in the "Catholic University Bulletin," October, 1907, "their

also of the liberty recovered in 1830, the Catholic University of Louvain cherishes the twofold principle so dear to the Belgium nation, faith and freedom. From its erection in 1834 this centre of high scientific culture has always striven with ardor and perseverance to accomplish its mission of promoting in every field the interests of the Church and of the Fatherland."

Seventy-five years have passed since the solemn opening of the university, and those who know the history of the scientific and critical work it has accomplished during that time realize the abundant share Louvain has had in the progress of the nineteenth century. The corps of professors has contained and still contains scholars who are respected and revered as much by the Church as those outside her fold—Carnoy, Van Beneden, Van Gehuchten, scientists of international fame; John Moeller, the historian and protege of Neibuhr; De Harlay and Beelen, the celebrated orientalists; Canon David, the father of modern Flemish literature; Lamy, the exegetist; Abbeloos, Forget, Ladeuze, Van Haonacker and Monsignor Hebbelynck, one of the foremost Egyptologists of the present day. Under the enthusiastic direction of these scholars Louvain has become a recognized centre for Oriental studies. Its historical seminary, founded by Jungmann, in 1889, and now under the able management of Alfred Canon Cauchie, has won the merited praise of De Rossi, of Godefroid Kurth and of Gabriel Monod. Its school of higher philosophy, begun by Cardinal Mercier in 1891, has gained the recognition of the universities of Germany, who send representatives yearly to the public defense of its thesis, and the theological course of the university, which demands from six to eight years of arduous study, after the completion of the ordinary seminary curriculum, enjoys probably the highest place of any in the world. The students, it has been said, take the long way round to reach their sheepskins, and the consequence is that where one finds in Belgium a professional man from Louvain, one finds an individual of a very superior education. The doctorate of theology is the most prized of all the degrees of the university; for out of the thousands of students who have been in attendance at the theological lectures during the past eighty years, only sixty have gained the title.

Another phase of the university which presents, perhaps, even a more interesting aspect is the history of the different colleges which have formed the strength of Louvain. The college where Vesalius, who founded the science of anatomy, was a teacher is but a stone's throw from the college erected by Pope Adrian VI., now the scene of the annual gathering of the professors and students; the College of Drienvx, founded in 1559, which later became the

Academy of Fine Arts, and as such numbered among its former directors Constantine Meunier, whose work has lately attracted so much attention in art circles; the College of Diva, founded in 1576, now the house of the Picpus Fathers, wherein the young Joseph de Veuster acquired that spirit of self-sacrifice which was afterwards to send him to the leper settlement of Molokai, disguised under the immortal name of Father Damien; the three Irish colleges, which became the refuge of the Irish exiles in penal days, and from which came such scholars as Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, Thomas Stapleton, who was elected rector magnificus of Louvain no less than ten times, and Richard Creagh, who later became Primate of Ireland, and the old College d'Aulne, now the American College, which as such presents more interest than any other to the American reader. The rapid and almost marvelous progress which this latter institution was able to show on the occasion of its golden jubilee in 1907 was a joyous surprise to many of the old alumni who had returned to Europe for the first time since their ordination. Its enviable place as the "schola minor" of the university gives it the whole benefit of the keen intellectual activity of Louvain, without depriving it of that spirit of retreat so necessary for the perfect moulding of the young Levites of Christ. Its staff of professors is chosen from among the best in the university and the studies are directed under the guidance of its venerable rector, Monsignor De Becker. On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary in 1907 an old alumnus, the Very Rev. J. Van Der Heyden, who is now a resident in Louvain, after having lived twenty-five years in the missions of Idaho, published a history of the American College, in which we find the names of four Archbishops, sixteen Bishops and over eight hundred priests who were educated at Louvain for the Church in America.

Such in a few words, incomplete in themselves and giving merely an outline of the history of the pride of the Catholic Belgium, is the story of Louvain's great university. "You will ask me perhaps," said Monsignor Cartuyvels in one of his eloquent addresses, "how it was possible to erect without any resources and without any help from the government a university which counts its professors by the hundreds and its students by the thousands. The establishments which still continue to grow up around the university, could they have been built with beautiful words? No. The secret of the university's resources is solely the faith of the Belgian people. It is a faith of an entire nation which makes the Catholic University of Louvain a success, and this faith comes as strongly from the lowliest of her people as from the noble hearts of the Belgian Bishops, who have never failed in their duty towards their alma

mater. Louvain belongs to us, it belongs to our holy religion, and it is the place where our sons will keep their faith intact and their morals pure. Let the poor give their mite, let the rich give their gold, and God will do the rest."

The spirit of the students cannot be better described than by an incident which occurred during the last Liberal Government. At the foot of the 'rue de la Station, standing in the centre of a grass-plot facing the station, is a statue of Sylvan Van de Weyer, an anti-Catholic political leader, whom a former Liberal city administration undertook to make a great man by putting a statue up in his honor. The Catholic citizens were chagrined and disgusted and they chafed under the insult offered them. However, they had their revenge, and they have the students to thank for it. On the night of the 19th of February, 1879, a band of students armed with ladders and paint-pots climbed up to the statue and painted it a ridiculous combination of colors. They stole away again silently, leaving a paint-pot in the heroic hand of the Liberal leader. There was written at the time an account of the affair in Latin, parodying the well-known passage from the second book of Virgil's "Aeneid." The caricatures accompanying this celebrated burlesque were reprinted in some of the Belgian newspapers during the university jubilee of 1909, and they added no little gaiety to the happiness of the students. One must read the Latin to appreciate the rare wit which prompted it. Every line from beginning to end is alive with laughter. The reader of to-day can well imagine the fun the students enjoyed in conning over such lines as these: "Est in conspectu stationis notissima fama statua Van de Weyeri, illustrissimi hominis qui pulcherrimas dedit esperancias usque ad diem quo decessit," and in reading the exclamation of the policeman, who cries out when he sees the statue the following morning: "Ecce nunc unam affariam! statua Van Weyeri depicta est omnibus coloribus; Studentes certe fecerunt! Quanta affaira! Decampat pandourus" (the policeman) "tam celeriter ut tombat super derrierum suum; qui cum esset largissimus et rebonditus, non sibi fecit malum!"

To one reared within the shadow of a modern university and familiar with its up-to-date buildings and spacious grounds the University of Louvain is at first sight disappointing. Many an American sent over to Louvain for theological studies is at a loss where to turn when the tram-car lands him at the back of St. Peter's Church and for a moment he stands bewildered, not knowing which way to go. On his left is the beautiful Hotel de Ville, and his first impulse is to mount its worn and weather-beaten stone-steps to ask if this might be the university, but the sight of

a stern-looking policeman turns him away, and he stops the first person he meets, asking in impossible French for the American College. He is directed to a little street at the side of the Hotel de Ville—the historic rue de Namur, and plodding up its rather steep hill, he soon sees the university loom up before him, just in the moment he has ceased to look for it. Disappointment—not to call it by a stronger word—is his first sentiment. Can this rough and ancient square-looking building be the celebrated University of Louvain, which was founded before Columbus was born? He enters the massive Gothic doorway of this old home of the drapers' guild, erected in 1317, to find himself in a large hall with Gothic pillars, cold as a tomb and filled with continual twilight. There is nothing inviting about this building, and with a sigh of discontent he goes out and is directed to his future home up the street—the American College. On his way up he passes college after college, and they all have the same ancient sleepy look about them as the building known as the Halles, a look as if they belonged to another day and another people. He expected to find a counterpart of an American university, with wide flowing campuses, a mother-house surrounded with colleges, dormitories and professors' homes, with shady lanes and pretty parks; and, instead, he sees the colleges separated from the Halles by rows of decrepit-looking houses, and his final thought is: Can this place be a success? Can it turn out doctors, lawyers, engineers and priests? It is the old story of appearances deceiving, for the same American learns within a short time that he is living in the midst of an intellectual and religious activity far superior and far more profound than anything America can boast of. He comes in contact with professors whose methods and whose learning inspire him with confidence and with enthusiasm, and thus when some great feast, such as the jubilee of 1909, comes round, he sees without any surprise the homage which the noted universities of the world pay to the old alma mater in sending as delegates to the festivities men whose name and fame are world-wide and whose presence in Louvain is a witness to the international influence which the pride of the Belgians enjoys in the world of religion and science. And yet, after all, the absence of that intangible something which the Old World calls tradition and which he feels the lack of in all his judgments and comparisons between America and Europe, makes it difficult for him to realize, even while living in the current of Louvain's delightful surroundings, that nearly five centuries have passed since the commencement of the academic lectures in the old Halles. The university has enjoyed a glorious period of success during that time, and has nobly withstood many dangerous political and theological crises

with its ancient motto, "La Foi et la Science," still unblemished in the rapid flight of time.

PETER GUILDAY.

Washington, D. C.

THE REAL FATHER ARCHANGEL LESLIE.

WHEN, in 1644, about five years after his death, John Baptist Rinuccini, Prince-Archbishop of Fermo, published the life of the Scotch Capuchin, Father Archangel Leslie,¹ he little thought to what a series of romantic biographies it would give rise and that it would become the subject of a critical controversy in an English periodical in the twentieth century. Monsignor Rinuccini, so the original story ran, formed a close intimacy with Father Archangel when the latter was sojourning in the convent of Monte Giorgio, in the Diocese of Fermo, and learned from his own lips all the incidents of his life, which he verified by reference to the records of the order, letters from England and the oral evidence of Scotsmen resident in Italy, averring that he himself was acquainted with the scenes of the Capuchin's missionary labors in his native country, having traveled in Scotland.² The book made an immediate impression and was in such demand that about a dozen editions were issued at brief intervals from 1644 to 1673. Attractively written in that dulcet Italian which Byron somewhere calls "the language of birds," it found many readers who were drawn no less by its vivid and picturesque style than by the succession of dramatic incidents it narrated, around which it threw somewhat of the glamour of romance. If, as has been said, he allowed his fancy to play around those incidents, his flights of imagination were surpassed by subsequent biographers. It is proverbial that a story loses nothing in its carriage, and the story of the Scotch Capuchin is confirmatory of the aphorism. The grave had not long closed over the remains of the poor friar when he was already legendary. An accretion of legends, half truth, half fiction, gathered round the bald, bare facts of his life-history until it became so overlaid with

¹ *Il Cappuccino Scozzese*. Fermo, 1644.

² He may have confounded *Scotia Major*, one of the ancient names of Ireland, with which he was familiar as Papal Nuncio at the epoch of the Kilkenny Confederation, with *Scotia Minor* or Caledonia. G. Aiazzi (*Nunziatura in Irlanda di Mons. G. B. Rinuccini*, Florence, 1844) pertinently observes that if he visited Ireland in 1649 as Apostolic Legate it is more than probable he did not set foot in Scotland. He had no mission to fulfill there. Besides, Cromwell's ferocious partisans would have given him anything but a friendly reception. If he allowed himself such a literary license, why should he not have taken that of representing himself as the accurate and confidential interviewer of Father Archangel?

them that the real Father Archangel gave place to an imaginary creation, the offspring of the fertile fancy of later biographers. Although Rinuccini's book was, to use the words of Dr. Frédégand Callaly,³ "*dramatisé à grand renfort de coups de théâtre*," it was not near so histrionic as later lives. Spanish and Portuguese translators contented themselves with reproductions in their respective languages of the original biography without making any additions to it. It was only when it came under the hands of a French translator-editor that it underwent a transformation. The first to introduce amplifications and apocryphal incidents was Père François Barrault, Procurator-General of the Fathers of Christian Doctrine,⁴ who rightly called his book a "*histoire merveilleuse*." He threw the reins loosely to his imagination and it evolved a pious romance. Full of striking incidents and pathetic passages, it appealed to emotional readers, who read it with avidity. All it needed was a well constructed plot worked into it to change it into an historical novel. He set the fashion for later writers, who, as he had filled up gaps left in Rinuccini's narrative, supplemented his with similar emendations, until all the resources of literary craftsmanship were exhausted. Successive biographies, modeled on this, appeared in Portuguese, German, Flemish, French, Italian and English; the most interesting portions were incorporated in the "*Storia delle Missioni dei Cappuccini*" by Father Rocco da Cesinale; it ran as a serial through two English publications, published at wide intervals—the "*Universal Magazine*" and the "*Franciscan Annals*;" and the finishing touches were put to it in 1882 by Père Richard, of Ixelles, in a volume of the "*Bibliothèque des Familles*."⁵ The last named writer, a Capuchin, believing in the authenticity of the life, affirmed that it was true in all its details, and that he only resolved to write it after making the most minute researches and drawn his information from sources the most worthy of credence.

The present writer, trusting in Père Richard's veracity and in compliance with the wishes of a clerical friend, was induced, not without some latent misgiving, to embody the leading events of this strange story in an article contributed to this periodical.⁶ A certain colonial Bishop was so attracted by it that he wrote to the writer suggesting that it might be reproduced in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. The prelate's wishes were conveyed to the reverend secretary, and while the proposal was *sub*

³ Essai Critique sur la Vie du P. Archange Leslie. Paris, 1914.

⁴ Le Capucin Escossois, Histoire merveilleuse et tres veritable arrivée de notre temps. Rouen, 1660.

⁵ Le Comte Georges de Leslie, au une Mission dans la Grande Bretagne au premier Siècle de la Reforme. Lille, 1882.

⁶ "A Scotch Apostle," Vol. XXXIII, pp. 29-57; January, 1908.

judice, Father Thurston, the well-known Jesuit, as one of the publication committee, became aware of it, and, looking the matter up, made it the subject of an article in *The Month* under the damaging title, "A Bogus Biography."⁷ This led to an epistolary controversy in the *Tablet* and to the abandonment of the idea of republication. The writer of the article, which afforded the learned Jesuit a tempting opportunity of exercising his remarkable talent for destructive criticism, urged the advisability of the Capuchins searching the archives of their order to get at the actual facts of Father Archangel's missionary career—a view which he ventured to put before Father Anselm Kenneally (then one of the Capuchin Definitors, now Archbishop of Simla), who promised to use his influence in that direction on his return to Rome. It would seem that His Grace did so, for after the lapse of six years the Rev. Dr. Frédégand Callaly, assistant archivist, has given the result of his painstaking researches in an admirable critical essay on the life of Father Archangel Leslie, contributed to the *Etudes Franciscaines*⁸ and reproduced in pamphlet form. As a frontispiece it has an engraved authentic portrait of the much written-up friar of the seventeenth century, the work of Gérard Audran, of Lyons, the most celebrated French engraver of the *grand siècle*, from a cliché by Péré Edouard, of Alençon, archivist-general of the order and a writer who has acquired distinction by his Franciscan studies. Steering a safe and prudent middle course between the Scylla of a too easy credulity and the Charybdis of a too sweeping skepticism, Father Frédégand, sifting facts from fancies, brings to light the real Father Archangel. Emerging from the cluster of legends which incautious writers put in circulation under the garb of history, the figure of the Capuchin, if it does not loom so large in the historical retrospect, is represented to us in its true proportions; as the writer affirms, what it loses in romantic lustre it gains in true greatness.

He reminds us that the authenticity of the narratives of Rinuccini and Barrault and their numerous translators was long since questioned and disputed. On December 29, 1653, Father W. Christie, S. J., rector of the Scotch College at Douai, who had personally known Father Archangel, condemned in severe terms Rinuccini's "Il Cappuccino Scozzese." In 1692 the author of "Laurus Lesleana," or history of the Leslie family, passed a rather unfavorable judgment upon the book. In 1869 the "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" treated it as a pure romance. T. G. Law in the "Scottish Review" (July, 1891) went further; he made the Capuchin responsible for the falsities and fantasies of his biog-

⁷ "The Month," Vol. CXII., p. 154, et seq.

⁸ "Essai Critique sur la Vie du P. Archange Leslie." Paris, 1914.

raphers, describing him as an adroit and manifestly vain man, who attributed to his family a social position and the possession of a wealth which they never enjoyed, making himself the hero of romantic adventures which only existed in his own imagination. Father Thurston in his slashing criticism in *The Month* capped the climax of incredulity by applying to it the cant epithet "bogus." The learned Jesuit has since receded from that position, no longer tenable after Father Frédégand's exhaustive study of the subject. It is not "a pure romance," although a romantic element may have been unwarrantably introduced into it; nor is it altogether "a bogus biography." Underneath a fanciful superstructure of the dramatic or sensational there is a solid substratum of fact. Father Frédégand, who has approached the subject with an open and unbiased mind, has amply vindicated his Caledonian confrère from the aspersions of Mr. T. G. Law. In what he calls an essay in reconstructive biography he says the examination of ten autobiographical letters from Father Archangel to Cardinal Maffeo Barberini and information hitherto more or less unknown have enabled him to furnish certain data on the Capuchin's origin and his apostolate in Italy and Scotland.

He starts by stating that it is certain Father Archangel belonged to the Leslie family, one of the oldest in Scotland.⁹ Of Hungarian origin, they came from the southeast of Europe in the eleventh century, and, having increased and multiplied, were very numerous in Scotland in the sixteenth century. With a humility befitting a Franciscan, he calls himself "a poor relation," a frank avowal, in complete disaccord with the "vanity" which Mr. Law imputes to him. Father Frédégand rejects the assumption of his early biographer that he was an offshoot of the more distinguished and titled branch of the Leslies,¹⁰ but a distant relation of those Leslies who gave Bishops to the Church and generals and chancellors to the State. His father, James Leslie, was not a Count and he was not born at the manor of Monymusk, for the simple reason that it was never occupied by the Leslie family, but in Aberdeen or

⁹ Between 1117 and 1199 Malcolm, son of Bartholf, obtained possession of Lesslyn or Leslie, a wild pastoral district of Aberdeenshire. His descendants took their surname from their lands.

¹⁰ The family was first ennobled in 1457, when George Leslie of Rothes was made Earl of Rothes, or Lord Leslie. It seems that favoring fortune showered coronets upon them. There were Dukes of Rothes, Earls of Leven and Melville, Marquises of Ballinbreich, Lords Lindores, Lords Newark and Lords Balgony among them. Walter Leslie, a younger son of the house of Balquhain, who distinguished himself in the Austrian army in 1687, was created a Count of the Empire. A less enviable distinction attaches to the Rothes branch of this very prolific and enterprising family. The fourth Earl of Rothes was father of the notorious Norman Leslie who gave Cardinal Beaton his death stroke.

its neighborhood. Before the Reformation there was in the village of Monymusk a priory of Augustinian monks who were expelled in the second half of the sixteenth century. In 1587 the Forbes got possession of it and turned it into a manor house. It belonged to this family up to 1710, when it passed to the Grants. Father Frédégand is inclined to think that George Leslie frequented this manor, as his stepfather was connected with the Forbes, and the description Rinuccini gives of it is so exact that he could only have got his information from one familiar with the place. George had two brothers, Francis and William, but whether they were the issue of his mother's first or second marriage is not determined. The precise date of George's birth is also unknown, but it was probably in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. He affirms himself that his mother, his stepfather, his brothers and his whole family were living in error or heresy. Beyond what Rinuccini relates, nothing is known of his youth and conversion. "We admit, then," says Father Frédégand, "until the contrary is proved, that his relatives, in the enjoyment of easy circumstances, sent him to Paris to pursue his studies. After opening his eyes to the Catholic faith, he repaired to Rome with the object of being received into the priesthood." In 1608, according to the manuscript registers, he was a student in the Scotch College at Rome, doubtless with the intention of devoting himself after his ordination to the conversion of his fellow-countrymen. During that year he became acquainted with Père Ange de Joyeuse, the Capuchin, who had gone to Rome to take part in the general chapter of his order. This intercourse led to his conceiving a desire to put on the Franciscan habit. "It is not impossible," observes Father Frédégand, "that his having been born in heresy may have raised up obstacles, although we do not see clearly why the minister-general should have been more difficult to accede than the rector of the Scotch College. However it may have been, we again lose trace of him for ten years, from 1608 to 1617. But he tells us himself that he completed his studies towards the latter date. On the other hand, he declares in a letter of the 11th of April, 1618, that he has worn 'the holy habit' for eleven years. We must then conclude that he entered the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin in 1608. It is very possible that he passed those years in the convents of Camerino and Urbino, as Rinuccini relates. But the latter erroneously affirms that at this epoch he applied himself with great success to preaching. This assertion is nullified by the evidence of Father Archangel himself, dated November 4, 1617: 'Having by this completed my course of studies, I am preparing to undergo the toils of a thankless ministry among my fellow-countrymen.'"

During his sojourn in the Capuchin convent at Bologna in the aforesaid year the sight of the wretched, neglected condition of British Catholics, fleeing from persecution at home, who had sought refuge in Italy, urged him to take an interest in their fate. With that object he approached Cardinal Maffeo Barberini protector of the Scotch Catholics, whom it is likely he had known when at college in Rome. "A multitude of Scotch, English and Irish Catholics, banished from their country, by royal edict," he wrote to His Eminence in November, "are wandering through these countries like a flock without a shepherd. The unhappy people find no confessors who understand their language; the harvest is abundant and laborers are wanting. Only those, few in number, who go to Rome or Loreto can approach the tribunal of penance. The Congregation of Catechumens in Bologna has confided to me for instruction in our holy faith an Englishman brought up in heresy. As it is necessary to administer to him the sacrament of penance, charity for our poor people moves me to ask you to obtain for me permission to absolve him from all his sins, reserved cases and censures. I beg you to procure for me the same powers for all English subjects who shall present themselves."¹¹

The Cardinal promptly procured from Paul V. the necessary faculties, for which Father Archangel wrote thanking him on January 24, 1618, taking occasion to petition for another favor, that of attaching some ordinary indulgences (already conceded) to a certain number of medals, crosses and pictures destined for his converts. Moreover, he begged his protector to extend the indulgences, granted at the request of Father Laurence, of Brindisi, to those who prayed for the conversion of German heretics, to English, Scotch and Irish who should ask from Heaven the same grace for their fellow-countrymen. The good prelate again approached the Pope, supporting the zealous Capuchin's petition. Paul V. accorded the indulgence of St. Charles. Having written on March 23, 1618, thanking the Cardinal-protector, Father Archangel again had recourse to his good offices. Large numbers of English soldiers had arrived in Bologna from Venice; they were well disposed and would

¹¹ Vatican Library, fonds Barberini latin 8,618, f. 123. A remark precedes this first letter: "Est Georgious Leslaeus ut patet ex catalogo sacerdotum qui prodierunt ex Collegio Scotorum in Urbe." Here is the last phrase of this letter: "Lo fra tanto m'accingo à maggior faticha in quella horrida vigna della mia patria, havendo hormal compito il corso de' miei studii." All the letters are signed: "F. Archango Scozzese Capuc. Ind." Father Archangel used two seals. One is indecipherable; the other is composed of a simple cross, barred with a lance and a handle surmounted by a sponge; a small reproduction of the penitential cross borne from time immemorial in procession by the Friars Minor Capuchins. (Note by Father Fredegand.)

willingly listen to Catholic preachers. The question was, Where were they to be brought together? The prior of the Congregation of Catechumens, Henry Urti, would willingly have given them access to their place of meeting, but other members of the council were opposed to it on the pretext that it was reserved for Jew converts. When the Capuchin waited on him with a letter of recommendation from the Cardinal, the prior promised to espouse his cause. The letter in which Father Archangel conveyed the good news to His Eminence, dated from Bologna on April 11, 1618, Father Frédégand says wonderfully portrays the frank character of the writer, as well as the difficulties of all kinds that obstructed his particular mission. "My faculty of absolving English, Irish and Scotch converts from heresy," he declares without any circumlocution, "is of no service to me; it is nullified by the clause stipulating that I can use it every time that they refuse to go before the Holy Office. But those who are returning to the Catholic faith are so well disposed that they never refuse to fulfill this formality. From the moment the Father Inquisitor has reconciled them *in foro externo*, I can no longer make use of my powers. Some go to seek absolution of the Santa Casa; others go to France; other again, discouraged and wearied, leave us without giving any edification. One has remained, waiting until I could hear his confession. It is then necessary to amend my faculty, and, moreover, to introduce another modification, imposed by the fact that our order forbids confessions of seculars. My apostolate among English heretics seems to be looked upon with suspicion by certain of my superiors; they find in it things to be taken count of or left alone. My intercourse with the laity, and above all with persons who have come from a country infected by error, appear to them calculated to scandalize simple and weak brethren. But these scruples are baseless, because my manner of life and morals is known to the whole province. Thank God, during these eleven years that I, though unworthy, have worn the holy habit I have been everywhere. 'Christi bonus odor.' But it is only a trial, designed either to temper my patience or to hinder the conversion and salvation of many erring ones. To solve this problem, then, it is of the utmost necessity that the Holy See should rectify my faculty as I indicate in the postscript. But this rectification ought to be put forward as spontaneous and inspired by the solicitude with which the Church is animated towards erring souls. It is to be desired that my new powers should be addressed to the Father Inquisitors of Bologna with directions to read it or for me to place it before my brethren. In this way I can devote myself in peace to the spiritual well-being of these poor abandoned ones, fortified by the good graces of my superiors and to the entire edification

of simple brethren." In the appendix or postscript he shows precisely how his faculty ought to be amended. He asked for the power of absolving from the sin of heresy *in foro interno* every Scotch, English or Irish convert, whether he refused or consented to present himself before the Holy Office, and also begged the Pope to grant him permission to interest himself in both the material and spiritual interests of the converts in the convent as well as outside of it.¹²

A short time afterward Father Archangel left Bologna. In the beginning of June he was on Monte Vernia, that sacred summit, the Mount Sinai of Franciscan history, where the Seraphic Patriarch received the stigmata. His next letter, dated from thence on June 3, was written with the intent of obtaining a favor for Father Angelus, an English Capuchin who, residing then in the province of Tuscany, wishes to visit Rome and Loreto and to communicate to the Cardinal-protector a vision and revelation he had had on the subject of the Pope and the conversion of England. A personal request by Father Angelus would have had very little chance of being acceded to, considering the large number of religious already in Rome in view of the chapter-general, and it was through the intermediary of his Scotch confrère he sought to prove the necessary obedience. Who, Father Frédégand asks in a footnote, was this Father Angelus, of England? He was neither Father Angelus, of London, nor Father Angelus, of Rasonio, he avers. Neither of these belonged to the Tuscan or Flemish provinces. The *Necrologium Seraphicum Patrum et Fratrum Ord. Min. S. Francisci Capucinatorum Antiquæ Provinciæ Flandro-Belgicæ* (Tilbourg, 1897) mentions at p. 6 Father Angelus Turn, ex-guardian, professed in Italy, to which he returned, dying at Genoa on June 3, 1624. Would it be this latter, he suggests; but adds that Turn is perhaps an abbreviation of Turnholtanus; and then it would be a question of a Flemish Capuchin.

The next letter from Father Archangel to the Cardinal was from Pius. It brings on the scene the well-known Scotch historian, Thomas Dempster,¹³ whom he calls "my cousin," being the son of Jane Leslie, sister of the laird of Balquhain. "My cousin, Thomas Dempster," he writes, "begs you to obtain for me the Pope's permission to hear his wife's confession. I make this request of you,

¹² Letter sent from Bologna on Wednesday in Holy Week, April 11, 1618, f. 129 et seq.

¹³ Son of Thomas Dempster, laird of Muleresk, Aberdeenshire, born about 1579. He died at Bologna on September 6, 1625. He was a zealous Catholic, a learned professor and a voluminous writer. He mentions Father Archangel in his "*Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scottorum*," praising him for his chastity, piety and eloquence.

although I am persuaded that you will have already procured for me all the desired faculties. I shall doubtless find them at Bologna, to which I have not yet returned. It will be the easier to comply with the aforesaid request, as Father General has deferred to the Pope the decision of the question whether the Capuchins should hear the confessions of seculars. My superiors and some simple and not well informed brothers, while praising my apostolate, condemn certain material methods to which I have recourse, such as to maintenance of neophytes undergoing instruction. The Chapter-General has established missions in the Congo, Poland, France and England. Why, then, hinder me from devoting myself, *observata semper disciplina religiosa*, to the conversion of the numerous English heretics scattered through Italy? But I suppose you will already have remedied my position. The ill fortune of my cousin, Thomas Dempster, also greatly grieves me. In England heretical Bishops and preachers treat him as a Papist. Banished from his country, deprived of his patrimony and his position as the King's historiographer, he seeks a refuge in Italy, where he is pursued as heterodox. If he is not a heretic in England and if he is not a Catholic in Italy, a middle term must be chosen; then he is an atheist. I am saddened to see envious tongues enjoy the same credit in Rome, to the great detriment of a most innocent gentleman, as heretical tongues in London. But God is a just Judge." In conclusion, Father Archangel begs the Cardinal to cause his cousin's orthodoxy and merits to be recognized by the Pope.

Father Frédégand discerns a note of bitterness and discouragement in this letter. "The unjust criticisms, the malevolent interpretations of certain confrères on the subject of his apostolate," he observes, "seem to have unnerved Father Archangel. On the other hand, he is indignant at seeing the grave accusations leveled against his relatives with an interested object; he is so moved that he forgets to add to his letter a note in which the Father General, Clement, of Noto, announces to him that the permission to hear the confessions of seculars will henceforward be granted directly to the friars by the pope"¹⁴—an omission which he rectifies the next day (July 21, 1618).

More than a year elapses before any record of his movements is obtainable. He again writes to Cardinal Berberini from Bologna on October 3, 1619; not, he observes, to acquaint His Eminence of the steps taken for seven years by Thomas Dempster to obtain the professorship of humanities in the university at that city,¹⁵ knowing

¹⁴ On this subject the reader is referred to the work, "Prime Costituzioni del Fratri Minori Cappuccini di S. Francesco, pp. 24-70. Rome, 1913.

¹⁵ He was for seven years professor in Paris, in 1616 obtained a professorship in Pisa and afterwards at Bologna.

that his cousin had already informed him, but to recommend another cousin, George Augustin Connes¹⁶ (sic), who is going to Rome to finish his studies in the Scotch College, hopeful that his goodness, modesty and intelligence will render him worthy of the Cardinal's protection. As for himself, he was preparing a treatise, *De dominio publico et temporali Summi Pontificis in toto orbe*, which he intended sending to His Eminence when finished.

This was the last letter written in Italy. For about four years, from October 3, 1619, to August 5, 1623, he is lost sight of. It would be as perilous as difficult, Father Frédégand says, to elaborate hypotheses about his occupations during this epoch. The imaginary information supplied by Rinuccini and Barrault does not suffice. "How," he asks, "are we to admit that Father Archangel was nominated in Rome preacher at the Court of Paris? One asks himself for what reason? Would he have perfected himself to that degree in the French language during his twelve years' sojourn in Italy? Father Cyprian, of Gamaches, a contemporary who had the entrée of the Louvre, twice refers to Father Archangel in his celebrated *Memoires*.¹⁷ He speaks of the ardor of his zeal and the subtleness of his intellect, but not of the office he would have filled at court; yet he was well acquainted with the foreign Capuchins who had distinguished themselves in Paris. It is not admissible," Father Frédégand frankly avows, "that the singular fact of a Scotch Capuchin named royal preacher at a court where he was unknown would have escaped him." Thomas Dempster and the *Laurus Leslaeana*, he notes, are equally silent on the subject, though an incident so creditable to the Leslie family deserved to be chronicled. Father Frédégand puts forward the following supposition as one that seems to him the most probable: In 1618, the year when the Father General, Clement, of Noto, instituted the mission of Great Britain, Father Archangel, somewhat disheartened by the contradictions his ministry in Italy met with, would have resolved to return to Scotland. It is not necessary to dwell upon the precise date when he might have carried out this project; perhaps its execution was retarded until 1622. On the 22d of June of that year Gregory XV. definitely established the Congregation of Propaganda by the bull *Inscrutabili*. It is very possible that Father Archangel solicited and then obtained from the Minister-General, through the intercession of Maffeo Barberini, permission to go to Scotland. Father Frédégand is inclined to assume that he alludes to this in a

¹⁶ This cousin later became a canon of the Lateran and from 1637 to 1641 was a Papal envoy to the Court at London.

¹⁷ "Mémoires de la Mission des Capucins de la Province pres la Reine d'Angleterre depuis l'année 1630 jusqu', à 1669; published by Father Apollinaris of Valence, pp. 13-320. Paris, 1881.

letter to Colonel Sempill on January 30, 1630, in which he says: "Formerly the Father General administered the missions; he allowed his religious to evangelize their own countries." A letter of August 5, 1623, records his arrival in London in company with the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis de la Hinojosa, deputed to the Court of James I. to negotiate the marriage of Charles, Prince of Wales, with the sister of Philip III., King of Spain, having sailed from Calais about June 13, 1623. Father Archangel was probably attached to his suite as interpreter, although he makes no allusion to it in his letter. Father Frèdègand suggests that he may have accompanied him as chaplain. "I find myself in London in the house of the Ambassador Extraordinary of Spain," he wrote to Cardinal Barberini.¹⁸ "I shall presently go to Scotland, where I shall be the guest of Lord Herries. As this nobleman is full of zeal, I hope, by the grace of God, to labor there efficaciously for the conversion of many souls. James Maxwell, a brother of this nobleman, resides in Rome, where he lives in straitened circumstances. The merits of his family and his personal qualities make him worthy of every favor; that is why I warmly commend him to Your Eminence, that you may deign to intervene with His Holiness to obtain for him a sufficient pension conformable to his rank. Your Eminence has excellent motives to support this request and the Holy See to take it into consideration. The house of Maxwell has been Catholic for more than five centuries. Latterly it has suffered and still suffers grave injuries on account of its constancy in the faith. I beg Your Eminence to see to the successful issue of this request, because this gentleman's manor affords a refuge to all ecclesiastics who frequent the neighborhood. His brother, the Baron, wishes to provide for my maintenance and that of my companion. The King and his council here have sworn to observe all the marriage articles,¹⁹ but they are kept so secret by the King's formal order that I cannot give you fuller information. Thanks to the toleration, the number of Catholics is rapidly increasing in the Kingdom of England, but it appears to be diminishing in that of Scotland on account of the persecution, which is also as violent as ever.²⁰ To crown our mis-

¹⁸ When this letter was written, August 5, 1623, Cardinal Barberini had become Pope under the title of Urban VIII.

¹⁹ The articles of an edict or decree of toleration which would have been proclaimed on the occasion of the marriage of the Infanta with the Prince of Wales. But this marriage did not take place.

²⁰ Dr. P. Hume Brown in his "History of Scotland" (Vol. II., pp. 271-272) says: "Since James' removal to England the Scottish Roman Catholics had received no little share of his attention. Before the Union his policy had been to deal as tenderly with his Catholic fellow-subjects as his circumstances would permit. The Gunpowder Plot, however, gave another turn to his mind, and thenceforward, till near the close of his

fortunes, there is little hope of amelioration, for the Scotch Council has not taken an oath to observe the articles like that of England. When published, they will be applied to England, while they will be rejected in Scotland. May God, in His infinite goodness, aid us! I have sought the help of men and have not found it. Those who negotiated the marriage had either an insufficient knowledge of the state of Scotland or were little willing to apply a remedy. It is impossible to get at the King's dispositions either as regards the temporal or the spiritual, for the man's heart is deep. God give His Majesty His most holy grace, as Your Eminence desires and asks daily in your prayers."

Commenting on this letter, Father Frédégand says it disposes of Rinuccini's affirmations on the subject of the incognito journey to the family manor of Monymusk. In place of going directly to the Highlands, he went first with a companion to Lord Herries' manor, Carlaverock Castle, near Dumfries, from whence, being near the border, he could, in complete security, observe the persecuting movement before proceeding further. It is presumed that he remained there for about a year, availing of his sojourn to finish certain polemical treatises, such as *De potestate Romani Pontificis in Princeps seculares et in rebus fidei definiendis*, mainly directed against the famous oath imposed by James I. on Catholics, which declared to be impious and damnable the doctrine attributing to the Pope the right of deposing sovereigns. It also attacked the very basis of Anglicanism in defending the doctrinal magisterium of the Sovereign Pontiff.²¹ However that may have been, it is cer-

reign, the most ardent Presbyterian had little to complain of his zeal for the suppression of Popery. . . . Now and for many years to come the terror of a Catholic reaction still haunted the minds of all Scottish Protestants. The number of Catholics in the country, it is to be remembered, was still very great. They abounded in the shires of Aberdeen, Dumfries and Kirkcubright, and such a town as Paisley was a 'nest of Papists.' Among Catholic nobles were Huntly, Errol, Hume, Herries and even Dunfermline, the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. What further excited disquiet was the swarm of Jesuits and seminary priests who flitted through the country under the protection of Catholics of position and influence. . . . The Catholic nobles gave special trouble, as James could never make up his mind to treat them like common recusants and unbelievers."

²¹ J. H. Sbaralca, "Supplementum et Castigatio ad Scriptores Trium Ordinum S. Francisci," ed. A. Nardecchia, t. 1, p. 100, DLXXI, Rome, 1908. Quoted by Father Frédégand, who remarks that the treatise, "De Vocazione sua," must be attributed to Father Archangel Forbes, and that it was Father Faustin, of Diest, not Father Francis, who wrote the life of Father Archangel Forbes, not Father Archangel Leslie. "Bibliotheca Scriptorum," ed. Bernard of Bologna, O. C., p. 28. This author, he notes, describes the curriculum vitae of Father Archangel according to Rinuccini and Barrault. He also cites a manuscript biography composed by Father Richard of Ireland. Th. Dempster, O. C., n. 825.

tain that Father Archangel was in Aberdeenshire in 1625, as proved by a list of priests and Catholic laity in the northeast of Scotland drawn up about this epoch. He is mentioned among the priests and seminarists "trafficking" in the Dioceses of Aberdeen and Murray. It also mentions his brother William.²²

Upon his arrival in Scotland Father Archangel threw himself into the work of the apostolate with an earnestness and ardor alike characteristic of his Celtic temperament and his Capuchin spirit, for the Capuchins formed a *corps d'élite* in the vanguard of the Church's missionary army. He fortified and consoled the Catholics, who might be called upon at any moment to prove their fidelity to the ancient creed of Caledonia, even to the shedding of blood, and carried on a polemical campaign against the Calvinists. One of his pamphlets addressed to Protestants, "Where Was Your Church Before Luther?" drew from Andrew Logie, archdeacon of Aberdeen, a response bearing the quaint title, "Cum Cono Deo, Raine from the clouds upon a Choicke (choice?) Angel, or a returned answer to that common quæritur of our adversaries, 'Where was your Church before Luther?'" (Aberdeen, 1624.) A preface in the form of a dedicatory poem shows that its object was an attempt to refute Father Archangel, who states that he wrote other works, as, for instance, two treatises on vocations to the priesthood and on the motives which led a lady to embrace Protestantism; but it is not known whether they were all printed. In his letter on January 30, 1630, to Colonel Sempill he announced the approaching publication of his method of controversy with heretics.

This letter gives interesting details of his life, his ministry and his trials in Scotland.²³ Written to a relative, perfectly informed about the men and affairs of his country, Father Frédégand says it possesses a character of undeniable sincerity. Colonel Sempill resided in Spain, where he generously subsidized the Scotch colleges of Madrid and Valladolid, and besides assisted the missionaries who braved the perils of the ministry in Scotland, many of them being maintained by him. Father Archangel thanks him for his solicitude and begs him to continue his allowance, so that he may be able to publish his works, which he counts upon getting printed at Venice. This recourse to a distant relation, observes Father Frédé-

²² This list forms part of the collection of manuscripts formed by Mr. J. Balfour preserved in the lawyers' library at Edinburgh. It is headed: "The names of priests and trafficking seminarists in the Dyocesis of Aberdene and Murray. . . . Capucian Leslie, commonly called Archangel. . . . III. William Leslie, brother to Georg Leslie, the Capucian."

²³ It was deposited in the State archives, as well as a Spanish translation. There is another Spanish translation preserved in the Scotch College of Valladolid. The researches Father Frédégand caused to be made at Valladolid and Simancas to discover the original were unsuccessful.

gand, sufficiently proves that his own family was not living in opulence. It is true that they were living in heresy until he came among them, a convert and a priest. "God," he wrote to his benefactor, "has employed me as the instrument of the conversion of my father, mother, brothers and all my family; of Alexander Leslie, of Afford, his wife and his son; of Mr. Regower, aged eighty, and his sons; of Baron Aquhorties-Leslie and his wife; of the Laird of Kirkaldy and his wife, who made her first confession to Father Stephen, of the Company of Jesus; of the Lairds of Pitcaple and Cluny-Gordon. The latter's father conceived such a hatred of me that he wanted to kill me. I have brought back to the Catholic faith three highland families of Badenoch. I have converted the Laird of Brunthell-Hays, the standard-bearer of the advance guard commanded by the Earl of Errol at the battle of Glenilvart against the Earl of Argyle, as well as the Laird of Littlehill at Leith. At Angus I have converted the eldest son of Viscount Oliphant and one of his nephews, as well as two stepdaughters of the Baroness Monorgan. The latter died after an illness of eight days, comforted by the sacraments. At the village of Fowlis I brought about the return of two entire families to the Catholic religion. In the south of Scotland I converted the Viscountess Herries, the Baroness of Locharby and three gentlemen of the Maxwell family. At my greatest peril I led back to a most edifying life the Laird of Lochinvar, who died in my arms. In the west I converted a daughter and two sons of the Earl of Abercorn and some domestics; at Edinburgh, Baron Ridhall-Hamilton, as well as another gentleman and his wife. These latter, having retained doubts on the subject of the Holy Sacrifice, heard a voice which said to them, 'Arise, arise, arise, go to Mass!' I omit and infinite number of other persons. Thanks be to God, the source of all good, there is not a place in the whole Kingdom where I have not sown the seed of the faith."

Such an active missionary could not for long escape the pursuivants or priest-hunters. On December 2, 1628, the Scotch Privy Council, assembled at Holyrood, ordered the Marquis of Huntly to arrest "the Capuchin Leslie, commonly called Archangel."²⁴ On

²⁴ "The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland," edited by P. Hume Brown, Second Series, Vol. II., p. 497 et seq.; Edinburgh, 1900. At the same time as Father Archangel they ordered the arrest of four other priests named Leslie, one of whom, John Leslie, was a Jesuit, like Father Christle and many others. (*Ibid.* Vol. III., p. 31 et seq., p. 102 et seq., p. 408, Edinburgh, 1901; Vol. IV., pp. 99-103, Edinburgh, 1902.) These registers give much information about the pursuits of many Catholic Leslies and other important Scotch families, like the Herries, Lindsays, etc. Father Epiphanius Lindsay, a Capuchin, had also to endure persecution from 1629 to 1630. (Vede, Cyprian of Gamaches, O. C., p. 347 et seq.)

the same day one of his brothers, Francis Leslie, was summoned to appear before the Council for having published libels against the Established Church and State. But the courageous missionary, undeterred, continued to secretly exercise his ministry. On the 14th of March, 1629, a number of Catholics were accused of having assisted at Mass.

On the 3d of February and 14th of March of the same year the summons issued against his brother Francis was repeated. On the 12th of January, 1630, the Privy Council took the same measure against "Mr. William Leslie, called the Capuchin;" on the 23d of December, against Magdalen Wood, wife of John Leslie, of Kincragie, accused of "Papism;" on the 10th of November, 1631, against "Alexander Leslie, of Elrick, called the Capuchin for violent behavior and carrying firearms." Father Frédégand thinks this refers to three members of Father Archangel's family, perhaps his mother and two other brothers; the surname of "Capuchin" applied to them seeming to indicate the close relations that existed between him and them.

"These persecutions," observes Father Frédégand, "were a striking tribute paid to his apostolate. Far from depressing, they stimulated him to new conquests. But a trial of another kind awaited him. It was the more painful to him, as it came from a quarter he would have least expected from certain of his brethren in the priesthood. There was disunion among the priests on the mission in Scotland, especially among members of the different religious orders. A misplaced zeal, perhaps inspired by envy, completely put an end to the salutary work of Father Archangel. At the close of 1629 or in the beginning of 1630 he received an order to repair to Rome. The Congregation of Propaganda had been the recipient of a charge made against him, and it called upon him to justify himself. To reproduce the accusation launched against him we have only at our disposal implications and insinuations. In the letter from Father Christie to Father Gordon we read: 'He (Father Archangel) was no doubt full of zeal; but as to the rest, I shall say nothing.' In his letter to Colonel Sempill, Father Archangel contents himself with saying that they accuse him of sordid things and of levity. He indicates, besides, another motive for his journey to Rome—the changes applied to the Capuchin mission in Great Britain:

"Two reasons," he wrote, "oblige me to go to Italy: the first is the remodeling of the administration of our missions. This administration was formerly entrusted to the Minister-General of the order; he sent each religious to exercise the sacred ministry in his native country. But, thanks to the influence of Cardinal Richelieu,

a French father named Joseph²⁵ has obtained from the Pope the direction of all the missions of our order in the East as well as in the West. Before this father became administrator, the order counted twelve missions in Turkey and Persia, governed by a learned and active man called Father Pacificus (of Provins). But as soon as Father Joseph was administrator of France he recalled Father Pacificus and removed all Italian and Spanish religious from the missions. The present superior, a Frenchman (Father Leonard, of Paris), admits none but Frenchmen in the missions of East and West; therefore also in England and Scotland. The second reason arises out of the calumnies from which I have to justify myself before the Sacred Congregation de Propagation Fide. All the Catholic ladies and gentlemen who have escaped from persecution by flight and who have arrived in these quarters can give evidence in my favor. In none of the numerous conversions God has wrought through me is found any trace of the sordid things of which I am accused." After enumerating the principal conversions, he proceeds: "There is an abridged list of my converts in Scotland; they are all well known to my friends. But now who are the calumniators? Perhaps they are heretics? No, for they do not frequent the court of Rome. Are they Catholics? No, for none can say he has seen in me any signs of frivolity. Are they priests? Yes, I say, they are priests. But let them explain and distinctly state their accusations. Let them display the results of their ministry and we shall see if they are comparable to mine. But enough of such a disagreeable affair." He passes from the consideration of his own trials to those of the 'unfortunate Scotch Catholics wandering in a foreign land. "As to the persecution in Scotland," he continues, "it is increasing from day to day to the great detriment of the faith. The arrival in France, where Christian charity seems dead, of numerous Catholics driven from their country is a very painful spectacle. Every one makes a jest of their wretchedness instead of succoring them. There is at present in Paris a Baroness, widow of Baron Crilton Maxwell. She has been exiled after a long imprisonment. Her daughters, graceful young ladies, excommunicated by their Protestant ministers, have married in Scotland. Although the Queen of England has recommended the Baroness to the Queen Mother, nothing has been done for her; one would say that charity is banished from the Court of France. That is why I recommend her to Your Excellency. She is a noble lady, virtuous and learned. There is also a Scotch gentleman, George Mortimer,

²⁵ Père Joseph du Tremblay, the secretary and confidant of the great churchman and statesman. From the influence he possessed by reason of his position he was popularly known as "His Grey Eminence."

a very honorable man, devoted to God and his country. He has furnished me with the means for publishing my narrative. May I beg Your Excellency to regard this help as a title of recommendation? I have written this letter to Your Excellency in a plain, unadorned style, knowing that I am addressing the common Father of all." He concludes this long letter with the words: "Begging the Lord to multiply your days, I call myself Your Excellency's much obliged servant and poor relation, Father Archangel Leslie, Capuchin."

It is assumed that this letter was written in France when he was on his way to Rome. Pending his appearance before the Sacred Congregation, he devoted himself to ministering to the plague-stricken in Cremona. The result of the judicial inquiry, which ended in the spring of 1631, was his complete exculpation. The judgment pronounced by the Congregation on April 12, 1631, was a tribute of praise to his apostolate in Scotland, the evidence sent to Rome by Father Leonard, of Paris, and numerous Scotch Catholics for his justification proving to demonstration that he was a man of exemplary life, who had achieved brilliant results by his pen in his controversies with Protestants, and that he had done more to refute their errors than all the other missionaries put together. On that account his Catholic fellow-countrymen entreated to have him sent back. Edified by such favorable reports, the Sacred Congregation referred to the Father Vicar-General the question of his recall to Scotland.²⁶

"It is not known for what reason his departure was delayed," observes Father Frédégand. "Perhaps it was deemed inopportune and dangerous on account of the persecution, which was still vigorous and violent in 1631. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, Father Archangel was sent to the Province of the Marches of Ancona, where he had made his novitiate. To prove their high esteem of

²⁶ *Bullarium Ordinis FF. Min. S. P. Francisci Capucinatorum*, ed. Michel de Zug, O. M. Cap., Vol. VII., p. 331, Rome, 1752. "Decretum Sac Congregationis de Propaganda Fide habitae, die 12 Aprilis, 1631. Referentq. Reverendissimo Dom. Toriellii litteras P. Leonardi Parisiensis Capucini, Praefecti Missionis Orientalis et Angliae, attestationesque ab eo missas pro justificatione P. Archangeli Missionarii in Scotiam, et simul alias attestaciones diversorum Catholicorum Scotiae, qui non solum testimonium perhibent luculentissimum devota exemplari dicti P. Archangeli, ac de illius diligentia ac studiis in confutandis haereticorum deliriis per libros publice editos, iisque convertendis, ita ut ipse solus plus apud ipsos profecerit, quam coeteri Religiosi Missionarii, sed etiam magna instantia petunt, ut dictus Pater ad suam remittatur Missionem in Scotiam. Sacra Congregatio auditis justificationibus ac attestacionibus praefatis censuit remittendum esse huiusmodi negotium Reverendissimo P. Vicario Generali Capucinatorum, ut visis justificationibus ac attestacionibus praedictis circa praefati Patris remissionem in Scotia pro suo arbitrio decernat."

him, his superiors nominated him guardian of the convent of Monte Giorgio, in the Diocese of Fermo. His relations with Rinuccini, who supplies these details, date from this epoch. His sojourn in Italy lasted about four years. It is probable that he devoted himself during that time to the Scotch Catholics scattered throughout the country. Perhaps, too, he was not unaware of the request presented by Cardinal Antonio Barberini to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in the name of the Capuchin missionaries in Scotland. He asked for powers to consecrate chalices and patens; to wear secular attire, even when traveling; to have a servant and a horse; to have and to use money in case of necessity. The Sacred Congregation, on January 30, 1634, expressed itself in favor of all these requests except the first.

Endowed with the desired faculties, Father Archangel returned to Scotland. We have no information about his movements during his second mission in his native country except what is contained in Father Christie's letters to Father Gordon. "To relieve him in his poverty," he writes, "I sent him before his death" ten Jacobus on behalf of the Marquis of Huntly. He died in his mother's poor house, situated on the banks of the River Dee, near Aboyne mill. He was buried in a ruined church between the mill and Kanakyle or Hunthall." "These few lines of Father Christie's," adds Father Frédégand, "are worth a whole funeral oration. Not a word of praise or regret for the courageous missionary; nothing but the cold statement of his poverty in life and in death. The grandeur of such an ending may escape the notice of the Marquis' chaplain; it remains, none the less, Father's Archangel's grandest title to glory as a Franciscan and a missionary. He who had given up everything in his youth to devote himself wherever he went to the conversion and moral and material solace of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen could only die stripped of everything. This denudation is the supreme proof of his supernatural abnegation and his love of souls."

Father Frédégand concludes his critical essay with an hypothesis concerning the origin of the biography of Father Archangel by Rinuccini. He assumes that during his sojourn at Monte Giorgio the Capuchin friar would have related not only his own and his family's trials, but also those of several of his English and Scotch brethren. Two sons of Baron Forbes and Margaret Gordon were Capuchins in the Flemish Province under the name of Archangel. The efforts of their Protestant father to keep them in heresy, the

²⁷ It is generally admitted that Father Archangel died in 1637. Father Bernard of Bologna records that a Jesuit named Andrew attended him in his last moments.

sufferings endured by their Catholic mother to rescue them from error, their conversion, the simulated marriage of one of them, their life in the Low Countries, were without any doubt known to Father Archangel Leslie. He would, none the less, have been not unaware of the interesting details of the apostolate of Fathers Angelus, of Raconis; John Chrysostom, of Scotland; Epiphanius Lindsay, Angelus, of London; Archangel, of Pembroke, and others. His Italian brethren and the Archbishop of Fermo would have heard with delight the recital of the dramatic incidents in their family occasioned by their conversion, of their controversies with Protestants, of the snares and perils encountered day and night by these apostles. The attribution, succession and localization of the events would have got mixed up in their minds after Father Archangel's departure, and after the lapse of some years names and dates were effaced from their memories. As to facts, their southern imagination embellished them *con amore* and enriched them with commentaries as fantastic and romantic. Thanks to their ignorance of the social organization and politico-religious situation of Scotland, thanks also to the similarity of names, Father Archangel Leslie became the only hero of the Capuchin apostolate in his country. Rinuccini's biography was the first result of this confusion of names and events. To give it credibility, its author declared that he scrupulously recorded the words of Father Archangel. If this declaration was true, Father Archangel was only a vain boaster; whereas his letters exhibit him in a different light. Between the latter and Rinuccini's testimony no hesitation is possible. Without knowing it, Father Archangel has drawn his own portrait. It is that of a man animated by the spirit of sacrifice, frank and loyal, whose apostolic zeal no trial can relax. The hero of the melodrama created by Rinuccini and Barrault, and copied by their numerous imitators, has no resemblance to this fine figure except in its framework. It is to him belongs the place too long occupied by his counterfeit.

Father Frédégand has rendered a distinct service to his order and to historical certitude by his careful and conscientious study of such an interesting personality as the Scotch Capuchin.

R.

THE WAR AND THE HOME RULE BILL.

THE unexpected is always happening; and though this a well-known law in the physical as well as the moral universe, no nation or individual has ever yet been able to anticipate and provide against all the possibilities of that law. As no human being can anticipate or provide against the situations which a person of capricious mind, whether man or woman, child or nonogenarian, may create in the relations of a family or a community, so in the realm of politics no one can foresee around the corner, so to speak, or surmise what lies hidden behind the curtain when night has descended on one day's doings and the coming of the next is awaited without apprehension or suspicion that it may be ushered in with a startling transformation over all things mundane. Not a speck of war-cloud lay on the horizon when the sun went down on the 4th of August last, but when the morning newspapers were looked at, to the amazement of all readers they brought the awful tidings that war that threatened to engulf all Europe had suddenly broken out on that continent. This unlooked-for calamity had a remarkable effect upon the fortunes of the Home Rule measure in Parliament. The independence of Belgium was attacked by the Emperor of Germany, who ordered an army to march into that little Kingdom in order to attack France, and England was bound by treaty to maintain the territorial integrity and political independence of Belgium at all hazards. This she determined to do, Parliament vigorously endorsing any action that the Government felt necessary to take on land and sea. The effect of these developments on the Irish measure at first seemed ominous, but the persistence of the Irish leader, aided by the fidelity of the men behind him, enabled the friends of the measure to regain confidence in its eventual triumph, even under conditions which made such a result apparently a forlorn hope. No time was lost by the lynx-eyed Unionists in snatching at so favorable a chance as this seemed to them, and endeavoring to utilize it for the permanent defeat of the measure which to them seemed the most odious and detestable proposition that reactionary Toryism was ever asked to accept. In the House of Commons several intimations were made by Unionist speakers that they would propose that no further steps be taken in regard to the Home Rule measure until the war was ended; and in the House of Lords Lord Lansdowne, on the part of the Unionist nobility, made a formal motion to that effect. At a later date Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, ex-leader of the opposition, made an attack upon the course of the Government in persisting with the Home Rule

and Welsh Disestablishment Bills so embittered in its terms that it was condemned in some of the Tory organs next day as unpatriotic in view of the fact that the outbreak of war had thrown responsibilities on the Ministry so onerous and difficult that unity of all parties was absolutely essential to the preservation of the Empire. When announcing the adjournment of Parliament until the 25th of August, Mr. Asquith intimated that he had no intention whatever of acceding to the suggestion that the Home Rule Bill be dropped. At the same time the arguments advanced by the Tory leaders in favor of a postponement of the measure had such force behind them in the shape of public opinion, as voiced in the press, that he was for a time on the horns of a dilemma how to act. There was the imminent danger of a revolt in the Irish Nationalist camp were he to yield to the Tories' objections to the pressing of the Home Rule measure at a time when the Empire was at war. On the other hand, he had pledged himself to the placing of the measure on the statute book before the prorogation. Were he to fail to keep his word, the effect would be disastrous, we know full well. Hence he had to choose a middle course, even though it was a clumsy and unprecedented one in parliamentary procedure. To request the sovereign to sign a bill while a bill to amend some of its provisions was in abeyance in the House of Lords was the novel course upon which he had to fall back. Desperate diseases need heroic measures to check them. What is true of the human system is true also of the body politic.

It was never expected by the most sanguine proponents of Home Rule that a satisfactory measure—that is, a measure that would work out the principle of justice as between the Irish people and the British Government could be drafted. When Mr. Gladstone, the greatest of Liberal statesmen, had to confess that the wit of man was powerless in regard to a settlement of the difficulty over the question of the proportion of Irish members that should be retained in Westminster to watch over Irish interests there, it may be well imagined how formidable that particular point was to his mind. Mr. Asquith's measure has settled it. The scheme passed over another difficulty that Grattan's one had to solve. This was the status of the Irish House of Lords. In Mr. Asquith's measure there is no Irish House of Lords to be provided for. Its place is taken by a Senate—partly nominative, partly elective, after the first installation. The act gives a constitution much superior to Grattan's Parliament, in that it is thoroughly representative and democratic, and provides Ireland with the means of thoroughly developing her own resources upon native lines, free from outside interference, whilst it secures to her a full share of influence in the

affairs of the Empire, to the greatness of which she has contributed more than her share.

The Home Rule Act should be accompanied by a Suspensory Act, deferring its coming into operation for a period of one year. This is not of consequence because, by the terms of the Home Rule Act itself, the assembling of the Irish Parliament might have been postponed for fifteen months. As the matter now stands, the act may come into operation any time from one to fifteen months after the suspensory period. Ireland cannot lose much by the suspension period, because it will afford time and opportunity for further consideration of a basis of agreement.

It was not until after a bitter and most extraordinary struggle against the Unionist opposition that Mr. Redmond succeeded in getting the Bill, which they had fought step by step, by foul means as well as fair, put on the statute book. The most shallow pretexts for the postponement of the measure were boldly advanced by the spokesmen of the Unionists, for their resort to Fabian tactics. Despite the fact that the measure under debate had been twice passed by large majorities in the House of Commons, both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Arthur Balfour persisted in describing the bringing of it up for final decision "as introducing controversial matter"—a trick so palpably puerile as to be unworthy of a serious deliberative assembly like the House of Commons.

There are captious critics here, on this side of the ocean, who in the effort to belittle the work of the Irish Parliamentary party and the United Irish League to prepare the way for Home Rule, keep carefully out of sight the many important tasks they undertook and carried to a triumphant success. The first in value of these, as an educational factor, was the Local Government Act; the next as a measure on which to build up the edifice of material prosperity, without which the gaining of Home Rule would have been something in the nature of an empty concession, the scheme of Land Purchase. This was a gigantic problem, in its inception and in the elaboration of its details and the machinery for carrying it into practical effect. In addition to these two supreme needs of a transfer of power from an autocratic class to popular representative hands, there was the wide extension of the Laborers' Cottages Act, which was passed a quarter of a century before, but had, by reason of unwillingness of landlords on the one hand and of taxpayers on the other, to incur any responsibility for the amelioration of a large class who had the most crying claim for relief, been allowed to languish almost into desuetude. They were tersely described, as the beginning of the movement for their material betterment, as a class the worst housed, the worst fed and the worst paid in all Europe—

and personal observation made at the time over a very large estate in the south of Ireland and other smaller ones in various places, brought to the writer conviction that while there were others that proved the exception, those gone over proved the truth of the generalization. No pen could describe the miseries of the poor families who were huddled into the huts and shielings which, as if in satire, were termed "cottages," on the big estates of landlords some of whom had claims to nobility of birth at least, few to those of nobility of heart. But a pleasing change has been wrought since that time. A vast number of substantial and decent cottages have been erected in the southern and western counties; in the northern ones the progress has not been so marked, as appeared from recent reports in the provincial press. The improvement in the position of the agricultural laborers could not have been effected in so short a time as it had been were it not for the enactment of the Land Purchase Act and the establishment of the Congested Districts Board—a precursor measure, with compulsory powers to acquire land in cases wherein recalcitrant landowners, deaf to the appeals of reason and humanity, refused to meet the friends of progress and civilization half way—men like the Hon. Smith Barry and Lord Clanricade who never recognized the axiom of common sense and common justice that "property has its duties as well as its rights." While the Local Government Act was, by its systematic and tranquil operation, educating the farmers and the urban population in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, so as to fit the country for the assumption of the public burden of Home Rule, the transfer of the soil of the country was being generally going on, by the system of Land Purchase, so that when the first Parliament opens in Dublin nearly three-fourths of the land will be in the possession, by legitimate bargain and without the shedding of one ounce of blood, of the former tillers or their descendants.

It has now been revealed that one of the reasons which helped the resistance of the Ulsterists (those who followed Sir. E. Carson and Mr. Bonar Law) to the enactment of Home Rule was help from Germany. How much money came from the Kaiser's agents to equip the forces of Orangemen to fight the Nationalist forces, if not the King's army, has not as yet been disclosed, but it has been roughly estimated at twenty-five million dollars. It was openly declared by Sir E. Carson (before war had been declared) that "Ulster" would rather owe allegiance to the Emperor of Germany than to an Irish Parliament. It was rather an awkward position, after that declaration, to find that loyalty to Germany was incompatible with loyalty to the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India, and in order to clear himself of suspicion of the disloyalty

implied in his words, the honorable gentleman went over to Ireland and induced some hundreds of the Ulster Volunteers to leave for France for military service against the Kaiser's armies. It was a ludicrous anti-climax, but not altogether unsuitable, from a dramatic standpoint, to the long-drawn-out performance of the "Ulster-ites" under a legal-military leadership.

JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Philadelphia.

Book Reviews

ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. Vol. L., June, 1914.

Twenty-five years of honorable, vigorous, useful life! A record to be proud of. Such is the record of the "Ecclesiastical Review." For twenty-five years it has been an honor to the Church and to the city of its birth; it has preached true Catholic doctrine without variation or diminution; it has commanded the respect of the world by the dignity and ability of its contributors, by the truths which it taught, and by the manner in which it taught them.

The "Review" has been vigorous, living a healthy, progressive life. It has been prompt, courageous and efficient, not waiting on the action of some one else, not defending truth in a half-hearted, timid manner, not stopping at the first resting-place and forgetting to go further, but rather leading, always fearlessly, and pushing each conviction to its logical conclusion.

It has been not merely academic, but eminently practical. Twenty-five years ago the learned founder and editor, Dr. Heuser, saw the need of such a magazine. The field was large, practically unoccupied, and with heroic self-sacrifice he took up the work. Not for his own glory; least of all for gain; but for the benefit of the clergy, the advancement of the Church and the honor of God. Such motives could not fail. He devoted himself to the work with no thought of self, and it has prospered, as only those works prosper which God blesses, and to which He gives the increment.

Therefore, it may be truthfully said that this is the Jubilee time of Dr. Heuser, as well as of the "Ecclesiastical Review." They are inseparable, and although he did his best to conceal himself, the

world has found him out and honors him for the magnificent work which he has done for the "Review," while it begs him to continue that work and beseeches Almighty God to give him strength and years to go on.

SCRIPTA PONTIFICII INSTITUTI BIBLICI: LE BERCEAU DE L'ISLAM. Ier Volume: Le Climat-ies Bedouins. Par *Henri Lammens, S. J.* Romae: Sumptibus Pontificii Instituti Biblici, 1914; pp. 394.

SCRIPTA PONTIFICII BIBLICI INSTITUTI: EL GENESIS. Precedido de una Introduccion al Pentateuco. Por *L. Murillo, S. J.*, Professor del Instituto Biblico. Con licencia Ecclesiastica. Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma, 1914; pp. xxiv.-872.

IL LIBRO DEI PROVERBI DI SALOMONE. Studio critico sulle Aggiunte Greco-Alessandrine del Sac. *Giacomo Mezzacasa*, della Pia Societa Salesiana, Dottore in Theologiae S. Scrittura. Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma, 1913; pp. xii.-204.

I MIRACOLI DEL SIGNORE NEL VANGELO spiegati esegeticamente praticamente da *Leopoldo Fonck, S. J.*, Rettore del Pontificio Instituto Biblico. Volume Primo: I Miracoli nella Natura. Traduzione di Luigi Rossi-Di-Lucca. Con approvazione dell' Autorita Ecclesiastica, (Christus, Lux Mundi, Parte IV., Volume I.) Pontificio Instituto Biblico, Roma, 1914; pp. xxviii.-644.

This group of books from the Biblical Institute shows very eloquently the magnificent work being done by that organization, and at the same time swells perceptibly the body of Catholic Biblical literature, which in recent years has been steadily growing and spreading the truth throughout the world. As the Catholic Church is the only authorized custodian and interpreter of the Sacred Scriptures, we must look to her alone in the last analysis for the truth concerning them. This does not mean that others may not study them and investigate them and bring to bear upon them all the knowledge which kindred sciences can muster for the interpretation of them, but it does mean that the Church must finally say what is the Scriptural value of all this research and what conclusion is to be drawn from it. This is the work which is being done by the Biblical Institute, and in the volumes before us we have striking illustrations of the value of their labors.

The first of the group is one of a series dealing with Mohammed and Islamism. This part is devoted to the climate of Arabia and to the Bedouins. It is made up of lectures given by the author in Rome

and as the University of Beyrout, in which he brings before his hearers and his readers all that is necessary to make the two phases of the subject stand out in the most vivid manner.

In Genesis Professor Murillo brings out in a studious way the real purpose of the institute. In the discussion of such questions as authorship and the days of creation he clearly shows that it is not the purpose of the members of the institute to ignore or brush aside the conclusions of exponents of the higher criticism, even though they be extremely speculative at times, but rather to duly consider them and submit them to the judgment of men who are not only expert as critics, but orthodox as theologians.

The volume treating of the miracles of Christ is the first of four on the same subject. The other three will treat successively of Palestine and its inhabitants in the time of Christ, the life of Christ, and His discourses and parables.

In the treatise on the Book of Proverbs we have a critical study of the text, Hebrew and Greek, including the codices and versions.

Taken together, these volumes make an imposing group, reflecting honor on the learning and faith of the authors, and giving promise of great victories for truth when the many issues that have been leading men astray so long in the field of Scriptural literature are put to the test.

ONTOLOGY, OR THE THEORY OF BEING. By *P. Coffey, Ph. D.*, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Maynooth College, Ireland. 8vo., pp. 439. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The present volume will receive a special welcome from those who know Dr. Coffey's excellent work on logic. These also will watch with greatest interest the appearance of the third volume which the author promises on the "The Theory of Knowledge." These three volumes will well supply that real want in our universities which the author has recognized of an English text-book on the subject from the scholastic standpoint. He says:

"It is hoped that the present volume will supply a want that is really felt by the students of philosophy in our universities—the

want of an English text-book on general metaphysics from the scholastic standpoint. It is the author's intention to supplement his *Science of Logic* and the present treatise on *Ontology* by a volume on the *Theory of Knowledge*. Hence no disquisitions on the latter subject will be found on these pages; the Moderate Realism of Aristotle and the Schoolmen is assumed throughout.

"In the domain of *Ontology* there are many scholastic theories and discussions which are commonly regarded by non-scholastic writers as possessing nowadays for the student of philosophy an interest that is merely historical. The mistaken notion is probably due to the fact that few, if any, serious attempts have yet been made to transpose these questions from their mediæval setting into the language and context of contemporary philosophy. Perhaps not a single one of these problems is really and in substance alien to present-day speculations. The author has endeavored, by his treatment of such characteristically "mediæval" discussions as those on *Potentia* and *Actus*, *Essence* and *Existence*, *Individuation*, the *Theory of Distinctions*, *Substance* and *Accident*, *Nature* and *Person*, *Logical* and *Real Relations*, *Efficient* and *Final Causes*, to show that the issues involved are in every instance as fully and keenly debated—in an altered setting and a new terminology—by recent and living philosophers of every school of thought as they were by St. Thomas and his contemporaries in the golden age of mediæval scholasticism. And, as the purposes of a text-book demanded, attention has been devoted to stating the problems clearly, to showing the significance and bearings of discussions and solutions, rather than to detailed analyses of arguments. At the same time it is hoped that the treatment is sufficiently full to be helpful even to advanced students and to all who are interested in the "*Metaphysics of the Schools*." For the convenience of the reader the more advanced portions are printed in smaller type.

"The teaching of St. Thomas and the other great schoolmen of the Middle Ages forms the groundwork of the book. The corpus of doctrine is scarcely yet accessible outside its Latin sources. As typical of the fuller scholastic text-books the excellent treatise of the Spanish author, Urraburu, has been most frequently consulted. Much assistance has also been derived from Kleutgen's "*Philosophie der Vorzeit*," a monumental work which ought to have been long since translated into English. And finally, the excellent treatise in

the Louvain 'Cours de Philosophie,' by the present Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, has been consulted with profit and largely followed in many places. The writer freely and gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to these and other authors quoted and referred to in the course of the present volume.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REFUGEES ON THE CONTINENT, 1558-1795. Vol. I.
The English Colleges and Convents in the Catholic Low Countries.
By Rev. Peter Guilday, Ph. D., Instructor in Church History, Catholic
University of America. 8vo., pp. liv.-480.

Dr. Guilday is to be congratulated for having chosen so rich a subject for his maiden effort in the field of history. He begins by saying:

"There can be no complete history of that religious fervor among English Catholics of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which forced so many of them into exile on the Continent, and particularly into the Catholic low countries; no all-round and adequate judgment of the English Catholic *diaspora*, unless it be studied in its relation to the similar movement of French, Dutch and Walloon Protestant exiles during this same period. We have grown so accustomed to eulogies on the Huguenot exiles and condemnations of the lack of patriotism shown by English Catholics that any readjustment of our ideas on the question seems well-nigh hopeless. And yet historical justice demands new light on the aims and policy of the Catholic exiles. The meagre efforts that have been made up to the present on the part of historical students to vindicate these loyal exiles of pre-emancipation days and the lack of any synthetic literature on the subject have been lost sight of in the great mass of numerous and serious historical studies which have been written in English and in French to perpetuate the deeds and to vindicate the policy of the continental Protestant exiles in England.

"The object of this present work is to offer a humble contribution to the story of these English Catholic exiles. We must leave to others to do for them and their rightful place in English history what has already been done for the French and Flemish Protestant refugees in England, namely, to study in detail the destinies of these thousands of voluntary exiles who never hesitated for a mo-

ment to expatriate themselves for the sake of their religious belief, and whose energetic resolution can only inspire a strong sentiment of fellow-feeling in those who have the same faith as themselves, a profound respect in the minds of those who possess a different religion and both regret and sympathy in those who sincerely love their country. To do all this would be beyond the scope of the present volume. One point only has been taken up and developed—their activity in establishing schools and colleges, convents, monasteries and seminaries, where the Catholic ideal was kept bright in the minds of their sons and daughters, and where, hand-in-hand with a love for God and His Holy Church, went a love for their country and a loyalty to their sovereign which have never been equaled in similar circumstances since nation took its place apart from nation and men imbibed that affection for the land of their birth which no number of years spent in exile will ever obliterate or destroy. Surely it is a legitimate task to gather from the tangled skein of the records that have come down to us the story of their gallant defense of their faith.”

The reader will agree with the author that it is not only a legitimate task, but also a most laudable one.

He will go further and say that it is also a difficult one. The equipment, zeal, patience, enthusiasm and humility that were required in the one who followed the manuscript and printed authorities on the subject through the libraries and museums of England, Spain, Belgium and Rome, and submitted the results of his labors to the best authorities before presenting them to the public, are rarely found in a young author engaged on his first serious work of magnitude. Dr. Guilday possesses them in a marked degree, and therefore his book is a valuable contribution to history. The second volume will be awaited with interest, and the author's future will be observed with sympathy.

MORE JOY. By the *Right Rev. Paul Wilhelm von Keppler*, Bishop of Battenburg. 12mo., pp. 257. St. Louis: B. Herder.

One dreary winter I wrote my “Little Book of Joy,” and in the spring of 1909 I sent it forth as an Easter greeting. It met a kindly welcome here and abroad among both people of culture and those

commonly called the "lower classes." Wafted by a happy fate over land and sea, it encountered a larger number of friends than provision had been made for, and was introduced in more than one foreign land before it had yet learned the language of the country. Denominational barriers were lowered before it, and from the reviewers it obtained passports even into hostile camps. When, after a year of travel, it came home again to its author, it bore the proud title "Fiftieth Thousand" and had many a tale to tell. Well-filled mail-bags from both hemispheres followed it home, bringing touching testimonies of gratitude, moving confidences from pain-racked souls, messages of enthusiastic concurrence, of keen criticism, of encouragement, together with requests for "more."

Our Little Book found its starting point, and indeed its very reason of being, in the joylessness of modern civilization.

Now, the poisonous weed of pessimism is no Christian or Catholic growth; it flourishes in the world's own soil. As Father Weiss has noted, it is the unbeliever, not the Christian, who makes the bitterest, most pitiless criticisms of life:

"Schilling calls existence a farce, an absurd romance; Feuerbach, a madhouse, a jail; Schopenhauer, a sham, an annoying and useless interruption of the steady calm of eternal nothingness. Swinburne in "Atalanta" describes life as a time

Filled with days we would not fain behold
And nights we would not hear of.

And Moritz Block affirms that throughout human history evil keeps so much to the fore and good so far in the background that we can get statistics of evil conduct only, never of the good."

There is more optimism, a stronger affirmation of the value of life, in Catholic Christianity than in all the rest of the world.

And then the Right Reverend author proceeds to draw out this optimism. Beginning with a chapter on the Right to Joy, he treats successively of the Modern Destroyers of Joy, Joy and Youth, Joy and Christianity, Joy and Holiness, a Gallery of Joyful People and other striking phases of the question.

It is surely a pleasant subject, and one that should appeal to every one. There was never a time when it was more opportune, and the cultivation of the joyful spirit will make men better as well as happier.

INDEX TO THE WORKS OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN. By *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Lovers and students of Newman, and their name is legion, will be very grateful for this index. Some authors can be studied disconnectedly with satisfaction and profit; Newman is not one of them. There is an individuality about him and a continuity of thought in him that calls for a general knowledge of his works if one would understand him on a particular subject. Hence the importance of this index.

The author says it is to be tried by these three questions: "Did Newman say this?" "Did he ever unsay it, and if so, where?" "Are there any notable sayings of his not brought into due prominence?"

This is not a Concordance, or Onomasticon; it is meant to be a guide to Newman's thought, to the changes of that thought, or, as he would have said, to the "development" which his thought ran through, from the first public utterances of the Fellow of Oriel to the last words of the aged Priest of the Oratory. In later life he republished sundry of his Anglican works, with notes not unfrequently opposed to the text. The chief retractations are indicated by a phrase familiar to readers of St. Thomas, *sed contra*.

To avoid cross-references the same saying is often entered under several headings.

THE PRIEST AND SOCIAL ACTION. By *Charles Plater, S. J.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The title and purpose of this book is thus explained in the preface:

"Charitable action, in the narrower sense of the term, seeks to relieve poverty, misery and sickness. Social action tries to prevent them as far as possible by removing their causes. Social action may have exactly the same high motive as Christian charity. There is no antagonism between the two; they supplement one another. Both form part of a parish priest's work, for both have an important bearing on the care of souls.

"Many priests in English-speaking countries as elsewhere are experts in charitable and social action. They have acquired that in-

sight into the real needs of society, and especially of the poor, which is peculiar to the clergy. But as they themselves are usually far too busy to write books, I have asked them to let me gather their experiences into a volume which might be useful to others."

The author covers a wide field, including Germany, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, the United States and Canada. It was no easy task to gather reliable information about Catholic social work in all these countries, and only one who is thoroughly interested in the subject and has kept in close touch with it could have had that knowledge of it and of sources of information concerning it which are necessary. The amount of social work done by Catholics will surprise those not familiar with it, and what has been accomplished will encourage many to join the movement.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH. By *Professor A. T. Robertson, D. D.*, Professor of Interpretation of the New Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. 8vo., pp. xl.-1,360. New York: George H. Dwan Co.

The announcement says this great work by Professor Robertson has been undertaken and prosecuted in the spirit of devotion to a great cause.

Study and research and discovery have rendered all former Grammars of the Greek New Testament either incomplete or inadequate.

Professor Robertson gave the first expression to his study in a "Short Grammar of the Greek New Testament," issued in 1908, which in addition to having been translated and published in four foreign languages, Dutch, French, German and Italian, is now in its third edition in English.

The present "Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research" is designed for advanced students in theological schools, for teachers and professors, for earnest ministers and for libraries.

But perhaps the greatest value attaches to this work for the preacher and the thorough student of the New Testament.

A mere glance at the book will convince one of the truth of the author's statement that he first took up this work twenty-six years ago, and that for a dozen years it has been the chief task of his life.

It was a gigantic task, and in addition to the scholarship and tireless labor necessary for its accomplishment, it called for great courage to overcome the many obstacles that stood in the way.

We do not propose to enter into a critical review of the book, but rather to call attention to it, to record our admiration for the zeal of the author and to congratulate him on the completion of his work.

PRUDENS SEXDECIM LINGUARUM CONFESSARIUS etiam sine ulla scientia linguarum. Methodus Optica pro Confessione integra et Matrimonio confessario et poenitente mutuas linguas prorsus ignorantibus, a R. P. *Michaële d'Herbigny, S. J.* (luvantibus multis ex omni gente confessariis). Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris, 1914; pp. viii.-102.

It certainly seems like promising too much to say that any confessor, without any knowledge of any language except his own and Latin, can hear the confessions of persons of sixteen different tongues without learning a word of the language which they speak. And yet that is exactly what this book promises to enable the confessor to do, and it does it. All that is required on the part of the penitent is that he be able to read his own language, and that he meet the confessor in a place where there is sufficient light to read. The necessary questions are arranged and numbered in the same order for each language in the book, and on a Latin folder for the use of the priest. As the penitent reads each question, he says yes or no with a motion of the head, and tells the number with his hands. The book can also be used for the marriages of foreigners in the same way.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE CATECHISM. By *Dr. M. Gatterer, S. J., Dr. F. Krus, S. J.*, Professors of the University of Innsbruck. Translated from the Second German Edition by Rev. J. B. Culemans. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

In spite of the profusion of catechetical literature at the present time, or rather because of it, the authors of this book feel justified in sending it forth. So much interest has been taken in catechetics recently that books on the subject have multiplied rapidly. But this very profusion of matter may become confusing instead of

enlightening, if there is no order in it. As the authors truthfully say: "In the very profusion of hints and helps to make our teaching of Christian doctrine more efficient, we meet with truths overstated or misdirected, matters of detail variously taken, facts incompletely proved or applied, and rules inconsistently urged or discordantly interpreted. What we need at present is not intention or originality, nor sagacity, nor even learning—at least in the first place, though all gifts of God are in a measure needed and never can be unreasonable when used religiously; but we need particularly a sound judgment, patient thought, discrimination, a comprehensive mind, an abstinence from all private fancies and caprices and personal tastes—in a word, divine wisdom."

In this spirit the subject is treated, and the whole field is covered in such a way as to give a thorough review of the fundamental principles of the art and science of catechization.

The book will appeal to clergymen and teachers without exception, and it ought to help them very much in this work, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

FRANCISCO PALON'S LIFE AND APOSTOLIC LABORS OF THE VENERABLE FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, founder of the Franciscan Missions of California. With an Introduction and Notes by *George Wharton James*. English Translation by C. Scott Williams. 8vo., pp. 338. Pasadena: George Wharton James.

This book from the pen of a disciple of Father Junipero was originally published in Mexico in 1787. It is the first work dealing with the history of early California, and yet, with the exception of a few chapters, it has never been done into English before. This is strange when one considers its historical value, for the early history of California depends on it to a great extent. It is also remarkable because of its biographical value, for its subject was an apostolic man of heroic mould, who is acknowledged by all classes, irrespective of creed or nationality, as one worthy of the highest respect. The story of his work and adventures reads like a romance.

For those who have visited the old missions of California, hallowed by his footsteps, this book will have a special interest. It

is a valuable addition to the history of the Pacific Coast and Christian missions.

INITIATION. By *Robert Hugh Benson*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Sir Neville, a wealthy young Englishman, is initiated. He has inherited his estates from a father who died early because of a dissipated life. He lives with his Aunt Anna, the widow of his father's brother and her son Jim, a boy of about eight years. He is a Catholic by birth, with a resident chaplain on the estate. He becomes engaged to a Protestant young woman whom he meets with her mother traveling on the Continent. She jilts him. He is afflicted with a tumor on the brain, which causes intense suffering and blindness, and obtains relief temporarily through a surgical operation. The disease develops again and finally causes his death. Then Jim becomes Sir James. In the meantime, however, Sir Neville's faith had grown lukewarm, especially under the influence of his betrothed. When she left him he sought consolation in material things. When these failed and affliction rested heavily upon him, he had recourse to grace, and found strength.

This is a mere sketch of the story, but sufficient to indicate its serious purpose, though it does not show the sustained interest that runs through it, the variety of subordinate characters that pass across its pages, nor the many incidents of minor importance that fill up the lives of its people.

ORDO Divini Officii Recitandi Missaeque Celebrandae. Juxta Kalendarium. Ecclesiae universalis. Nuperrime reformatum et ad tramitem novarum rubricarum. Pro Anno Domini MCMXV. Paschate recurrente die 4 Aprilis, 240, 127 pages. Net, 50 cents. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The New Ordo made in Rome for the Universal Church is a model of clearness and conciseness. The short, general directions in the beginning of the book, with the signs used throughout, obviate the necessity of profuse daily directions and make things much clearer. The introduction of a general Ordo, which supersedes all special Ordos, is also a feature that will make for uniformity and unity.

At the beginning of each month the number of days in the month is given, the day of the new moon and full moon is mentioned and a text from some Sunday or feast is quoted. The publishers are prepared to furnish the book at once, and many persons will be glad to have it so early in order to become familiar with it.

REALIA BIBLICA Geographica, Naturalia, Archeologica, quibus Compendium Introductionis Biblicae completur et illustratur. Auctore *Martino Hagen*, S. J. P. Lethielleux, Paris, 1914; pp. viii.-728.

Father Hagan furnishes us with the key to his new edition of P. Cornely's Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures in this volume which has recently come from the press. His previous "Lexicon Biblicum,," in three volumes, might have answered the purpose if it were not so large, but for the ordinary student it was prohibitive. This compact volume fits the situation exactly, for although elimination and condensation were necessary in the making, it would be a mistake to conclude that the book is therefore less complete or exact. Throughout its pages the learned author is the sure guide that may be followed with confidence.

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THE POPES AND THE NORMAN INVASIONS OF BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHRISTIANITY was very early brought to Britain, and took such root there that many Britons, as we learn from Bede, suffered martyrdom under Diocletian at the commencement of the fourth century. In Ireland, too, Christianity was early known, as was likely, indeed, consequent upon Irish commercial intercourse with Gaul at a very early date. Christianity was widely spread over Gaul as early certainly as the second century, and to Gaul the Irish frequently went on predatory excursions, carrying away from her coast Christian captives, from whom they would be likely to learn the Christian faith. One of these captives, about the year 403, was the great St. Patrick, at that time a lad sixteen years of age. For six years he lived a bond slave among the Irish, tending their herds and flocks, his long hours of watching the while relieved by constant prayers and his sufferings from want and exposure sweetened by union of them with those of his Saviour. By such discipline, combined with the knowledge he gained of the Irish in this dreary time, was he divinely trained to become their Apostle when, in 432, he arrived again amongst them, commissioned by Pope Celestine for the purpose. "Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinatus a Papa Coelestino Palladius primus episcopus mittitur," we read in Prosper's Chronicle, showing that Christianity then already was in Ireland. Palladius died, however, in the following year; nor had he the qualifications which St. Patrick had acquired for a mission to the Irish. And

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as evidence of the success of St. Patrick's mission and of the good will of the Irish is the fact that in the course of the sixth century Christianity spread from end to end of the island, and Ireland "became the Island of Saints, the home and refuge of learning and holiness and the nursery whence missionaries went forth to carry the light of faith to the nations of the European continent. Her seats of learning, her monasteries and nunneries and her charitable institutions were unsurpassed, either in number or excellence, by those of any nation of the world."¹

Meanwhile, in Caledonia—named Scotland not before the eleventh century—Christianity likewise spread, the Picts of her southern portion, who had come from Scandinavia, being converted in 421 by Bishop Ninian, who had been educated in Rome, and the Caledonians of the north, like the Irish, either a Gallic or a Celtic tribe, by St. Columba, a prince from Ireland, a century and a half later, his mission extending southward also.

Christianity in Britain in course of time unhappily declined, and by the sixth century it was evident that another mission was needed for its restoration. The British historian Gildas, who in this century wrote of the condition of both the clergy and the laity, more than justifies Dr. Döllinger in saying: "Melancholy is the contrast with the flourishing condition of the Irish Church, that is presented to us by the state of decay and oppression in which at this period we find the Church of Britain. The devout Gildas has left to us a strongly colored picture of the degeneracy and corruption of the people and of the disgraceful lives of the clergy in the first half of the sixth century. . . . Severe, but not unmerited, was the judgment that was inflicted upon the Britons and their Church." So inveterate, moreover, was the hatred of the Britons towards the Saxon conquerors who punished them that when St. Augustine arrived, charged with a mission to convert the latter, as well as to reform the former, the British Bishops obstinately refused to coöperate with him.

As a result of Pope St. Gregory's mission, England, under St. Augustine and his successors, became in like manner as Ireland consequent upon Pope Celestine's mission, under St. Patrick and his successors, had become the "Island of Saints." More than eighty of her princes were numbered in her calendar, eight of her kings, in gratitude to the Vicar of Christ, went on pilgrimages to the shrine of the Apostles, and many more resigned their royalty to enter the cloister. Her clergy, by their intercourse and intimate relations with the clergy of Ireland, gained proficiency in learning, both scientific and theological, and from Ireland's cloister-schools

¹ Alzog, *Univ. Ch. Hist.*, Vol. II., p. 43, transl.

went forth with them on missions to their own country and to the Continent. England had her own cloister-schools also, conspicuous among them Glastonbury, "the nursery of saints," and it was an Anglo-Saxon king who in the eighth century introduced the payment of Peter's Pence towards creating a permanent fund for the support of English ecclesiastical schools in Rome. And meanwhile the monastery of St. Columba on the island of Iona, consisting principally of Irish monks, long supplied missionaries to North Britain.

Britain and Ireland, "the Islands of the Saints," thus "had been both the refuge of Christianity, for a time almost exterminated in Christendom, and the centres of its propagation in countries still heathen. Secluded from the rest of Europe by the stormy waters in which they lay, they were converted just in time to be put in charge with the sacred treasures of revelation and of the learning of the Old World in that dreary time which intervened between Gregory and Charlemagne. They formed schools, collected libraries and supplied the Continent with preachers and teachers. While the English Boniface and his followers formed churches in Germany and towards the north, under the immediate sanction of the Holy See, the Irish Columbanus, the representative of an earlier age, became the rival of St. Benedict in France and Lombardy."²

But, as with the other countries of Europe, so, too, Britain's and Ireland's turns for invasion at length arrived. In 787 Northmen pirates arrived in Britain and in Ireland ten years later. The former island became their prey for two hundred and fifty years and the latter for a hundred longer. In both islands sanctity had declined, and though after a while both converted the invaders to Christianity, neither could make of them the civilized Normans that their kindred Northmen became by their contemporaneous settlement in France.

A hundred years after their invasion the great Alfred, after vanquishing, converted them, and during his reign and the century that followed it, in the absence of further invasion, his own and St. Dunstan's reforms did much to remedy the ignorance and corruption of morals that prevailed consequent upon the destruction of monasteries and schools. But there came a fresh invasion of Northmen, resulting in a return of the former disorders and in further demoralization of the Anglo-Saxon populations. Meanwhile there were saints, however, after as before Alfred's time, and these did much as missionaries to the Northmen, and still more as martyrs sent by them, in return, to their eternal reward.

² Newman's *Hist. Sketches*, Vol. III., p. 265.

The monarchy, too, did much for England; the Northmen broke up the heptarchy, Alfred became the first king of the English and Athelsbane, his grandson, the first king of England, as well as nominal lord of Wales and Scotland, and under this unity of governing power the Northmen, or Danes, as they are called, were subdued and in larger numbers were made Christians, without, however, being civilized and without acting in turn upon the demoralized Anglo-Saxon populations. That they failed, indeed, when made Christians to influence Anglo-Saxons, even as Anglo-Saxons failed to civilize them, is but too painfully apparent from the one fact, among many, that for a hundred and fifty years, from the reign of Ethelred, Anglo-Saxons sold their relations and even their own children into foreign slavery. There were bad kings also, such as was this Ethelred, who ordered the secret massacre of all the Danes in England on the eve of St. Brice's feast, 1002, concerning which Lingard writes: "The horror of the murder was in many places aggravated by every insult and barbarity which national hatred could suggest. At London they fled for security to the churches, and were massacred in crowds round the altars." And after so grievous a crime and exhibition of racial hatred, how was it to be expected that the hope of civilizing the Northmen lay any longer with the Anglo-Saxon race? These Northmen needed, indeed, their kindred Normans, civilized in Normandy, to confer civilization upon them, and the Anglo-Saxons needed them, too, for the like purpose.

If we turn to Ireland, we find that the Irish also, as the English under Alfred, had their deliverer from the Northmen invaders in the person of Brian Boromlie. This King of Munster, after his predecessor had defeated the Northmen in three battles, reformed the laws and enforced their observance, rebuilt the churches and monasteries laid waste by the invaders, restored the public schools and added to their number, and then, in 1014, gained the famous battle of Clontarf, though at the cost of his own and of his son's life. And what he thus began the Irish carried forward. "After the complete overthrow of those barbarians, in 1014, in the battle of Clontarf," says McGeoghegan,³ "the inhabitants began to rebuild their churches and public schools and to restore religion to its primitive splendor," and he adds: "From the battle of Clontarf to the reign of Henry II. about a century and a half elapsed, during which time all ranks were emulous in their endeavors to reëstablish good order in the government and discipline in the churches." Nevertheless, the Irish during these three and a half centuries failed to civilize the invaders. The chief of the Danish

³ Quoted *ibid.*, p. 277.

kings resided in Dublin, and the Dublin Danes were the first to embrace Christianity, not, however, until at the end of a hundred years after settling in the island. By the middle of the eleventh century the bulk of the Danes settled in Ireland were Christians and had a Bishop of their own, with his see in Dublin. So far from being civilized by their Irish neighbors, however, they continued still to war, not only upon them, but likewise upon one another. Thus Lanigan, after observing that the Danes of Dublin were the first of their kindred in Ireland to become Christians, adds, "which, however, did not prevent them afterwards practicing ravages in the same manner that their predecessors had done," and he further adds that though near two centuries after their arrival "a certain progress was made by the Danes in piety and religious practices, yet we find them now and then, even during this period, committing depredations in religious places." Elsewhere he explains that Ireland labored also under want of a central sovereign authority. "The anciently established system of succession to the throne of the whole kingdom was overturned, and there remained no paramount power authorized to control the provincial kings or minor chieftains. The Irish were during a great part of the eleventh century engaged here and there in wars among themselves, and we find now and then one or other party of them assisted by the Danes settled in Dublin or elsewhere." He shows, too, that so far from the Danes being influenced by the Irish, on the contrary, "several of the Irish princes and chieftains had imbibed the spirit of the Danes, sparing neither churches nor monasteries nor ecclesiastics, according as it suited their views, a system which was held in abhorrence by their ancestors and which had often excited them to unite in defense of their altars against the Scandinavian robbers." Added to all which "a very great antipathy existed between the two nations, even after the conversion of the Danes, and the Danish clergy of Dublin and the Irish clergy of Armagh were constantly at variance."⁴

It seems, then, but too evident, from the history of both the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish, that, edifying and full of promise as formerly had been their Christianity, both had lost their early fervor, and neither remained fitted to influence the other or to civilize their Northmen invaders. In Britain the Britons, through racial hatred of Anglo-Saxons, had refused coöperation with St. Gregory's mission to convert them, and the Anglo-Saxons in turn, as likewise the Irish, though converting, failed, by reason of racial antipathy, to unite with and civilize the Northmen. Their failures, after so long contact and intercourse, called for men of another

⁴ Quoted *ibid.*, pp. 304, 283, 285, 307.

nation and of a higher civilization to do for the Northmen, as likewise for the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish themselves, what none of these could do the one for the other. When the Normans at length came to England in 1066, they found that country sunk still in sloth and sensuality, and in 1171 they found Ireland still convulsed with conflict.

These Normans were the descendants of the Northmen who, contemporaneously with their invasion of Britain and Ireland and under the selfsame leaders, invaded France at the close of the eighth century, and their settlement in France had all along been contemporaneous with the settlement of their kindred in Britain and Ireland. But whereas the Northmen settled in these islands did not become Christians until long after their arrival, and, despite their subsequent Christianity, remained uncivilized, the Northmen settled in France, on the contrary, became Christians almost immediately on their arrival there, and in the course of a hundred and fifty years made such progress in the arts of civilization also that they became exemplars and teachers of discipline, manners and government to Christian populations of earlier conversion than themselves. Despite the traits that remained of their cruelty and lax morals, they were zealous for religion, and instead of destroying and plundering churches, as their kindred in Britain and Ireland so long continued to do, they caused an incredible number of churches and cloisters to be built. They became, in short, the chivalrous Normans, upon whose prowess, skill in politics, nobility and refinement, stately architecture, poetry and music, historians and writers of historical romance love to enlarge, and their French colony took from them and has ever retained the name of Normandy. Their history there is therefore a very different one to that of the contemporaneous history of their kindred in Britain and Ireland. The civilization which they found round about them in France did for them what neither Britain nor Ireland could do for their kindred. They became the foremost race in Christendom. Their conquests were carried from the northern seas to the further coasts of the Mediterranean. Norman princes ruled in Italy, Sicily and on the northern shore of Syria. They seized, indeed, upon portions of the patrimony of St. Peter also, but after defeating Pope Leo IX. and taking him prisoner, Robert Guiscard, their leader, fell at the Pope's feet, implored his pardon, promised amendment of his misdeeds and asked the Papal blessing on his future undertakings. Leo forgave him and made the Normans his allies, and they received from him in fief the lands which they had already conquered, together with such as they might prevail to obtain from the Saracens.

This same Pope meanwhile maintained friendly relations with Edward the Conqueror, King of England, and did all he could for the Church in England. Edward's mother was a daughter of a duke of Normandy. He had been educated at the Norman court and had spent twenty-seven years there. In the early years of his reign over England he had Normans about him whose influence prevailed at the English court; a Norman was Archbishop of Canterbury and Normans held office in the State as well as in the Church. They began also to build castles in the country. Thus when Duke William of Normandy, at Edward's request for aid against Godwin's revolt, came to England and was entertained at the English court, he heard Norman-French spoken, and, among other signs of Norman influence, saw Dover, Canterbury and other principal towns garrisoned by Normans. Things, indeed, seemed to be in course of preparation for his subsequent coming as Conqueror.

He came as such, with consecrated banner, from Pope Alexander II. Alexander had been elected by the Cardinals under the great Cardinal Hildebrand. His title to the Papacy was disputed by the Emperor, Henry IV. of Germany. The Normans took up arms in Alexander's defense. They were the protection of Hildebrand also, when, under the title of Gregory VII., he became Pope in succession to Alexander. It was the same Robert Guiscard, indeed, that had done homage to Pope Leo IX., who now marched on Rome while Henry was besieging the castle of St. Angelo, liberated the Pope, led him in triumph to the Lateran, and then, in like manner as he had done before Leo, fell at Gregory's feet and offered him gifts expressive of his dutiful fidelity.

Such incidents serve to indicate the relations in which the Popes and the Normans stood towards one another at this period, and there were none nearer or better qualified than the Normans of Normandy to whom to entrust the much-needed reform of England.

Under William of Normandy England became what it had not been before, a united realm. A new civilization was introduced. The Church, with increase of wealth, learning and zeal, enriched the country with noble cathedrals and churches, religious orders, scholars and statesmen. The Danes, as separate from their Norman kindred on the one side and from Anglo-Saxons on the other, are little more heard of, and though the racial distinctions between Anglo-Saxons and Normans lasted for more than two centuries, no historical event, such as a war or a serious insurrection, marks the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people after less than a fourth of that period of time.

In Ireland, meanwhile, the Danes continued as communities distinct from the Irish until the Normans arrived there in 1172. Immediately on their coming these Normans obtained over the Danes the influence which centuries of neighborhood and intercourse, as we have seen, had failed to give to the Irish. So great indeed was the attraction that the Northmen felt towards their kindred Normans that the Dublin Danes at once put themselves under the Metropolitan See of Canterbury, "because," as Lanigan explains, "William and his Normans, being masters of England from 1066, were considered by the Danes as their countrymen." The Danish Bishops of Waterford and Limerick were likewise consecrated from Canterbury. So completely, in short, do the Danes of Ireland appear to have been absorbed by the Normans that they forthwith disappear from the page of history.

Pope Adrian IV., who first countenanced the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, was an Englishman, indeed; but the invasion did not take place until Henry II. of England received a confirmatory Bull from Adrian's successor, Alexander III.

The districts occupied by the Anglo-Norman invaders were confined to a strip of country on the east coast, and designated the Pale, its boundaries varying with the fortunes of the Norman arms. Throughout the rest of Ireland the native princes continued to rule, recognizing an overlordship in the English kings subordinate to the Papacy.⁵ But in addition to these native princes there were Anglo-Norman proprietors also, who lived as chieftains outside the Pale, adopted the Irish laws and customs, dress and language and became so attached to the Irish soil and united to the Irish people that, according to the proverb, they were *Hibernis hiberniores*. English endeavor sought, indeed, to subject them, together with the Irish chieftains, to English rule, but these "English rebels," as they came to be called, as likewise the "Irish enemies," as were designated the latter, long opposed the endeavor. Nevertheless, throughout the period of contention, Irish and Normans were alike so zealous for religion that in the course of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries they founded between them nearly three hundred monasteries. And meanwhile nothing further was accomplished in relation to the conquest of Ireland, English overseas endeavors being devoted instead to conquests in France.

Before pursuing the subsequent history of Ireland it may be here observed by way of recapitulation that since both Britain and Ireland had been converted by the Holy See and had done so much for Christendom during a period in which their aid was sorely needed, it seemed incumbent upon the Popes to take action when

⁵ Mosheim, *Eccl. Hist.*, Vol. III., p. 109, and note, transl.

subsequently they needed restoration, and the Northmen after long settlement among them remained still separate and uncivilized. A remedy was needed for both islands, and it seemed fitting that one and the same remedy should be applied to both; that the Normans, near at hand, converted and civilized, fully equipped for the enterprise, and of the same stock as the Danes, or Northmen, should be sent to both islands to reform and unite them and to do for the Northmen what Anglo-Saxons and Irish alike had so signally failed to do. "The Northmen had been their bane, and, in the intention of the Pope, the Normans were to be the antidote."⁸

The temporal evils in which both islands were involved by the application of the remedy—evils attendant always in greater or less measure upon the process of conquest—were, of course, no part of the Pope's intention; nor were they, in whatever degree foreseen, to be weighed in the balance against the religious and civil advantages to be gained. It is remarkable, too, that despite the sufferings which the Irish have endured in consequence of the annexation of their country to the English crown, they never have attributed them to the action of the Pope, and, on the contrary, have ever remained devotedly loyal to him. They know, also only too well, that their most serious sufferings did not begin until in the sixteenth century the English monarchy broke with the Pope, and England under tyrannically imposed Protestantism became, and has ever since remained, in consequence of Irish refusal in like manner to apostatize, Ireland's most bitter oppressor and foe. They know well, from an experience more terrible than has been inflicted on any other people, that to Protestantism is due the barbarous oppression under which they suffered, almost without intermission, from the accession of Elizabeth of England until the end of the eighteenth century; that to Protestantism is due the cruel depopulations of vast tracts of their fair country and the plantings of their provinces instead with aliens alike in religion and in race; that to it is due that commercial invasion through three weary centuries which wrung from Grattan the well-known condemnation: "To find a worse government than the government of the English in Ireland you must go to hell for your policy and to bedlam for your discretion;" that the English Protestant government is responsible for the horrible atrocities of the suppression of the Irish rising of 1798; responsible also for the callous and cruel neglect of the indigent and starving Irish in the Black Famine of 1845 to 1848, despite the fact that in the first year of this potato famine £17,000,000 in wheat and cattle were exported to England—a famine resulting in the death by starvation of from one and a

⁸ Cp. Newman's *Hist. Sketches*, Vol. III., p. 287.

half to two millions of Ireland's men, women and children and the migration of two millions more, packed as sardines in fetid steerages, subjected to sickness, starvation and, worst of all, to vile outrage by brutal and immoral crews upon Ireland's proverbially pure daughters. Little marvel, then, that some ten years later in the land of their migration an association of Irishmen was formed for the overthrow of the English government in Ireland. *Fianna Eirionn*, "champions of Erin," is the probable derivation of the appellation "Fenianism" given to it. And while certain acts in Ireland by individuals said to have belonged to it are, of course, to be reprobated, it should be remembered that to make savages of a people is to expect them to behave as savages. That such was both the expectation and the intention of English misgovernment in Ireland is shown by the historian Alzog, who observes that under Elizabeth and her successors a persecution, in the interests of Protestantism, was carried on against the Catholics of Ireland "so cold-blooded, systematic and atrocious that since the time of the Pharaohs the world has seen nothing comparable to it," and that "such, with the exception of short intervals of peace, occurring at long intervals, was the normal condition of Ireland for three centuries," and then adds: "To hold that country dependent on England, the people were kept in a chronic state of insurrection, and the ministers of Elizabeth did not attempt to conceal that they practiced so infamous a means for so iniquitous a purpose. When, goaded to desperation, the people rose in rebellion, they were put down by fire and sword, and the work of destruction was completed by the ravages of famine."¹ To attempt resistance, more especially in defense of the Catholic religion, was ruled as high treason, and was punished accordingly. And of the enactments of the reign of Queen Anne, the statesman Edmund Burke observes: "It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

"Go into the length and breadth of the world," exclaimed Gladstone in his endeavor to repair Ireland's wrongs; "ransack the literature of all countries, find if you can a single voice, a single book, in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with bitter and profound condemnation." And how is it to be expected that, after three centuries of such conduct, England, apostate still, and still impenitent, can hope to conciliate a people goaded by her to hatred of her name and race and

¹ Univ. Ch. Hist., Vol. III., p. 351, transl.

Protestant apostasy. No such expectation is to be met with outside of England. The expectation rather is that, since a nation is an ethical entity, and a Nemesis awaits the crimes of nations as surely as it does those of individual men, a Nemesis there must be in store for England, a payment of the penal debt accumulated through three centuries of persecution of Ireland, ere she can expect forgiveness and win Ireland's good will. Nor is it easy to see how this can be brought about save by England's humiliation, repentance and a return to her former faith and spiritual allegiance.

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CURIOUS FUNERAL RITES AND BURIAL PLACES.

IN every country in the world and among all classes and conditions of men a deep interest has ever centred upon the ceremonies and rites of burial. Every nation and every age has had its own peculiar manner of disposing of its dead. Thus we find mummification among the Egyptians, incineration among the Greeks, Romans, Siamese and other nations of ancient times (and quite a revival of it in our own day and country), and interment in various forms and positions among these and other nations at different periods.

It was the custom among certain nomadic tribes to expose their dead to the ravages of the weather and to wild beasts, while the Kamtschatdales keep special dogs to consume their dead, under the belief that they who are eaten by dogs will enjoy the happiness of driving fine dogs in the other world. In some countries of Africa persons struck by lightning are deprived of sepulture and are hacked to pieces by the priests, who are supposed to eat them, while other tribes bury them on the spot where they fall.

Among the nations that practice interment we likewise find many strange customs, and much importance seems to be attached not only to the position in which the body is placed, but as to what point of the compass it faces. Sometimes we find the body laid out in the ground and heaps of stones piled over and around it to keep off the beasts of prey, while the Moors add prickly thorns to secure greater protection. Among some of the rudest tribes it was the custom to lay their dead in the hollow trunks of trees or in boats or to wrap them in the skins of animals. Some of the American Indians bury their children apart from adults and sometimes by the wayside, so that their souls may enter the bodies of persons passing by.

Embalming and drying dead bodies on trees or scaffolds erected for the purpose before burying them has been resorted to in regard to men; women were buried as they died. The Tondas burned all except children the victims of infanticide, whom they bury.

We have alluded to the various forms and positions in burial. Some place their dead in a recumbent position; others sitting; some facing the east and others the west, while others again, like the Bongos, bury men facing the north and women facing the south.

Nor are strange customs confined to the manner of burying the dead. They extend to the ceremonies incident to it. Even among primitive nations we find fasting, neglecting the hair, wearing rags or sackcloth, daubing the person with mud and an entire neglect of the usual comforts as signs of mourning, while sorrow, real or feigned, found expression in the wringing of hands, tearing the hair, shaving the head, beating the breast and the like. We find New Zealanders gashing themselves with broken shells and Hawaiians knocking out their teeth and cutting off a finger-joint or an ear. Among other peoples we find grief frequently manifested in singing lamentations, playing plaintive airs and dancing funeral dances. Customs of this kind prevail among the Irish peasantry, among Chilians, gypsies and even among the copper-colored natives of North and Central America.

The idea prevalent among all classes of people that death is a transition from this to another world has also given rise to many curious customs. The soul must be provided with necessities while on that journey, hence meat, drink, weapons, musical instruments, medicines, light, money, horses, servants and even wives are among the things buried with the body. The Gonds are so dainty as to furnish their dead with a supply of toothpicks; the Aztecs gave them water bottles; the North American Indians included a kettle of provisions, bows and arrows, a pair of moccasins and even spare pieces of deerskin to patch them with. The Laplanders furnished the corpse with flint, steel and tinder to give it light for the dark journey; the ancient Mexicans gave their dead slips of paper to serve as passports, and the Greeks put an obolus in the dead man's mouth to pay Charon for ferrying him across the Stygian lake. Among the Greenlanders it was customary to bury a dog with the body of a child, that it might not be without a guide, the Greenlander believing that the dog can find his way anywhere. The Norse warrior insisted upon having his horse and armor buried with him, that he might ride to Valhalla with becoming dignity, and even among the Arabs it was at one time the custom to leave the dead man's camel to die upon his grave.

Human sacrifices have not been confined to any special class of

people. The Figians have been known to strangle wives, slaves and friends, that they might attend the deceased. Among the Japanese it was at one time the custom for twenty or thirty slaves to kill themselves by "hari-kari" to serve their dead masters in the other world, and the Quakeloths of North America were wont to lay the widow's head in the burning corpse and then drag her out half dead. How devoted wives must have been in those times and how anxious they must have been to prolong the lives of their liege lords! The natives of Dahomey kept up intercourse with the departed by killing a slave from time to time and sending his soul to carry news from the living.

The custom among the Hindoos of placing the wives and concubines of the dead man upon the funeral pile and of incinerating them with him is well known to all readers. As recently as 1843, on the death of Soonchet-Sing, uncle of the Cashmerian Maharajah, the *five hundred* wives which constituted his principal harem were *bureid alive* with his body at Ramnagar and *twenty-five* others that he had at Jummoo shared the same fate. In 1863 another similar immolation took place at the violent and mysterious death of Jowahir-Sing, the Maharajah's cousin. Thirty-two of his widows were consumed with the remains of their late husband. On another occasion a solitary widow is described by an English tourist as sitting on a funeral pile with her husband's head upon her lap. Seized with terror at the approach of the hissing flames, she sprang from the pile and sought to escape by flight, but the attending priests, horrified at her sacrilegious conduct, caught her and threw her back in the burning pile, where she perished, uttering screams that would have moved the hardest hearts to pity. Happily in our day the custom of incinerating widows has entirely disappeared wherever English rule prevails in Hindustan.

Funeral feasts prevail extensively in America, Asia and Africa and grow partly out of a desire to do honor to the dead and partly from a belief that the dead participate in the good cheer. They are not merely commemorative, but communion meals. The Naga tribes of Assam celebrated their funeral feasts monthly by laying food and drink on the graves of the departed. The Karens, while habitually making oblations, have also annual feasts for the dead, "at which they invite the spirits to eat and drink." The ancient Peruvians were wont from time to time to assemble the embalmed bodies of their dead Incas in the grand plaza at Quito to be feasted in company with the people.

The writer of this article spent a portion of his childhood in Cuba. Among his father's servants was a Congo Negro named Tomas. On one occasion, on the eve of a *Día de los Finados* (eve

of All Souls), Tomas prevailed upon the child in question to place beside his bed before retiring for the night a plate of eatables of different kinds, which the Negro insisted would protect him against the wrath of evil spirits. The child complied with his request, but instead of going to sleep, watched for the spirits. When all was quiet and the bells of the neighboring churches had sounded the midnight hour a dark form appeared at the open window. After looking around cautiously it glided noiselessly to where the plate was awaiting the visit of the "perturbed spirit." In a moment the same dark form was silently gliding out through the window, when the child called out, "*Adios, Tomas.*" It is needless to add that on the following morning when waiting on the breakfast table Tomas wore a very sober face and was very reticent on the question of spirits.

Funeral feasts are not confined to savage or ignorant races, for in England there is frequent mention of "funeral baked meats," and the Greeks burned meats upon the graves as offerings to the dead. In connection with funeral feasts were funeral games, which among the Greeks were chiefly horse races and among the Romans processions and mortal combats of gladiators around the funeral pile. These games were abolished by the Emperor Claudius in the year 47 of the Christian era.

Funeral orations were also in vogue among the Greeks and Romans over their dead when they were eminent for rank, great deeds and virtues. We read that Theopompus obtained a prize for the best funeral oration in praise of Mausolus, 253 B. C. Popilia was the first Roman lady of whom we have any record who had an oration pronounced at her funeral; it was delivered by her son Crasus, and Cicero tells us that Julius Cæsar did the like for his aunt Julia and for his wife. In Greece, according to Herodotus, Solon was the first who pronounced a funeral oration, 580 B. C., and if we go back to Scriptural times we find that David lamented over Saul and Jonathan, 1056 B. C., and over Abraham 1048 B. C. The custom prevails in several European countries to this day.

It would be an endless task to attempt to describe even the *strangest* of the customs and rites attending the disposal of the dead, and their history, interesting as it is, must be sought for in works far more elaborate and pretentious than the limits allotted to an article like this permit. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a few illustrations of funerals in our own day and among civilized and partly civilized nations.

Probably one of the most novel sights to an American would be a funeral procession on Lake Gmünden, in Upper Austria. The town is situated upon the lake and is surrounded by mountains. Access

from one place to another is found more readily by boats, hence religious and funeral processions are frequently seen upon the lake. The body of the deceased is taken from the house of death to the church, where the Requiem Mass is celebrated. The coffin is then covered with a pall and borne not to a hearse, but to a funeral barge, on which it is deposited with care. A crucifix is placed at the head of the coffin (the fashionable casket has not reached there yet). Following this barge are two more, side by side, one occupied by the clergy, the other by the mourning relatives of the deceased. These boats are distinguished by banners bearing religious devices. The friends of the bereaved family follow in other boats at respectful distances, and thus the solemn procession is rowed along the lakes, the clergy and faithful chanting appropriate hymns and their voices, echoing and reëchoing from mountain to mountain, find sympathetic responses among the sick or aged mountaineers who, unable to take part in the mournful procession, join it in spirit and, devoutly crossing themselves, fall upon their knees and recommend the departed soul to Divine mercy.

In France nearly every department has its own peculiar custom regarding funerals. In the larger cities the pomp attending them is measured by the means of the family of the deceased, but there is no country in the world, perhaps, where the dead is more thoroughly respected. Nothing but the mail van is allowed to break a funeral procession, no matter whether it be that of a prince or a pauper, and if a funeral happens to come upon a passing body of troops, they halt, open ranks and, no matter what may have been the social standing of the deceased, present arms until the funeral has passed.

If we pay a visit to the *Salle des Pompas Funebres*, in the coachman's dressing rooms we shall see them preparing for a funeral *de premiere*; we shall also see the "mutes" preparing for a funeral of the same kind. These "mutes" are to be found nearly all over the continent. They are employed by undertakers to act as assistants and pallbearers. They walk beside the hearse, where one is used, or they bear the coffin on their shoulders when it is not. Their dress varies with the country to which they belong and the age of the deceased. In France the costume is generally a black dress coat and black silk hat. In Spain and her colonies the "mutes" wear knee breeches, long hose, low shoes with buckles and *chapeaux*. If the deceased is an adult, the black is worn; if a child or very young person, the colors are light. They are preceded at funerals by a *commissaire*, who clears the way. In Holland the "mutes" wear black, with long white neckties and long, flowing cloaks.

In some parts of France it was the custom to place the coffin near the door of the house so as to be seen from the street, and it is

sometimes watched by "mutes" or *religieuses*. It is surrounded by black hangings, candles, etc. In country places the body is generally carried to the grave by friends who relieve one another at intervals along the way. I witnessed such a procession one morning at St. Etienne. The funeral procession left the church adjoining my hotel somewhat as follows: Priest, in cassock, surplice and beretta; acolytes, with candles and censor; chanters, one of whom carried a musical instrument with which to give the tone to the chanters; next came the peasant women carrying lighted candles, then the corpse borne on the shoulders of friends of the deceased; it was followed by two *religieuses*, the members of the family and the friends of the departed. Psalms were chanted on the way to the cemetery and the scene was quite impressive. The priest who attended the funeral was an old missionary who had spent the best years of his life on the mission in Texas and who was then chaplain at the Hospice de la Charité.

It is considered a breach of politeness for any one to remain in the room with the corpse when the family is taking leave of its dead or when the coffin is being closed forever. When the coffin is taken out of the house, especially in large towns or cities, the ladies alone enter the carriages; the gentlemen attend the funeral on foot, unless the distance to the cemetery is great; in this case they walk part of the way.

In Spanish countries, and especially in Spanish America, the corpse is decked out in its best and is exposed to public view, being placed in an open coffin on a bier four or five feet high and surrounded with lighted candles. Many of the old customs have been modified of late years. Among the more intelligent people the body is watched through the night by friends and relatives who relieve one another in reciting prayers for the repose of the departed. The watchers are supplied with refreshments, which are partaken of sparingly and with due respect for the occasion. If the deceased is a child or a young person, the bier is strewn with flowers and there is less solemnity among the watchers, but they never lose sight of the presence of death. Among the lower classes of the people the custom of watching and praying with the dead in many places degenerated into those "wakes" which were not to edification and which have become a thing of the past.

It may not be out of place to give a brief description of one or two South American "wakes." In one case we find a curious mingling of Christian and pagan forms. The candles, indicative of an ever-living faith, surround the form of a dead child on whose head is a wreath of roses, in sad contrast with the pale hue of death upon its face; be it remembered that there was an attempt made to

preserve the body by artificial means. In one corner of the room sits the *padre*, and near him sits a woman evidently not a gypsy like the inmates of the house, for she is devoutly saying her beads. On either side of these two figures we find a man playing a mandolin and another playing the castinets, while a number of men and women engage in dancing around the bier, beside which the mother is sitting overcome with grief. But the faces of the dancers are by no means cheerful; on the contrary, they wear a saddened look; the dance is one of the death dances referred to above.

Another "wake," also that of a child, appears to us who do not understand the customs of the people and the meaning of these customs as a jumble of inconsistencies. The corpse is arrayed in a most fantastic style, with ornamented cap and wings suggestive of the future state of baptized infants. A canopy is hung over the bier and candles and flowers are placed around it. The watchers are whiling away the time with song and mandolin, while a kind neighbor prepares refreshments for the assembled guests, who sit around engaged in conversation, but not in boisterousness. In Spanish countries the body is rarely kept in the house over twenty-four hours, and funerals are attended only by men, women never going beyond the house of mourning.

Besides the modes of disposing of the dead already described there is another that has grown very popular with a certain class of people in our day, who defend its practice from every point of view except the Christian.

Cremation or incineration was practiced by the Greeks and Romans to a great extent in former times. In Siam it was considered the only honorable means of disposing of the dead. Even Jews resorted to cremation in the Valley of Tophet in time of plague; indeed, we find it in almost general usage among the ancient nations, except among the Egyptians, who embalmed the bodies of their dead. In Judea the dead were buried in sepulchres, and the Chinese buried in the earth. In Greece incineration was considered most honorable and was denied to suicides, unteethed children and persons struck by lightning. In Rome, from the close of the Republic to the end of the fourth Christian century, burning on the pyre, or *rogus*, was the general rule.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the period of its adoption and disuse, for Marcobius tells us that it ceased in the reign of the younger Theodosius, while other writers describe the young Numa Pompilius in the vaults of the Temple of Ceres, at Cures, in Sabinia, standing before the urn which contained the ashes of his father, Tadius, and listening to the words of wisdom that were to guide his future career as they fell from the lips of Tullius, the High Priest of the Temple.

That the practice of cremation was very general may be judged from the urns of the ancients which have been found over so large a portion of the world that it seems difficult to determine to what particular country they belonged. After the battle of Sebastopol some British officers found vessels of this kind in the ground supposed to have contained the ashes of the besiegers of Troy. Nearly all the Romans of rank were cremated and their ashes preserved in beautifully decorated urns. These urns were generally deposited in vaults or in *columbaria* along the Via Appia. There is a statue of a Roman Emperor holding an urn containing his own ashes.

The funeral rites of the ancient Romans are not devoid of interest. The body was bathed in perfume, arrayed in rich garments and laid out on a couch strewn with flowers; the outer door of the house was shaded with branches of cypress, and, as Charon would not convey the departed spirit across the Styx without the payment of a fixed toll, a coin was placed in the mouth of the deceased to meet this demand. The funeral took place by torchlight and the body was borne by near friends and relatives on an open bier covered with the richest cloth. Lictors arrayed in black regulated the procession. If the deceased had been a soldier, the insignia of his rank was displayed and the corps to which he belonged marched with reversed arms. Before the corpse were carried images of the deceased and of his ancestors; then followed musicians and mourning women hired to sing his praises. Dancers and buffoons followed, one of whom attempted to represent the character of the dead man and to imitate his actions when alive. The family of the deceased followed the bier in deep mourning, the sons with their heads covered and the daughters unveiled and their hair disheveled. Magistrates and patricians attended without badges or ornaments, and the procession was closed with the freedmen of the deceased wearing the liberty cap. When the funeral pile was reached an oration was delivered by a friend (recall Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar) and the bier was placed upon the pyre raised in the form of an altar. The procession moved slowly around it to the sound of solemn music, and then the nearest relative advanced from the train with a lighted torch and set fire to the pile. Perfumes and spices were thrown into the flames and the embers were quenched with wine. The ashes were collected and placed in a costly urn, which was deposited in the family sepulchre. In the case of a soldier his arms and the spoils he had won from the enemy were sometimes consumed with his remains.

II. TOMBS AND CATACOMBS.

Next to the study of the manner of disposing of the dead we are naturally led to the study of the means resorted to in different climes

and ages for the preservation of their remains and for the perpetuation of their memory. That burial out of sight was the original mode of disposing of the dead there can be no doubt, for we find Abraham bargaining with the sons of Heth for "a possession of a burial place" that he "may bury his dead wife out of sight." We see also that a cave in the field of Machpelah was "*made sure* unto Abraham" for that purpose.

The general tendency of mankind has always been to bury its dead out of sight of the living, and the various methods for the accomplishment of this may be summed up as follows: The simple closing up of the body in earth or stone; the burning of the body and the entombing of the ashes, and the embalming of the body. From burying in isolated places, as practiced by migratory tribes, came the custom of designating certain places for general burial, hence the cemetery or elisium, a place of rest. The first cemetery of which we have any mention was in Egypt, and was situated on the banks of a romantic lake called Aberyusia, which name signified the last state of man. The cemetery was called the Eliseum. It may be well to add while referring to the cemetery that it was not open to every one. A committee of forty-two judges sat upon the body, and if in their judgment the deceased was not of good character, he was sent down the river to a common ditch called Tartarus, hence the "gloomy Tartarus" in mythology. If the deceased died insolvent, his body was given to his creditors, who kept it until it was ransomed. The committee was no respecter of persons, and even Kings have been refused admittance to this cemetery.

The tomb, the abiding place of the departed, in time came to be modeled after the abode of the living. The early dwellings of the living were either caves burrowed in the earth or the crevices of rocks; so, too, the first tombs were excavations. Such we find them in ancient Egypt, while the ledges of rock which skirt the Valley of the Nile are pigeonholed with rock-cut tombs in the vicinity of the great cities, especially the more ancient. The same may be said of a large part of Syria, while in Upper Egypt,* Etruria and Sicily these cities of the dead are even laid out in streets like those of the living.

The tomb, too, in the course of time was made to resemble, in its structural form at least, the chambers of the living. The grave was dug out and sometimes walled in and generally covered with a mound of earth not only for protection, but to hide the relics, or rather the valuable objects it was customary in those times to inter with the dead (that they might want for nothing during the journey

*Under the direction of the late Cardinal Lavignerie explorations were made among the ruins of Carthage, and the discoveries made in the old cemeteries of inscriptions, etc., are of intense interest to the archæologist.

from time to eternity) from hostile tribes. That this custom prevailed to a very great extent is amply attested to even in this day by the countless tumuli to be found not only in India and Ireland, but likewise along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. From the shores of Lake Erie, where they are scarcely discernible, these tumuli generally increase in size until they rise up to the colossal heights of the pyramids of Anahuac and Tolteca. In Ionia, Etruria and Greece the tumulus is found rising gradually to monumental magnificence.

In the earlier days of Greece and Rome the custom of keeping the dead in the house prevailed for a long time, as Servius tells us, and it is well known that the Egyptians were wont to preserve the embalmed bodies of their departed ones with affectionate care in their own houses. This custom was not calculated to become either universal or lasting, as however spacious private dwellings might be, there would in time be no room for the living. The dead therefore passed from the home to the temple. Indeed, the temple is the outgrowth of the tomb, for Eusebius and Lactantius both tell us that such was the religious care the ancients bestowed upon their tombs that they became temples and holy places. Indeed, the religion of the tomb was regarded as something so holy that greater care was taken of the habitations of the dead than of those of the living, and they were guarded with jealous care against desecration. According to Roman law, the place in which a man was buried was sacred (*ubi corpus de mortui hominis candas, sacer est*), and it was considered desecrated by the interment of a stranger, of an unworthy member of the family or by demolition or degradation of the tomb. Permission to make repairs was granted solely on condition that the ashes of the dead should not be disturbed. The violation of a tomb was punishable by condemnation to the galleys, fustigation and having the hands cut off.

However interesting the history of the tomb may be, we have neither time nor space to follow it up in this article, except, perhaps, in so far as it refers to certain particular places of sepulture, and then only in the briefest manner.

The most primitive burial places in our time are to be found probably among the American Indians. Here we find platform graves, tree-burial and dead-houses. Among the Sioux may be seen child-graves hanging from the branches of tall trees and over the waters of placid streams. On the banks of these streams at times may be seen hungry wolves, drawn thither no doubt by the odor of decomposition, and looking wistfully at the swinging cradle.

In sequestered valleys near rivers the traveler sometimes comes

across the elevated platform tombs of the Sioux. The bodies are wrapped in bark and the skins of beasts and propped up on stilts at different elevations and securely fastened to the trunks of trees, while near the corpse hangs the never failing wooden dish to enable it to quench its thirst while on its long journey; the moon shines down upon the silent scene, disturbed only, perhaps, by the shrill hoot of the solitary owl that keeps watch from the treetop. The Northwestern Indians, like the savages of the upper plateau of Laos, India, build houses for their dead and surround them with everything necessary for comfort and defense against the depredations of wild beasts. In some cases long sharp thorns are placed around and over the houses and platforms of the abodes or around the trees to which the dead are fastened. Poles are placed in an upright position and sometimes crosspoles extending between them, on which are hung the funeral gifts which remain with the dead. Among the Mandans the dead are placed on a slight scaffold, as already described, some seven feet high, and there left to decay. When in the process of time the scaffold gives way and falls, the relatives bury the remains of the deceased, with the exception of the skull, which they place on the ground, forming circles of a hundred or more, all with the faces looking inward and all resting on fresh bunches of herbs. A little mound is piled up in the centre of each circle, in which is placed the skulls of the male and female bison, and on the mound is placed a long pole, on which hang sundry "medicine" articles which are supposed to aid in guarding the remains of the dead. These skull-circles are constantly visited by relatives, and mothers will sit for hours together by the skulls of their children, going on with their work and talking to them as if they were living.

The Chinooks place their dead in canoes, the warrior's arms and utensils always accompanying him. The custom of burying the widow of the deceased with them at one time prevailed to some extent among the American Indians, and there is a case on record in which the young sweetheart of a Natchez chief voluntarily offered herself to be strangled with his wives, that she might share his grave. The reader cannot fail to notice the similarity between this North American custom of strangling wives and the well-known Suttee (or Sutti) of India. The same custom prevails among the Fijians. In most cases the women are foremost in demanding death, and the Fijian wife goes so far as to help dig her own grave, lines it with mats and then seats herself in it.

The custom of tree-burial is not confined to the American Indians; it also prevails in Australia, in some parts of which the natives, instead of burning the body or hiding it in caves or in graves,

make it a conspicuous object. Lying in its canoe-coffin and so covered over with leaves and grass as to leave its shape clearly discernible, the body is lifted into a convenient fork of a tree and lashed to the boughs by native ropes.

Platform and shed burial is practiced in the Society Islands. Among the Tahitians the bodies of ordinary chiefs are laid out under the protection of a covered shed. The chief mourner wears an extraordinary dress, described as being "composed in the most ingenious manner of mother-of-pearl, feathers, bark cloth and similar materials, and has a peculiarly startling appearance from the contrast between the glittering white of the pearl shell and the dark feathers with which the shell is surrounded." The *tupapau* is a building in which the bodies of the chiefs are exhibited when lying in state. They are surrounded with palisades and are profusely decorated with scarlet feathers, cloth and other precious ornaments. Men are detailed to the *tupapau* to watch over it night and day, attend to the proper arrangement of the cloth and feathers, receive the offerings of fruit and provisions that are constantly made and prevent intruders from venturing within the palisades.

The custom of burying the dead in a crouched position prevails among the aboriginal inhabitants of South America. The Mapuche chief of Araucunia (Chile) when dead is bound with the knees to the breast and lowered into the grave facing the west, the direction of the Mapuche spiritland. The saddle, bridle, spurs and stirrups of the deceased are laid by his side, together with some provisions for the journey, a few beads and a piece of money and the grave is filled up. It may be well to state in this connection that as the chief's horse accoutrements are of silver and valuable they are represented by wooden copies, which are supposed to answer all the requirements of the dead chief, while the genuine articles become the property of his successor. At the head of the grave is planted the dead man's lance, the steel head of which is replaced by one of wood. Usage requires that a horse be sacrificed with the dead chief, and it is very likely that a wooden one would be substituted were it not that the Mapuches are very fond of horseflesh. A grand banquet is had and the skin (which is afterward stuffed and placed on four sticks near the grave) and the "spirit" of the horse are the only portions appropriated to the dead chief. The crouched position is also peculiar to the Peruvian tribes. The dead chief is decked out in all the feathers and other paraphernalia peculiar to his station, and with sceptre in hand he is crouched up in an antenatal position and placed in a womb-shaped urn, indicative of his new birth to an immortal life.

The Wallachians bury their dead in graves very much after the

manner of our own people; the earth is mounded over the grave, at the head of which a small lamp, in form not unlike those found in the Roman catacombs, is kept lighted as an emblem of the immortality of the soul.

The Parsees, or Fire Worshipers, do not seem to have any more regard for the fate of their dead than the Australians or some of the American Indians. They carry the bodies of their departed to their "Towers of Silence," within which is a house of prayer for those attending the funeral and a temple in which a sacred fire is kept burning. "The corpse of a deceased Parsee," says a writer in a Bombay paper, "clothed in white, is carried in an open bier covered with white cloth; the male relatives, all clothed in white, follow in pairs, each pair holding a handkerchief between them. Some prayers having been said in the rest-house, the body is again taken up and carried to one of the towers. At a distance of thirty feet from the ground there is a door in the wall through which the corpse-bearers push the body, and then, entering themselves, place it in the appointed place. The interior of each tower, which is open to the sky, is covered at an elevation of twenty-five feet from the ground, with a circular flooring which slopes downward on all sides to the centre and contains numerous open graves or receptacles for the bodies." The outer circle of the flooring is reserved for the bodies of men, the second for those of women, and the third or innermost for those of children. As soon as the bodies are deposited in their places the bearers retire and immediately swarms of vultures, which are continually sitting in dozens upon the tops of the walls, swoop down upon the body and inside of two hours strip it of every particle of flesh. In a few days the corpse-bearers return and, collecting the bones which are then dried, place them on a central wall to be decomposed by air and rain.

In Turkey the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them which is only equaled in Christian lands. As a rule, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries adjoining the towns and villages. They appear to be two cities placed side by side—the city of the living and the city of the dead, the population of the latter far exceeding that of the former. Turkish cemeteries may be recognized at a distance by the lofty and sombre phalanx of cypress trees, which are always the favorite attendants on Turkish graves. The immense burial grounds of the Turks on the Asiatic side of Constantinople have been much and favorably commented upon by travelers. The eye beholds to a wide extent stone after stone rising over innumerable graves, while thick spreading trees spread their branches and their shade over them. While contemplating this scene a silent awe pervades the mind and

the feeling is increased by the arrival of bodies to be deposited by the side of their friends and relatives. In some places we see female figures mourning over the last earthly abode of a husband, a father or a friend, while in others men are seen prone upon the ground in the attitude of prayer. At an anniversary feast in a Turkish cemetery the tombs of the dead and the tents of the living are decorated with cypress branches. The young and the old are gathered around the tombs of the loved ones and meat and drink are spread out upon them to be partaken of according to the prescribed ritual. The idea of making the grave-heap an altar on which offerings of food for the departed may be placed is not by any means confined to the teachings of the Koran. It prevails among the lower races in their ghost propitiation, and the "survivals" of such customs have been traced among highly civilized nations of modern times. It prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, the ancient Mexicans and the Chinese. The Parsees were required to render their *afringans* (chasings), which were to be recited over a meal to which an angel or spirit of a deceased person was invited at each of the six seasons of their year, and also on certain other days. The early Christians in the catacombs were wont to partake of meals upon the tombs of those who died martyrs to their holy faith, and when the days of persecution had passed away they loved to gather the relics of the martyrs and place them under the altars upon which the Eucharistic Sacrifice was offered up.

We cannot dismiss this subject—the homes of the dead—though far from being exhausted, without giving a few moments' consideration to the catacombs. It was our good fortune to be permitted on one occasion to wander among the Roman catacombs and to look upon the resting places of some of God's holy martyrs, and the impressions produced by these visits are still vividly impressed upon our memory.

The catacombs, as is well known, consist of labyrinths of subterranean galleries crossing one another in different directions and here and there opening into chambers more or less lofty and spacious.

The entire chain of mountains near Thebes, in Egypt, is mined by tombs some four thousand years old. They occupy a deep ravine in the centre of the Mountain Libycus and lying some distance from the banks of the Nile. These tombs were reached by an artificial passage. All the sarcophagi of the Kings have long since been violated, but they still preserve their wonderful paintings, in which the entire history of ancient Egypt may be read. Every action of the lives of the Egyptian rulers is here represented, with the furniture they used and even the playthings of their chil-

dren. The catacombs for the poor were limited, rude and undorned, and the mummies were packed together as close as they could be laid, leaving a narrow passage between the wall of bodies.

The best known catacombs of our day are to be found in Syracuse, Malta, Paris and Rome. The Paris catacombs, the excavations of which are estimated to extend over an area of 3,000,000 square metres, were originally quarries worked as far back as the Roman period and yielding a soft kind of limestone, which hardened on exposure to the air. These subterranean galleries extended under a very large part of the city and at one time threatened to engulf several streets. They were very ingeniously propped up, however, named after the streets above them and opened up by sixty different entrances to the surface. These catacombs were not devoted to sepulchral purposes until 1784, when the Conseil d'État issued a decree for closing the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents and for removing the contents, as well as those of other burial places, to the quarries beneath the southern part of Paris. During the Revolution and the Reign of Terror the remains of the countless dead were thrown in confused masses into these cavities, the only order observed being that those from each cemetery were kept separate. In 1810 a regular system of arranging them was begun and subsequently carried out. Partitions were made, a plentiful supply of air was admitted and ditches were dug to carry off the water. The galleries and apartments are now artistically lined with human bones carefully assorted and intermingled with skulls. Even chapels are made of these ghastly materials and furnished with inscriptions. It is estimated that the remains of at least 3,000,000 human beings are ranged along the walls of the Paris catacombs. No bodies are interred there now.

The most interesting and best known catacombs are those of Rome. They attract attention because they were originally the homes as well as the burial places of the early Christians. We shall never forget our visit to the Catacombs of St. Agnes and St. Calixtus, but we shall have to defer any reference to it until some future occasion. It would take a large volume to give even a brief description of subterranean Rome. Nor are the venerated dead confined within these vast precincts. The city of Rome is one vast cemetery. The vaults of its church are filled with the bones of martyrs and saints. In the crypt of St. Peter's besides the tombs of apostles are the remains of nearly all the Popes. The distinguished Irishmen, O'Neill and O'Donnell, rest in San Pietro, in Montorio, while the heart of O'Connell, the great "agitator," is in the shrine of St. Agatha. Casket Angelo was once (A. D. 130) the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian. Along the Via Appia we find the tomb of

Cecilia Metella, erected some 2,000 years ago by Crassus in memory of his wife. Near the Porta San Paolo is the tomb or pyramid of Cestius, 125 feet high and 100 feet wide at the base, with walls 25 feet thick. The interior contains vast burial chambers, the inner walls of which are covered with paintings. Cicero tells us that Cestius, who was very wealthy, left a large sum of money for the erection of this monument to himself.

There are many tombs in our own country and in Europe to which we might refer if space permitted. We might point out the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon and wonder why a spot so sacred to the American mind remained so long neglected. We might go to the Riverside Drive, New York, and admire the costly mausoleum raised to the memory of General Grant; we might contemplate the simple slab that covers the remains of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, or the monument that marks the last resting place of Edgar A. Poe in Baltimore. We might take the reader through Westminster Abbey and describe the tombs of St. Edward the Confessor, the Crusaders, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, the Earl of Chatham, Ben Jonson, Milton, Sir Isaac Newton and a host of others. We might go, too, to Père-la Chaise, in Paris, and wander among the tombs of Lafontaine, Molière, Beranger, Sydney Smith, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy, Talma, Rachel, Marshal Ney, Abelard and Heloise and of many other characters famous in history, but we have said enough, we hope, to awaken the reader's interest and lead him to seek further information concerning tombs and catacombs in more pretentious works.

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MARC F. VALLETTE.

ART AND GOD.

I.

THE FATHER.

WE sometimes hear it said that it is unlawful to represent God the Father in human form in art. Judging by the rarity of the representations of the First Divine Person, we might be tempted to believe this was an explanation of the phenomenon. Certain it is that throughout the early centuries of Christianity, even on through the Middle Ages, God the Father was either not represented or given only a secondary position; God the Son occupies the whole foreground of early Christian art; next in importance is His Mother. An instance of this is to be seen in the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Jesus and His Mother are everywhere; over the central door Christ sits in judgment; on the right door He is a babe on His Mother's knee; on the left door He is a man, attending His dying Mother; above this again He is seen crowning her. In like manner throughout the Cathedral the life of Jesus is represented in detail; He is the centre point on which all other decorations are focused. The Father appears only once, and then but partially; in the Gethsemane scene the hand and face of God appear as Jesus says: "If it be Thy will, take this chalice from Me." Such, then, is the treatment of the Father in art as late as the thirteenth century. The First Person is sometimes rendered even ridiculous, hateful or cruel, beating men with His fists and driving them with arrows, just as we read of the pagan Apollo.

How, then, are we to account for this strange treatment of that tender Father who has numbered all the hairs of our heads, who clothes even the lily and feeds the raven? Are we to blame the early artists and bless those of our own day? We will probably be safe in saying that both are to blame and both merit benediction.

There are several reasons to account for the apparently ungenerous treatment of the Father in the early ages. In the first place, we have the influence of the widespread Gnostic heresy. This sect believed that the God of the Old Testament was not their true God; that He was too rigorous a master. How could an all-loving Father condemn all mankind for one man's original sin, destroy mankind by the deluge, slay the murmuring Israelites in the desert and cause the death of 70,000 of them merely to punish David for his pride? The great law-giver, Moses, the "meekest of men," forestalls the Gnostics when he reminds the Jews that God had

"kept them as the apple of His eye;" that He had taken them on His back, as the eagle does her young. Moses seems even to challenge the Gnostics when he exclaims: "Oh, that they were wise! that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end." (Deut. xxxii., 29.) In hatred of Jehovah these heretics denounced the Father as the archenemy of Jesus, who had contrived to make Him die on the Cross through jealousy of Him; they shattered His images and everywhere set up that of their only true God, Jesus. A branch of this sect adored the serpent; for this reason they were known as Ophites (Greek "ophis," a serpent). According to this branch, the serpent was a friend of mankind and sought to teach true wisdom to Adam, but was caught in the act by the great enemy of man—Jaldabaoth, or God. One branch of Gnostics went by the name of Cainites and revered Cain, together with all those whom Jehovah had punished, including the Cities of the Plain. Such, then, was the negative influence of Gnosticism; its positive effects on art are most far-reaching, and are felt even at this day. To replace Jehovah, the First Person, the Gnostics consistently set up images of Jesus and His Mother; where the Gospel records failed them they derived ideas and incidents from a host of writings called apocryphal gospels (and epistles). So great was their zeal in this direction that one learned antiquarian, M. Rochette, has proved all the early images of Christ, His Mother and His chief Apostles to be Gnostic fabrications. Their traditions were uniformly discredited by the Church; Popes, doctors and historians from Pope Gelasius I., in the fifth century, to Paul IV., in the sixteenth, have consistently exerted their authority against these legendary books. Yet many of our greatest cathedrals are decorated with scenes taken entirely from these sources.

A cause acting side by side with the Gnostic hatred of the Father was the natural dread of Christians lest the images of God should be confounded with those of Jupiter, the pagan "father of gods and men." Such an error might conceivably lead to the continuance of a species of idolatry among ignorant converts to the early Church. We have only to recall the fury of the iconoclasts of the Eastern Church from the eighth century onwards, which is perpetuated by the absence of images of any kind on the coinage and post office stamps of the Turkish Empire, whilst the outbreak of Puritan zeal in these our own parts shows even more clearly how ready misguided Christians are to misinterpret the homage paid to sacred images. Had the early Christians tried to depict the Father, they would have found it hard to invent some model other than the most majestic, awe-inspiring and often

lovable Jupiter. Hence they thought it more prudent not to attempt the delineation of the First Person.

A further reason for omitting the Father from art was found in the fact that various texts of Scripture seem to point to an identity of appearance in the two Persons: *e. g.*, "He that seeth Me, seeth Him that sent Me." (St. John xii., 45.) "I and the Father are one." (St. John x., 30.) For this reason Christ is often seen representing the Father, "the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature." (Colossians i., 15.)

The chief of these texts is that of St. John: "The Word was made flesh." (i., 14.) Wherever God speaks, it is the Word that really acts. Genesis tells us that God created everything by His Word. The Nicene Creed bears this out when it says, "And in Jesus Christ, unbegotten Son of God . . . through whom all things were made." Theologically then, the ancient artists were correct in not representing God; historically they were at fault in representing Christ, as man, performing acts that occurred before He became man.

We must bear in mind that no one had ever seen God's countenance. In the Book of Exodus we read: "No man shall see Me and live." St. John Damascene, the great apologist of images, does not encourage representations of the Father.

A final reason why God was not represented by early artists was that they felt unequal to such a conception. Even Jesus Christ is inadequately represented by the greatest artists of later times. Many painters from the Renaissance downwards have represented the Father, but we feel they fall infinitely short of the mark. However, they uniformly present one lovable characteristic, that of the all-embracing tenderness of a venerable parent.

We now pass on to the treatment of the Father in greater detail. Previous to the eleventh century the presence of the Father was indicated only by a hand appearing through the clouds, either in the act of blessing or presenting a crown. No other Divine Person is thus represented. In this connection it is interesting to remark the difference between the form of benediction in the Greek and in the Latin Church. In the latter, as we know from our representations of the Pope, the thumb and first two fingers are extended, the last two fingers being closed over, but in the Greek Church the blessing is different; the first finger is straight, the second curved, the third slightly curved and crossed by the thumb, whilst the little finger is curved like the second. The interpretation is curious: the straight forefinger represents the letter I, the next finger is C (the Greek S), the third finger and thumb are crossed to form X and the small finger again forms C. Thus we have I-C X-C, Jesus Christus.

In the twelfth century the Father's face appears, but it is hard to recognize it with certainty, unless the Son and Holy Ghost are present also. Even as far as the fourteenth century it is hard to recognize the Father, but after that period the treatment of Him becomes more precise. God now appears in full bodily form, and is distinguished in various ways. In defiance of the doctrine that Father and Son were co-eternal, art found it more convenient to represent the Father as a generation older than the Son. The Holy Ghost is represented either as a youth or as a dove, but of that later. Artists sought some expression to symbolize the sovereignty of the Father, and the result was that He became commonly represented as Pope, Emperor and King. In Italy the Papal form is commonest, in Germany that of emperor, and in Spain, France and England that of king, as embodying the form of government in these respective countries, but the treatment varies and the forms are interchanged; for instance, in France, in convents and other ultramontane establishments, the Papal form was popular. Lest the figure of the Pope with his three crowns should not be majestic enough, we find the Father commonly represented as wearing five crown, with the circular nimbus behind the head. In France in the fifteenth century the divine image became somewhat vulgarized by ignoble artists, and it was like a second spring to the artistic world when Raphael, Michelangelo and their contemporaries in Italy threw their majestic conceptions upon wall and canvas. From this time forward the First Person was presented as a sweet-faced venerable father, leaning forth amid clouds of glory and encircled by enraptured cherubim. Perhaps no more familiar instance of this treatment can be cited than the glowing "Assumption" by Titian at Venice. About this period also there appears the representation of God on tabernacles and other sacred objects, copes, etc., under the old Hebrew form of of Tetragrammaton. The four Hebrew letters, J. H. V. H., are seen encircled by a nimbus with rays bursting from it, thus representing "Jehovah," the old name of God.

Such, then, is the strange record of the Father's artistic history. Whether we moderns are right in representing Him in bodily form is a little questionable. Yet we feel that art has achieved a noble work in attempting to supply us with some image—immeasurably faint though it be—of the all-majestic, all-powerful, yet all-loving Father.

II.

CHRIST IN ART.

We have seen that, on the one hand, the Gnostic heresy and Jewish tradition had combined to exclude the First Divine Person

from art, whilst, on the other, man's impotence in the face of such majesty and the fear of idolatry had equally checked all early efforts to represent the Father. No such arguments had any force in the case of Jesus; on the one hand, the Gnostics loved Him as the sole true God; on the other, the majesty of Jesus was, by the Incarnation, made palpable to human eyes, and, moreover, Jesus could be represented in a manner that had no prototype in pagan iconography, for no pagan deity was worshiped as a good shepherd, a lamb, even less as expiring on a cross of agony.

It has been already remarked, in speaking of the Father, that the Gnostics were responsible for much of the love that centred round the Man-God and His Mother. It was they who spread abroad the apocryphal writings so often condemned by the Church. They claimed the possession of portraits of Christ painted in His own time, even (as in the case of St. Veronica) miraculous portraits which Christ produced on pieces of linen by applying them to His sacred face. Now, it would be rash to say that Christ's features were not well known and spoken of by the early Christians. Sixty years after his Master's death St. John must, for one, have been listened to with loving awe as he spoke of the Lord that loved him. Legend tells us that the tears wore furrows down St. Peter's cheeks, so often did he think of that one tender glance that the dear face bestowed on him as Jesus crossed the courtyard that last Maundy Thursday night, when Peter (Oh, how mean he felt!) was trying to save his face by saying, "I know not the man." Must not Peter have often told his faithful band in Rome, with glistening eyes, of the sweetness of Christ's face? We cannot for one moment doubt that Christ's features were not well known among the first Christians; besides, we must remember that the world abounded in artists with ability to reproduce the sacred countenance.

The earliest description of Christ is apocryphal, but we must attach the greatest importance to it, as so many of the ancient fathers refer to it. It is a pen-portrait sent by the Proconsul of Judea, Publius Lentulus, to Rome; his words may be thus translated: "At this time there appeared a man, who still lives, of great power, His name being Jesus Christ. Men call Him a great prophet; His Disciples call Him Son of God. He raises the dead to life and cures the sick of all kinds of ailments and diseases. He is a man of lofty stature and well-proportioned, and the look of His countenance is firm and full of power, so that those who behold it may both love and fear. The hairs of his head are wine-colored, straight and without radiance from the top of the head to the base of the ears; from this point to the shoulders they are

curled and glossy; from the shoulders they flow down the back, divided into two tails after the manner of the Nazarenes. His brow is clear and smooth; His face unblemished and graced with a slight ruddiness; His whole appearance is noble and pleasing. His nose and mouth are absolutely faultless. He has a full beard, forked and of the color of His hair. His eyes are blue and extremely bright. He inspires fear in reproof and censuring; in instructing and encouraging He is winsome and amiable. His countenance is grave and marvelously beautiful. No one saw Him laugh so much as once, but often cry. His body is slender, His hands straight and long, His arms graceful. He is deliberate and grave in His words and rarely speaks. He is the most beautiful of human kind."

This document held its full force in the eighth century, when St. John Damascene wrote; he was a firm believer in the beauty of Christ. This saint maintained that Jesus had all the beauty of Mary—"like unto us in all things except sin," which is the cause of human disfigurement; He was thus a reproduction of the first parent, and indeed the fathers constantly speak of Him as "Adam." In the ninth century St. Anschaire, Archbishop of Hamburg and Bremen, saw Christ in a vision, and describes Him almost exactly in accordance with the description by Lentulus above quoted. He remarks particularly the brightness of the eyes.

It is not to our purpose to examine the early portraits of Christ to see if they tally with this description; to our mind such a scrutiny is useless, for every tiro knows that after the first three or four centuries, when the barbarians descended on Italy, art perished in the general overthrow. Certainly after the seventh century, until the revival in the thirteenth, there was not an artist in Europe capable of doing justice to human beauty, much less divine. It is useless to say they could do it, but did not choose to do so; this has been asserted, but it is the merest fancy. Hence we need not lose time in looking for exact portraits of the Man-God on our mediæval monuments and manuscripts. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with remarking on a few peculiarities in the treatment of Christ in the Middle Ages.

In the first place, a contest had raged from patristic times round the question of Christ's beauty as man. The Christians of Asia and Africa held that by His Incarnation Jesus discarded all beauty, thus interpreting St. Paul's words: "[He] emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a servant," etc., and again the words of the Prophet Isaias: "There is no form nor comeliness in Him," etc. The Latin Church, on the contrary, counted Jesus the most beautiful of men; His Incarnation sullied Him no more than impure

glass can sully the sunbeam; the Apostles cured the sick, the leprous and deformed and were yet themselves whole; why, then, should Jesus be blemished because He took our infirmities upon Himself? The words of Isaias, "He was bruised for our iniquities . . . and with His stripes we are healed," have no reference whatsoever to the beauty of Christ during life, but only to that poor mangled body of His when it was "delivered up to be scourged and crucified."

This view of the African Christians, nevertheless, had its influence on the canons of iconography; it became a general rule to attempt to depict Christ as ugly or plain when acting as man, but ideally beautiful when rising from the dead or enthroned as God. It is curious to observe how this effect was obtained; a beard was always looked upon as something ugly, and so, to represent the *Man-God* (whom St. Cyril of Alexandria calls the most ugly of the children of men), Jesus was depicted wearing a beard. As God, triumphant over sin and death and sitting in glory, He was beardless. A good instance of this rule, amounting practically to a proof, is to be seen on the covers of a twelfth century Bible in the Royal Library at Paris. On the upper cover Christ is hanging on the Cross, bearded; on the end cover He is enthroned in glory, unbearded. The discussion about Christ's human beauty or ugliness ceased about the twelfth century, and with the Renaissance the influence of the question on art ceased to be felt. From the fifteenth century onwards Christ has been uniformly bearded, in accordance with the description of Lentulus. As regards beauty, we are safe in saying that all artists since then without exception have made Jesus their ideal. St. John the Evangelist sometimes surpasses Him, but St. John had the advantage of greater youth. Certainly all the power of art was called into play to represent, in some faint way, the dual nature of Christ, the human and the divine; art has failed, because all human thought itself must fail in contemplating such a subject. Beato Angelico, Da Vinci and Raphael reached a perfection almost approaching vision. It may not be out of place to note a peculiar error of taste on the part of Michelangelo, who was painting when art was rapidly on the decline, and who will be found, when the influence of Humanism becomes less and less felt, to have sinned greatly against the canons of Christian art. It is, of course, impertinent to question the genius of such a man, master as he was of all the arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry and of the science of mathematics. But there is one curious error in his representation of Christ in the famous "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. The Christ here shown is an attempt to

improve on Orcagna's Christ in the "Last Judgment" at Pisa, wherein this truly great artist represents Christ as pointing to His wounded side with the left hand and to heaven with the curved right arm. Michelangelo entirely missed this; he thought Christ was holding His arms in a threatening attitude towards mankind assembled beneath His throne; at any rate, he thought this a rather good idea, and so he has represented a Jupiter Tonans, a vulgar Jesus raising His right hand *to strike* men and hurl the thunderbolts of His wrath, whilst He draws away the left across His body in an attitude of loathing, lest He should be contaminated by their touch. The beautiful draped figure of Orcagna, with the bleeding side exposed and the sweet face bowed in sorrow, not at all in anger, is replaced by a coarse, muscular, beardless Jupiter, with the conventional rag round his loins, all the other saints, martyrs and confessors and virgins clustering round in unabashed nudity. Our Lady alone in the original picture was thought Christian enough to wear the garb of modesty. We have been told too often that this is the world's greatest picture; it may be the greatest exhibition of skill and even of genius, but in its original form, before the figures were draped (if we may call them draped even now) by the artist known thenceforth as II. Braghettone ("The Breechesmaker"), the picture was only possible in the days of rabid Humanism.

III.

THE FIGURES AND SYMBOLS OF JESUS.

It would be tedious to inquire at any length into the difference between a figure and a symbol. The conclusion come to by eminent archæologists is that a symbol is something that has foundation in Sacred Scripture, whilst a figure has not. Hence the lamb is a symbol, for St. John Baptist said: "Behold the Lamb of God;" on the other hand, the fish and pelican are not, for in no place is Christ referred to by these names. However, the Cross is considered a symbol, not a figure, and on this account bears the circle around it called the aureole.

The earliest figurative representation of Christ is as a Christian Orpheus playing on His lyre, whilst all the beasts and birds, representing the gentiles, flock to hear Him. This is a truly touching image, and was especially valuable in the early ages when the story of Orpheus was well known and very often depicted. This figure was later on replaced by a far more touching representation, that of the Good Shepherd. Christ tells us: "I am the Good Shepherd; I give My life for My sheep." Again, in that exquisite parable of the lost sheep, He tells how the good shepherd leaves his flock

and never rests till he has found the poor wanderer. This is a subject very rarely represented nowadays. I think it is Hoffman that has attempted it, but he has had the stupidity to represent Christ stooping with His back towards us. Holman Hunt has a rather remarkable picture of Christ leading His flock: He holds the crook along His shoulders with His arms outstretched along it. The sinking sun in the background throws the shadow of a cross in front of the Good Shepherd. Yet apart from these isolated instances we have to go back to ancient art to find the subject properly and frequently treated. On countless monuments we find Christ bearing the lost lamb lovingly across His shoulders. Sometimes Christ is represented as very weary, resting on His staff, in the spirit of the beautiful words of the "Dies Iræ:"

Quærens me sedisti lassus.
[You sat down wearied with seeking me.]

No less tender is the symbolic Lamb of God. Beautiful as are the young of most animals, none is so meek as the lamb. We are told in the life of that tender saint, Alphonsus de Ligouri, that the aged man burst into tears when some one put a tiny lamb into his arms, so forcibly did it remind him of the One that when led to the slaughter opened not His mouth. This symbol is so common in Scripture and so often repeated in art that it would be an endless task to go into details. We commonly see the lamb represented with a wound in its left side, whilst with one of its feet it holds a pennant over its shoulder bearing the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." We see it recumbent in death on our vestments, generally lying on the "book of the seven seals" of the Apocalypse. It wears the nimbus, cruciferous to represent Christ; when not cruciferous, it represents some Apostle or other saint. In the words of the Apocalypse, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and benediction." So greatly did this pæan enter into the sacred ritual of the Catholic Church that the praises of the Lamb are sounded in the most solemn places: at the Agnus Dei in the Mass and at the Communion of the Faithful. In fact, in the early ages the reverence paid to the Lamb threatened to become excessive, so that under the Emperor Justinian II. the Council of Quini-Sextum decreed that in future Christ's own person must be employed in works of art, and not the lamb. Still, this decree was unheeded even in the Emperor's own country of Greece, much more so in the West, and the lamb still continued to be the most lovable symbol of Christ.

After seeing Christ so often represented as the gentlest of beasts, perhaps it will seem rather strange that the king of beasts should also symbolize Our Saviour. The lion is well known as the figurative representation of St. Mark, and we would be led to think that the lion could refer to no one else were it not true that the royal creature is often represented wearing a cruciferous nimbus, not a plain one, thereby showing that Christ is the person represented. The foundation in Scripture is the famous passage: "The Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered."

We now come to the fish, which is a *figure* and not a *symbol* of Christ. How it came to be so is rather obscure. It is generally held that the Christians in the days of persecution invented this sign, as a password, for the letters of the Greek word for fish, *Ichthus*, in order, represent the initial letters of the Greek words "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." We cannot trace the origin of the emblem or say whether the words were formed from the Greek letters or vice versa. It was rarely used in Greece, and it is most surprising how a cold-blooded, undomesticated creature like the fish could ever hold its own so long against that dear creature the lamb, especially when God Himself chose the latter appellation for Christ. This figure gradually became more and more elaborated (if we may use such an expression in speaking of bad taste), until we find God represented as sitting holding a rod and line, which are composed of patriarchs and prophets, ending in a hook to which Christ crucified is affixed as bait. This is imagination gone mad, but it shows how these ideas are driven to death, the more so if they are at first of only limited value.

We must, however, bear in mind that not all figures of fish on Christian monuments apply to Christ. It was common in earlier ages, and is common still in Armenia, to represent a man's trade figuratively on his tombstone. Thus, a mason is represented by trowel and hammers, a vine dresser by a bunch of grapes, and so on. In like manner the fish must, in very many instances, refer to the avocation of the deceased—that of fishing.

Another figure of Christ is the pelican, the bird that was supposed to tear its own breast to feed its young. This legend arises from the redness of the bird's breast, just as we have a similar legendary origin of the redness of the robin, who, stories tell us (stories we would gladly believe), plucked a thorn from the bleeding head of Jesus. This figure of the pelican is so applicable to the Sacrament of the Altar that it has been entirely restricted thereto.

We find a real symbol in the vine, for Christ Himself says: "I am the vine; you are the branches." Now, this symbol would fail almost entirely as an emblem of Christ's person; it was surely

meant to refer to His Eucharistic body. We have grown too familiar with this usage of the vine to be able to imagine any other. Not only by spreading over a whole chapel wall does it represent the ubiquity of the Eucharistic Presence, but it more particularly depicts the very materials used in the Holy Sacrifice. Hence we find it nowadays used exclusively to symbolize the Real Presence.

IV.

THE CROSS AND THE CRUCIFIX.

These symbols of the Second Divine Person are so extensively used that they need separate treatment. The legendary history of the Cross is as quaint as that of the Holy Grail. When Adam died Seth took a shoot from the tree of knowledge and planted it; from this there sprang three little trees on one trunk. Aaron got his rod from this tree, whilst at a later date Solomon sought to employ the trunk of the tree as a column for his palace. It was found unsuitable and used as a bridge to cross a torrent. The Queen of Sheba refused to cross by this bridge, saying that one day this log would destroy the Jews. Solomon thereupon threw it into the Pool of Bethesda, to the waters of which it conveyed healing properties. It was on this wood that Christ was crucified; after His death it was buried on Golgotha, and three centuries later unearthed by St. Helena; after this it was captured and removed to Persia, and finally restored to Jerusalem by the Emperor Heraclius. The Christians divided it into small portions, and it is now an object of veneration in countless churches throughout Christendom. It is to reappear at the Last Judgment.

This quaint legend shows what reverence was paid by the early Christians to the interment of the Passion; in fact, they treated it as a person, and hence we find Christ represented solely by the Cross in pictures of the Holy Trinity. They saw the Cross in everything: in the points of the compass, the flight of a bird, the outstretched arms of a man, the yardarm of a ship. Countless churches were dedicated to the Holy Cross, beginning with the Santa Croce, Constantine's first church. Moreover, nearly every church has the Cross for its ground plan; in many the apse leans a little to the left as you look towards it, to represent the drooping of Christ's head on the Cross of Calvary.

It is well known that the Cross became a secret sign among the Christians in times of persecution. They employed it at all times. St. Cyril of Jerusalem says in his instructions to catechumens: "Make that sign whenever you eat or drink, when you seat yourselves, when you lie down or rise up; in a word, let it

accompany every action of your life." In early times there was no special rule as to touching the left or right shoulder first; people were indifferent. We, of course, always touch the left before the right. It is a remarkable fact that Protestants not only do not employ the sign of the Cross, but consider it a Popish superstition, as ridiculous as genuflecting.

The Crucifix is perhaps the commonest object in all Christian iconography; we regret to say that devotion has not been the sole motive of the cult. Legend tells us that Christ was about to be crucified in all the shame of nakedness, just as when He was scourged, but that Our Lady petitioned the soldiers to fasten her veil about Him. However true this story may be, the fact remains that the early Christians never represented Christ naked on the Cross, but always draped in priestly vestments, often with a gold crown on His head. The earliest representation I know of is one that is still preserved in the ruins of St. Maria Antica in the Roman Forum. There Christ wears a Dalmatic. I would place this picture about the seventh century, though some go back as far as the sixth. The most curious and ancient of all Crucifixions, however, is a caricature that was discovered in the Pedagogium of the Flavian Palace in Rome. It is now in the Kircherian Museum at the Collegio Romano. A slave had scratched on the wall the image of a man with an ass's head nailed to a cross; below is written in Greek: "Alexamenos worships his God." Alexamenos was a Christian slave, and is shown in an attitude of prayer. This dates from the Greek period of Roman history—when Greek was the language of the upper classes, viz., second or third century.

Among draped figures of the Crucifix that of Burgos in Spain is a famous example. There the (solid) Crucifix wears a long apron of real cloth from the waist to the feet.

We are told that Giotto, the great leader of the revival of art in Italy, employed a man to hang on a cross whilst he painted a crucifixion. Not satisfied with his attempt at realism, he is said to have plunged a knife into the heart of his model, and thus obtained the real effect of Christ's death agony. On being arrested he daubed the picture over with some material and so effaced it. His judge, loath to lose the picture, said he would acquit Giotto if he would restore the painting or execute one as good. Thereupon Giotto took a sponge and washed away the substance he had smeared it with. No one is willing to believe such a story in connection with one of the greatest religious painters in history.

After Giotto's time appeared the practice of painting Christ almost entirely nude; we are so familiar with this manner of representation that we would consider it strange to see the figure

treated otherwise. It was about the same time that the Infant Christ was first represented naked or only partially clothed. There are two main reasons for the nudity of Christ in the Crucifix, the latter of which applies with equal force to the new way of representing the Child. We feel safe in saying that the undraped Crucifix is truer to history, but reverence prevented the early and mediæval artists from thus perpetuating the outrage on Christ's modesty; moreover, they felt that nothing could be gained by representing an almost nude figure that might conceivably scandalize the little ones of Christ. The outburst of Humanism at the Renaissance dissipated all qualms of this kind. Christianity must have nude figures no less than paganism; such was the view of the time. Ready to hand was Christ dying in shame on the Cross, and it was for this reason, to a more considerable extent than we perhaps realize, that Crucifixions are the commonest of all religious works. No better opportunity could be got or imagined for showing the anatomical skill of the artist, representing as he did Christ dying, Christ on His weeping Mother's knees (known as a *Pietà*), Christ being entombed. I would hesitate to make this charge against our greatest artists were it not supported beyond all chance of refutation by the extraordinary frequency of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian in art. No saint, after the Blessed Virgin, is perhaps so often treated as the youthful soldier; on no other have the greatest artists lavished so much skill. Why? Chiefly because St. Sebastian could be represented as a Christian Apollo, almost nude, with the arrows buried in his exquisite, gently contorted frame. Any one acquainted with the Philistinism of those Humanists who incurred the just anger of Savanarola will readily admit the truth of these imputations.

V.

THE HOLY GHOST.

The Third Divine Person need not detain us long; we have already made allusions to Him in the earlier section of this treatise. His personality has always been more difficult to our reason than that of Father and Son; it is hard for us to imagine how a third person could originate from the mutual love of the first and second persons. This is the chief mystery in the Trinity, and was the subject of savage heresy in the early Church.

However, we are not concerned with theology here, but with history, tradition and art. It may prove of interest to record how the Holy Ghost has fared in the hands of the artist. The chief form in which the Holy Ghost appears is in that of a dove, as this was the form assumed historically at Christ's baptism. This

figure was first used in the sixth century and was always the most popular, for the dove signifies love and rapidity of motion. About the tenth century the Third Person began to be represented as a man, with no historical support. In the sixteenth century the human image was entirely superseded by the original form, the dove, which holds the field at the present day.

The dove presents some difficulty, for the Deity must wear the cruciferous nimbus, and artists, especially sculptors, often found it next to impossible to insert such a nimbus on so small a head. Hence we cannot always be sure that our dove represents the Holy Ghost. The Divine Child is often seen holding a bird, sometimes a sparrow or a finch, and possibly where He holds a dove the bird is not necessarily symbolic. In the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Youghal, an early *cinquecento* piece, Our Lady holds a dove; it would be hard to say whether it signifies the Holy Ghost or is merely a symbol of purity.

The Third Person has to be represented as tongues of fire in pictures of the Pentecost. Some artists insert the dove and make the fire dart in the form of rays from the mouth of the bird.

We have thus attempted the art history of the three Persons separately. A still more mystical subject is that of the Three in One, the Trinity. An account of the treatment of this unapproachable mystery as one subject would require very many pages in itself. We prefer to halt here, dazed, as Dante was when his vision ended, by the unimaginable beauty and fascinating mystery of the Triune God.

Qual è 'l geometra che tutto s'affige
Per misurar lo cerchio, e non ritrova,
Pensando, quel principio ond'egil indilge;
Tale ero io a quella vista nuova:
Veder voleva, come si convenne
L'imgo al cerchio, e come vi s'indova;
Ma non eran da ciò le proprie penne;
Se non che la mia mente fu percossa
Da un fulgore, in che sua voglia venne.
All'alta fantasia qui mancò possa;
Ma già volgeva il mio desiro e il velle,
Sì come rota ch'egualmente è mossa,
L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.*

Paradiso, Canto xxxiii., 133-145.

[Just as the geometrician who does all he can to measure the circle, and finds not, for all his thinking, the principle he lacks, such was I at this new sight: I wished to see how agreed the image with the circle, and how it settles there; but not for this were my own wings, save that my mind was stricken by a flash, wherein its will came to it. Here power failed before the high fantasy; but already my desire and will were rolled—just as a wheel that revolves evenly—by the love that moves the sun and other stars.]

C. FLYNN.

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LAST DAYS OF TALLEYRAND.

AMONG the many men of mark whom the dramatic events that made the closing years of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century momentous in modern history—events in which the elements of tragedy and comedy commingle—was Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord, Prince of Benevento and Bishop of Autun. He was a typical man of his time and of his race. A statesman of the first rank, were it not for the unfortunate accident in his infancy which lamed him for life, he might have left behind him a more unsullied record. Deprived by a *conseil de famille*, on that account, of his rights of primogeniture, arbitrarily transferred to his younger brother, Comte d'Archaubaud, the usual alternative of providing him with another career at the expense of the Church was resorted to and he was made an ecclesiastic, such as they too commonly made them in France in those days "when still the Bourbons held the throne," when Gallicanism was dominant and the French aristocracy looked upon the higher places in the Church as their particular appanage. An ecclesiastic *malgré lui*, its obligations rested very lightly upon him. It is sufficiently significant that it was in the circle of which the too famous Madame du Barry was the centre that his caustic wit and cleverness first brought him into notice at that corrupt and corrupting court which had such a baneful influence upon society, both clerical and lay. Aristocratic birth—his father belonged to a younger branch of the princely family of Chalais and his mother was also of noble lineage—allied to his own talents and scholarship paved the way to rapid promotion. Though his morals were of the epoch, they did not prevent Louis XV., in compliance with his father's dying request, securing for him the Bishopric of Autun. That was at the beginning of the memorable year 1789, when France was being led to that delirious Dance of Death, its great Revolution, which produced such a political vertigo that it does not seem even yet to have quite recovered its equilibrium. Talleyrand then began to fill that versatile rôle of a kind of political Vicar of Bray on a grand scale, in which he long played so many prominent parts on the stage of history, whoever ruled or misruled; a royalist under the Bourbons, a revolutionist under the Directory, a Bonapartist under the Consulate and the First Empire, royalist again under the Restoration, Bonapartist for the second time after Napoleon's escape from Elba, then Orleanist as often as fickle France changed its masters he changed his policy, trimming his sails whatever way the wind blew. Nevertheless, his genius for statecraft was such, such was

the force of his master mind, that he was practically regarded as indispensable in the conduct of most of those great affairs which influenced the course of European history in his time until, in 1834, he quitted public life forever.

The dramatic element runs through all his varied life from start to finish. As was said of Mirabeau, he dramatized his death, inasmuch as the last solemn scene in it, his reconciliation with the Church, became an event of public interest. And it was fitting that it should. As his daring attack on the rights and privileges of the ecclesiastical order at the beginning of the Revolution; his oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy—a bad example which, to their credit be it recorded, only two other Bishops followed; his consecration of innovating Bishops appointed by the Assembly, which had entailed his excommunication, and his sacrilegious marriage after that excommunication was raised by Pius VII., who dispersed him from exercising his ecclesiastical functions in order to administer civil affairs, but not from the sacerdotal vow of celibacy—as these acts were public scandals it was fitting that the reparation should also be public.

The instrument chosen by Providence to effect this conversion, to get the aged statesman, now bent with the weight of eighty-four years, to perform this grand act of reparation—the greatest act of his long life—to bring back this prodigal son to the father's house, was the Abbé Dupanloup. The future Bishop of Orleans was then a young, or comparatively young, priest, but one out of the common. He had already acquired such fame as a pulpit orator that six years after the inauguration of the Notre Dame Conferences he was called to fill the chair of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne. His sermons at St. Sulpice, St. Roch—then the most fashionable church in the French metropolis—and Notre Dame were talked of all over Paris. He refused two of the principal parishes in Paris that he might become first prefect of studies and subsequently director of the Seminary of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonnet. His work in the confessional enlarged the reputation he gained in the pulpit. In the direction of conscience, as well as in the direction of studies, he exercised a salutary and profound influence over contemporary society, owned by all who heard, read or approached him. "In friendly or paternal counsel," wrote one who knew him intimately, "he had the penetrating unction, the exquisite gentleness of a Francis de Sales and the firmness, righteous severity and masculine language of a Bossuet. In religious intercourse no priest ever spoke with more charity, with more winning tenderness to men seeking the light and ready to detest their early faults. He loved and inspired the love of goodness; it was a mysterious interchange of

divine grace between the heart of the devoted priest and that of the penitent; in a word, he had the art of conquering souls to Jesus Christ."

It was this young priest of thirty-six, whose missionary work had hitherto been chiefly among the innocent children whom he catechised at the Madeleine or youth set apart for the service of the sanctuary, who, in May, 1838, was chosen by Monsignor de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, to receive the deathbed confession of Talleyrand and his formal written retraction of the errors of a lifetime unusually prolonged. It was the dying injunction of Cardinal de Perigord, Monsignor de Quelen's predecessor, to his coadjutor and successor, to use every endeavor to bring about the conversion of his too famous nephew; and faithfully and zealously did Monsignor de Quelen fulfill the solemn trust. "Take my life, oh, my God, but grant me his soul!" was his frequent and fervent prayer. "I know," said the old diplomatist, smiling, "that the Archbishop wants to gain my soul to present it to the Cardinal." If, in Shakespearean phrase, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it," it was the Abbé Dupanloup who helped him to make this happy exit after he had played his part in life's drama and death let fall the curtain upon the last act.

In response to the request of a friend in Italy, he gave me a letter from Paris, dated February 2, 1839, an exact and authentic narrative of the last days and death of Talleyrand. "God," he wrote, "Who made me witness of so great a mercy, did not give me such a consolation for myself alone; this consolation belongs to the whole Church, for a great reparation has been made to its honor, and a Saul, whose long and sad alienation religion has for fifty years bewailed, has at last been restored to the truth, to the light of faith and to the holy joys of Christian hope; it is at least my deep and inmost conviction."

He goes on to relate how the first summons to the Hotel Talleyrand was an invitation to dinner in February, 1838—one would think a rather commonplace commencement to an intercourse which was to have such an important result. He confesses that he was singularly surprised and embarrassed by it. He was aware that he had been spoken of to the aged statesman by the latter's niece, Pauline de Perigord, who had been under his spiritual direction since her first Communion; but it seemed to him extraordinary and almost significant that he should have been invited to a family gathering on Talleyrand's birthday. He was then about entering on his eighty-fifth year, having been born on February 2, 1754. It was evidently not a simple, ordinary invitation to dinner, and after some reflection and with the approval of the Archbishop, he declined,

alleging his functions and retired life as an excuse for not availing of the honor. Talleyrand was put out and said with a serious air, "That refusal surprises me; they told me the Abbé Dupanloup was a man of parts. If that was true, he would have come, he would have realized the importance of his entering this house." These words, which showed that there was something in the background of his thoughts, when repeated to Dupanloup, awakened regret, and when the invitation was renewed for Sunday, February 18, it was accepted. He went, not without some misgivings and not over-pleased to leave his pious retreat for the Rue Saint-Florentine, realizing the importance, but fearing the inutility of the step, knowing well that the next day all Paris and its gossiping papers would get hold of the news, which actually occurred. Like everybody else, he was very distrustful of Prince Talleyrand's good faith, knowing how clever and wily he was, and, though the exercise of his ministry and a conscientious sense of duty impelled him, he was decided beforehand to act straightforwardly and not suffer himself to be led into playing such a dubious part.

"I crossed the threshold of M. de Talleyrand's hotel in these dispositions," says Dupanloup, "trusting in God, Who knew my uprightness and praying Him to make me avoid extreme severity, which would be unbecoming and culpable in view of good faith and a sincere reconciliation; but asking Him also to spare my ministry the misfortune of the slightest weakness. I entered at last. The Prince received me with the greatest graciousness. He was seated in one of those big armchairs, large and lofty, in which he habitually sat, and from which, with his elevated glances and his brief, occasional, well delivered, sparkling speech, he dominated all around him. I do not know if Kings are more kingly in their palaces than M. de Talleyrand seemed in his salon. It was this celebrated salon the Emperor Alexander occupied, where so many passions were stirred, so many affairs discussed, so many interests decided—the fate of France and of Europe. I found more people in this salon than I expected; however, I reached him. After the exchange of the first expressions of my respect and his good will, they brought me and he himself offered me a chair near him." They entered into conversation, which, for the first half hour, was rather reserved on his side, while Dupanloup felt interiorly a sentiment of deep compassion and sadness at the sight of this old man. The conversation was more animated during dinner and, to his surprise, took a religious, almost an ecclesiastical, turn. Talleyrand talked of sermons and preachers, quoting several fine passages from discourses he had heard in his youth; of the Archbishop of Paris and of the works of charity to which he devoted his life and what little for-

tune remained to him, ending with a denunciation of the nineteenth century as an epoch of contempt for all authority, inveighing against those madmen who attack the religious idea, and adding, "What a sad time is ours when nothing is any longer respected!" When the twenty diners adjourned to the dining-room, which Talleyrand entered last, leaning on the arm of his young niece or one of his grandnephews, they talked of nothing but St. Sulpice, of the seminary, of old Sulpicians who had been his teachers, of the greatest theologians of that society and time, notably M. Emery, whose lofty virtue and admirable conduct under difficult circumstances he warmly praised. The words of Fenelon to Louis XIV., "I know nothing more apostolic, more venerable than Saint-Sulpice," were often recalled, as well as memories of the Church of France and its days of trial, ever its most glorious, which naturally led Talleyrand to utter a magnificent and touching *éloge* of the venerable Pontiff, Pius VII. "I declare," says Dupanloup, "I was much struck astonished, almost carried away; I could not refrain from saying to myself as I left there certainly was one of the most edifying conversations held in Paris to-day; it really only wanted a cross on that breast to persuade me that I was conversing with one of the most venerable Bishops in France. I left the Hotel Talleyrand struck by the somewhat solemn state of its master; despite myself there rose before me that noble and lofty head, those expressive and imposing features, that penetrating and profound gaze; I thought, above all, of the respect, the care, the affection, I would almost say the cult of his family and friends, behind which the private man seemed to repose from the world's agitations, considering from thence, in perfect tranquillity, the extraordinary violence of the outrages and insults poured on the public man. For one thing of which I was not aware, and which is generally ignored, is that Prince de Talleyrand was venerated and beloved by all who approached him, and, as this veneration and affection lasted during a whole life of almost a century, those who have spoken so ill and never well of him, I said to myself, must have been rather wrong and not have known all. But the liveliest recollection I retained of my first interview with Prince de Talleyrand was that character of gravity, that kind of religious preoccupation which at first impressed me in his conversation. There was not perhaps an expression which a Bishop might not have used; the rectitude and orthodoxy of the principles, the nobility and purity of the sentiments bore witness to sincere and profound reflections and a most pronounced interest in ideas of that kind. It seemed to me very difficult that a man who knew how to make such reflections and openly pay homage to such principles should escape the necessity of reflecting on himself and perhaps

severely condemning himself; at least there was evidently therein a working of conscience and grace."

About this time occurred a remarkable incident which shed further light on the religious bent of his mind. On March 3, 1838, he delivered at the institute, or, to give it its full title, l'Academie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, his discourse on the occasion of the death of Reinhard, his confrère and friend. It was in some sort his own apologia and was chiefly concerned with theology. In fine phrases, constructed with all the skill of a literary artist, in presence of a numerous concourse whose curiosity was aroused by the man and the matter, he praised in Reinhard the theologian and the diplomatist, two characters in which the orator assembled his subject, of whom, as Dupanloup puts it, he availed as a text to solemnly pay a last and public homage to the religious studies of his own youth and explain the lofty, though often misunderstood, principles of diplomacy in the sphere of *la haute politique*. One of the principal points in Reinhard which he especially emphasized was the sentiment of duty, which he went so far as to call "the religion of duty," thus half revealing what was then passing in his own mind. The discourse, which exhibited Talleyrand in a new character, created universal surprise. The day before its delivery, as he was going through the manuscript, he stopped at the words "the religion of duty" and said smilingly, "There's something that will please the Abbé Dupanloup." When he reached the passage on theological studies some one ventured to interrupt him and interject the remark, "Admit that this is much more applicable to you than to this good M. Reinhard." "But surely," he observed, "there is no harm in bringing the public back to my point of departure?" And when it was shown to him what a consolation it was to see him place the close of his life under the shadow of the memories and good traditions of his early youth, "I was sure that would please you," he replied.

When Dupanloup, after receiving a copy of his discourse, called to thank him in person and Mdle. de Perigord discreetly left them alone together, Talleyrand's first words, after a moment's silence, were: "Well! Monsieur l'abbé, I spoke of duty in my discourse at the Academy. I wished to do so on that occasion." Dupanloup conveyed the consolation, he did not venture yet to express the hopes, which those grave words had given to the Archbishop and himself. The conversation, as it proceeded, turned on theology, which he had designedly eulogized, reverting to the old Church of France and then to the Sulpicians, ever present to his mind. The Abbé Dupanloup showed how moved he was by his affection for his old masters, so faithfully preserved. They conversed in the

same grave strain for half an hour, the conversation assuming a melancholy tinge when he spoke of his health and his great age and the reflections which old age brings. "I am very old, Monsieur l'abbé," he said; "I am very old! This season is very bad. I am getting ill! Yes, that's bad!" he added with an uneasy and painful movement. "The sad words he addressed to me," says Dupanloup, "seemed to reveal to me the secret of his gravest thoughts and indicate that his inmost reflections were from that time directed towards a serious future; I could not doubt it. These words appeared even to invite me to take a step forward, for they were followed by a moment of deep silence, during which I observed with extreme compassion his sad, downcast look and the painful agitation of his mind. It assuredly cost him a great effort to utter those words, and yet I hesitated for some time replying; a sense of reserve and indefinable delicacy, for which I now praise myself, and which seemed to me a duty, restrained my zeal. All at once he abruptly broke this too long silence with: 'How did you find M^{de}. de Dino, monsieur l'abbé?' 'Suffering much, Prince, but more concerned about you than about himself.' 'It is true,' said he. This expression encouraged me and I added, 'I found M^{de}. de Dino and her daughter very deeply, very seriously concerned about you.' He looked at me with a grateful and tender expression without uttering a word. At that moment I rose to take my leave. That day and the following days M. de Talleyrand appeared greatly pre-occupied and much more serious than usual. It was at this epoch he went to his notary to revise his will, in which he had made an important change, of which I was later informed, and which if I had known it then would have cleared many doubts, removed many anxieties. But after making this change M. de Talleyrand closed his will, sealed it and showed absolute silence on the change he had made therein. What is very remarkable and what we only knew still later was that eighteen months before that he had already asked for his will and added to it with his own hand, under date October, 1836, express words in which he declared that he wished to die in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church.

"Some days after my last visit it occurred to me to make him a present of Fenelon's 'Christianity Presented to Men of the World.' It seemed to me that it could be a return present for what he had made me of his discourse at the Academy, and would be even a means of respectfully continuing relations which I conscientiously felt I should no longer interrupt. Still, before sending him this work, I had to make sure I was not committing an indiscretion, and the Duchess de Dino, whom I consulted, replied through M^{lle}. de Perigord, her daughter, that M. de Talleyrand would receive the

book and author with great pleasure. Upon this response I no longer hesitated and sent the book, accompanied by the following letter, which you will perhaps consider very daring; but it seemed to me that I could, that I ought to speak this language. It at last became necessary to impart something significant to my relations, and the occasion appeared to me suitable; I did it, and God blessed my boldness. Here is this letter:

“ ‘Prince, Mdle. Pauline assures me that I would not be too indiscreet if I take the liberty of offering you as a present a very simple and very unpretentious work, but to which the name of Fenelon has given some value and perhaps useful success; and the extreme kindness you have for some time shown me likewise encourages me to commit this indiscretion.

“ ‘It is very true that some few and not too numerous pages of mine are in these six volumes, but this is not on my account. I would venture to present it to you in exchange for the discourse delivered at the Academy, of which you were pleased to send me a copy; it is through Fenelon I am endeavoring to discharge my debt of gratitude and to make you share the delightful pleasure I experienced in reading these few pages, of which it is not permissible to me to speak here except with respectful reserve; it is therefore by favor and, as it were, under the shelter of such a good name I venture to submit myself to your kind indulgence.

“ ‘What increases my confidence, Prince, is that the genius, virtues and sacred character of the Archbishop of Cambria, and above all his misfortunes and his admirable return impart to his life something incomparable and complete to his language irresistible force and sweetness, to his memory something inexpressibly venerable and moving. Shall I venture to say to you in all simplicity? Fenelon was, like you, a student of Saint-Sulpice; all his life he cherished recollections of it, and when dying wrote to Louis XIV., “I know nothing more apostolic and more venerable than Saint-Sulpice.” When, then, I found reappear in your discourse Fenelon’s profound and living gratitude to those who had had the forming of his clerical youth; when I heard you, like him, rejoice in memories of Saint-Sulpice and cordially eulogize the venerable teachers of your early years; when, amid all the remembrances of a life so checkered, the grand days of the old Church of France, which you have seen in its brilliancy and its decline, are to you the deepest, dearest and most familiar memoirs, I, an unknown child of Saint-Sulpice and an obscure admirer of Fenelon, felt moved and was confident that a book protected by such a great name would be well received by you.

“ ‘It will perhaps also be presented by the hands of that child, a

true angel of grace and piety, whose solicitude, affection and innocence environ your old age; her noble simplicity and angelic candor will remind you of the pious and august old men whose name and virtues are to you so precious an inheritance; a holy and truly apostolic man who blessed us all with such sweet majesty, whom the Church of Paris has seen growing old in a long and laborious career of duty, whom it has seen die the death of the just, and whose memory will forever be held in benediction.

"Monday, 26th March, 1838."

The self-evident object of this letter, as he points out, was to ask Talleyrand, in the name of Fenelon, who set him such a grand example; in the name of the Sulpicians, whom he loved, and of the Church of France, he had so unhappily scandalized, and, finally, in the name of his young niece and the pious Cardinal de Perigord, to rejoice that Church and his family and honor his memory by his return and reconciliation. He was doubtful if it would attain its object; he was afraid it might displease him, and was in a state of extreme uncertainty until, the next morning, he received the following hastily written but expressive lines: "I don't like to lose a minute in telling you, monsieur l'abbé, that your admirable letter has led up to this great and unexpected conversation. . . . I hope for good results from it and I will gladden your kind heart. I am still so moved and so done up that my hand trembles."

Pauline de Perigord gave the present and letter herself to Talleyrand and then retired. He remained alone and read it. Some hours afterwards the Duchess de Dino found him still alone and very serious. "I have received a letter from the Abbé Dupanloup," he said after a few moments' silence. "Are you aware of it?" "No, sir." "Well, read it." She took the letter from his hand and began to read it herself. "No, read it out loud." This recommendation was significant and foreshadowed some result. She read it. He listened patiently, apparently unmoved, although towards the end M^{me}. de Dino found it difficult to suppress her emotion. "Finish it," he said somewhat bluntly; "it is not an occasion for being emotional. All that is serious." Then, when she had concluded, after a few moments of silent reflection, he said abruptly: "If I became seriously ill I would ask for a priest. Do you think the Abbé Dupanloup would like to come?" "I don't doubt it," replied the Duchess de Dino; "but in order that he might be of service to you it would be necessary that you should have returned to the position which you unhappily left." "Yes, yes," he continued; "I have something to do with Rome, I know; I have even thought of it for

* After Talleyrand's death it was found among his papers, with a note in his handwriting indicating the reply.

a long time." "Since when?" queried Mme. de Dino, much surprised at this unexpected revelation. "Since the last visit of the Archbishop of Bourges at Valencay, and again subsequently when the Abbé Taury came there. I asked myself then why the Archbishop, who was more directly my pastor, did not prompt me, why this good Sulpician said nothing." The Duchess, clasping his hands and placing herself in front of him, said, with tears in her eyes: "But why wait to be prompted? Why not spontaneously, freely, generously take this step, most honorable to yourself, most consoling to the Church and right-minded people? You would find Rome well disposed, I know. The Archbishop of Paris is very much attached to you. Try." "I don't refuse," he replied. "I have something to do I know well. But do you know what they want from me? Why don't they tell me?" "Well, sir, do you wish me to tell you? I shall do so if you wish," pursued the Duchess. "Say it; I shall be very glad." "Shall I close your door so that you may not be disturbed?" "Yes, close it." She closed the door and, alone with Talleyrand, went thoroughly into the question which the Archbishop had explained to her in great detail, courageously broaching the most painful and most delicate part of it, telling Talleyrand straight out what the Church demanded of him and the reparation he owed it on account of his oath to the Civil Constitution of the clergy, the consecration of Bishop Gobel and the scandal of his marriage. "But I was free," he remarked as to the last named point. "The Brief of Pius VII. had released me from my priestly and episcopal vows." She explained to him that it was quite otherwise. He listened with a gravity and a mildness which raised high hopes and closed the conversation with these decisive words: "I have had those thoughts a long time in my mind, but as I have something more to do, I must not delay; I don't wish that they should ever attribute to senile weakness what I shall do; I ought to do it in the very month of my Academy address."

Some days afterwards Dupanloup received from Talleyrand a letter, in which he said: "All the memories you invoke, monsieur l'abbé, are indeed very dear to me, and I thank you for having guessed the place they have preserved in my mind and in my heart." This was followed by a present of a rare old Elzevir edition of the *Imitation*, accompanied with the remark that he would be happy to hear that he had made it, in preference to any other, his *vade macum*. Dupanloup paid him a third visit after Easter, when the conversation was resumed in the same strain, as if there had been no interruption. They talked of the Holy Week ceremonies, of the crowds frequenting the churches, of the Lenten sermons and of the religious

movement which singularly interested and gratified him. His visitor, when leaving, left on the table Bossuet's *Journée du Chrétien*. Knowing that he was actively engaged in bringing to a conclusion the serious work begun, Dupanloup deemed it his duty to be more reserved according as he became more favorably disposed, and learned afterwards that Talleyrand was pleased at his discretion.

Some weeks afterwards he paid him a visit of condolence in the death of his brother, the Duc de Talleyrand, who for several years had been paralyzed. In the course of a conversation, which Dupanloup describes as the most curious of any he had with him, he spoke of the death of his mother, which took place twenty-nine years previously (June, 1809), with an expression of affection and regret that proved to his visitor what he was beginning to suspect—that he had a depth of feeling, a heart as generally as it was unjustly misunderstood. He was particularly struck by the tranquil and religious composure with which he talked for half an hour of death and the necessity of preparing for it. Far from these grave and gloomy thoughts agitating him, he seemed to take pleasure in them. He recalled, evidently on purpose, an incident that occurred in the Chamber of Deputies, where, speaking of the death of his brother, who for forty years had been deprived of the use of his faculties and died without recovering consciousness, Royer-Collard dissented from a deputy who had expressed a wish to die suddenly—*foudroyé*—saying that the thought of death was in his mind every day. When he came to the word *foudroyé* he suddenly paused and added in a low but distinct voice, “Mourir d’un coup de foudre! c’est trop fort!” And the expression of his face, comments Dupanloup, completed his thought. As the conversation became still graver and more religious, the abbé, pursuing his advantage, said: “Certainly after a long life mixed up with so many agitations it is supremely rational to wish for at least some peaceful moments to realize and recover oneself before dying.” “Evidently, monsieur l’abbé,” he replied. Although it was a long conversation, Talleyrand wished to detain him as he was taking his departure and asked him not to leave so soon.

They never met without his referring in the most affectionate terms to the Archbishop of Paris, his health and his work and his wandering life, dwelling in a grieved tone on the strange abandonment in which His Grace was left, it being debated whether he was to be located in the Hotel de Ville, Talleyrand observing that if he were in his place, he would prefer to live with one of his canons in the Rue Bossuet, quite near the old Archbishop’s house—an idea which Dupanloup approved as “a truly episcopal idea.” This flat-

tered the ex-Bishop of Autun, who became more animated. "Yes," he proceeded, "that would have been very good, admirable, a grand and happy effect! The Archbishop of Paris, poor and wandering, is a very dignified figure, but lodged in that humble house his dignity would be extreme and embarrassing. There was no way of resisting him. You know, monsieur l'abbé, the beautiful expression that recalls to my mind, 'It is a wooden cross that saved the world.' Poverty well becomes those who know how to worthily bear its burthen." He paused, whereupon Dupanloup asked him if Montlosier had really used those words. "Yes, certainly," he replied; "I was there; the impression was extraordinary. We were twelve hundred, the tribunes were full. When the speaker uttered those words there was no applause, but all breathing was suspended and a few moments after he finished every one was heard to breathe again."

In these conversations, in which the question of life and death, of the principles and inmost sentiments of Talleyrand were introduced under disguised names, and as it were by a mutually tacit understanding, Dupanloup felt that great progress had been made towards the desired end. What was passing in the statesman's mind, up till then reserved, was suddenly revealed in a very important document, the first external act, the first explicit manifestation of the dispositions, regrets and repentance of Talleyrand. It was an appreciation, in some sort official, of the various circumstances of his long career, made by himself and consequently still incomplete, but nevertheless the serious beginning of the investigation in which he wished to definitely judge and condemn his life. This very long detailed document, which he of his own accord drew up fifteen days before his death, at a time when he was perfectly well, was sent directly to the Archbishop of Paris, who examined it very attentively and thought it very remarkable in many respects. It was an epitome of his life in its two great political and religious phases, disclosing the errors into which the spirit of the age and human weakness had drawn him. It contained things relating to his religious divergencies which Dupanloup calls "very remarkable, very consoling," and which formed the basis of the declaration Talleyrand addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff. What the future Bishop of Orleans regarded as singularly remarkable was the language employed in referring to Protestantism, "that enemy of unity," as Talleyrand calls it, thus designating what constitutes the proper and distinctive character and at the same time the mark of reprobation and the incurable malady of Protestantism. But what is still worthier of observation is the tribute he pays to the venerable Pius VII.; the simplicity with which he always declares himself a "child of the Church;" his readiness to condemn anew the constitutional

schism, "if the Church deems it necessary," and the solemn words with which he concludes this declaration: "My last prayers will be for the Church and its Supreme Pastor." Then follow some lines full of good will and affection for the Archbishop: "If he should be pleased to lay before His Holiness the preceding brief explanations and the concluding declaration, it will have afforded me a new proof of that kindness which distinguishes him and which makes me most sincerely attached to him."

"Perhaps you will now ask me," writes Dupanloup to his correspondent in Rome, "why this document was not sufficient and why it was not sent to Rome at once. It is because, despite the excellent things it contained and which had the merit of being perfectly spontaneous, this document seemed still too incomplete and really insufficient. I told you M. de Talleyrand sought to excuse myself. That is conceivable; but that little fitting the great gravity of such a declaration. It contained, however, a suitable excuse, expressed with great delicacy and which has been embodied in his letter to the Pope; it is this: "The respect due to the memory of those to whom I owe my birth does not hinder me from saying that my whole youth has been led towards a profession for which I was not born." It is certainly impossible to express with more scrupulous respect what was fundamentally true, and which was to him the greatest of misfortunes. But he was rightly deemed not sufficiently explicit as to the imperceptible obligations of the sacerdotal character with which he had been invested. 'Released by the venerable Pius VII.,' he says. These words were not enough; M. de Talleyrand had been released from the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, but not released from his vows; he had ceased to be one of the active ministers of the Church, but he had not ceased to possess its ineffaceable character. Those were very important things, not stated with sufficient clearness, and which it was necessary to declare in order to atone in the presence of the Church or the scandal of a sacrilegious marriage. It should be noted, however, that M. de Talleyrand had previously explained himself in a way that left little to be desired. In that very will he had reopened to declare his wish to die in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church was read this phrase: 'Released by the venerable Pius VII., I was free.' *I was free* was an error; he recognized it, and, erasing the words, had replaced them by these: 'I believed I was free' (*Je me croyais libre*). This rectification was clear and satisfactory. But in an official declaration, which M. de Talleyrand wishes to lay before the head of the Church, this clear and satisfactory meaning ought above all to find a place; obscurity on that point, joined to the absence of ecclesiastical formalities, necessary in a document

of that importance and solemnity, obliged us to demand from him a new declaration in which the grave errors of his life were more formally condemned, and which would be a reparation as honorable to himself as consoling to the Church."

About ten days after this declaration was sent to the Archbishop of Paris he was stricken with his death illness. On Saturday, May 12, he was seized with a fit of shivering, followed by high fever. On Sunday, although the fever continued, he would not remain in bed, but passed the whole day in his room and salon and continually received people. On Monday the malady became more serious; an inflammatory and gangrenous tumor made its presence felt and called for an operation, to which he very courageously submitted; while it lasted the only words he uttered were: "Do you know you are making me very ill?" He possessed sufficient self-mastery and strength to reappear in his salon and receive as usual.

"I was not slow to be informed of all that was occurring," writes Dupanloup. "It had been several days since I had seen M. de Talleyrand, but, as you may well think, I had not ceased to think and pray much for him. The Archbishop had sent me the draft of the declaration of which I told you, directing me to return it to the Prince with essential modifications. I reproached myself for not being more prompt; true, I was far from foreseeing an ending so near; but what anxieties would have been spared us if I had finished dealing with this great affair while he was in the enjoyment of perfect health! This document, thus rectified, was couched, moreover, in the very words of the declaration written by the hand of M. de Talleyrand in two quarto pages. My mission was to obtain his signature to it and then complete his peace with God and his conscience. Such was the state of affairs when they came for me on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th. I arrived in the Rue Saint-Florentine. They at once gathered round me. 'He is very ill,' they said, 'very ill. However, he will see you willingly; as soon as Pauline mentioned your name he replied that he would receive you with pleasure and at once.'

"I made a strong effort to throw off those impressions of grief and weakness and entered the Prince's room. As soon as I appeared he said, 'We haven't met this long time, monsieur l'abbé; here I am very ill.' I delayed no longer and, in response to those sad words, with too great earnestness and preciseness perhaps, entered into the thoughts which this serious malady seemed to inspire him. I added that I brought him the two pages he had sent to the Archbishop, and that, if he pleased, I was going to read them to him such as they had been modified on some points. He replied with a firmness which I confess surprised and almost discouraged me: 'Mon-

sieur l'abbé, I had thought out well what I wrote. I have put everything in those two pages, and those who can read them will find therein all that is necessary.' This reply strangely embarrassed me. The situation was critical. I was on the point of rising and taking my leave, tendering him my wishes and regrets, when God assisted me; it quickly came into my mind, for I answered immediately: 'True, Prince, I recognized it; those who can read will find there what is necessary; but you are not unaware that in this country there are many people who do not know how to read. Permit me to add people will, besides, be very exacting in your regard; they won't care to read; they'll not find what is necessary in those two pages; they won't trouble to understand what you have put into them.' This observation struck him, and he at once replied, 'You are right.' I continued: 'The two pages I bring you are substantially and even often in the form and terms what you have written; there are in addition only some modifications which render them unassailable, and, if you allow me to add, more honorable to you, more consoling to your family, more satisfactory to the Church. Shall I read them?' 'Willingly,' he responded, 'but rather give them to me; I'll read them myself.' He took them from my hand and immediately began to read them. This reading took long. There is no reason for imagining M. de Talleyrand, notwithstanding his position and a condition that should deprive him of the power of concentration. A kind of paralysis took possession of his limbs and the lower part of his body; but he had the free and perfect use of the rest, particularly of his head, and everybody knows that without the least feebleness he preserved his composure of mind and freedom of spirit up to the last moment of his life. Seated, resting and almost erect on the edge of his bed, he kept that attitude up to his death; it was even thus he died, for he hardly lay down in his illness. It was in this position he read the draft of the declaration made by himself and revised by the Archbishop. I must say that at that moment his attitude was really imposing; his face calm, grave, meditative; his hand supported his brow; his eye was fixed and pensive, and I, motionless and silent, observed his impassive visage as he read with concentrated attention. Meanwhile I was hoping, praying interiorly. My anxiety was intense; I never realized so much man's impotence and the need of God's power and goodness to act on souls.

"The reading ended. After a moment's silence M. de Talleyrand, raising his hand, said: 'Monsieur l'abbé, I am very satisfied with this paper.' These words filled me with joy; I thought for a moment everything was done; I was going to ask him to finish this grand act on the spot by signing this declaration, when he

gave a new and unexpected proof of that independence which was the basis of his character and spirit, adding with extreme simplicity in a calm but resolute tone, 'Will you kindly leave me this paper? I wish to supervise it once more.' I was put out by this request. I had, nevertheless, to consent. I confess, besides, that M. de Talleyrand did not seem to me so ill as they said at first. He folded the paper himself and put it in his breast. Then he raised his eyes as if to speak to me. I anticipated it by a rapid and involuntary movement, asking him how he felt just then; if I had not importuned and wearied him? 'No, no,' he quickly replied; 'it has been a very great pleasure for me to see you.' Nevertheless, I wished to withdraw, but he retained me. I remained, then, alone with him and we conversed for rather a long time very seriously about his condition, of the future, of his death, perhaps near, and of God, Who alone could save him. This conversation was no longer of a nature to be related to you, even confidentially. God alone knows the secrets of His mercy and the ways of His grace in that soul. I at last retired, continuing to think that his condition, though serious, was certainly not extreme.

"Very early the next day they sent for me hurriedly. The invalid was much worse.

"You know, there was there a young and pious child, whose faith fully comprehended and shared our desires and solicitude. 'My daughter,' said her mother to her, 'you are aware all that you owe to your uncle's affection; now is the time to show him your gratitude!' And, continuing, she tearfully added that it now behooved her above all to discharge her heart's indebtedness by an immense and last service; that she should apprise him of my visit, remind him of his object and ask him not to refuse the consolations I was bringing him. The young lady, deeply moved, was melted to tears all the time her mother was speaking to her, and then all at once strength from God descended into her soul, her tears ceased, she wiped her eyes, raised her head and, after rapidly glancing at her mother and me, precipitately threw herself at my knees. 'Father,' she exclaimed in a voice of emotion, but full of confidence, 'give me your blessing!' My soul, I confess, could not endure the sight. I became in turn weaker than the child herself; tears flowed involuntarily from my eyes; then, extending my hand, I blessed the old man's visible angel in God's name. The young girl at once rose and, without turning her head, with a firm step and a resolute air which fixed our gaze upon all her movements, she withdrew, proceeded towards the invalid's room and disappeared. God knows the charm and force He gave to her words, but when she returned after the lapse of some time, she said to me with a smile mingled

with tears: 'Monsieur l'abbé, good uncle will be very happy to receive you.'

"I then entered and approached his bed. I found him peaceful. His eyes were lowered; he raised them, and a smile, touchingly kind, shed over his suffering face a gleam of satisfaction and serenity. His features, however, were visibly altered and disclosed the after effects of a painful attack; for this weakness, which had caused so many tears, was due to the acute suffering he felt in the diseased part of his body. The paralysis was making its way to the intestines; it was death which was mounting by degrees. Nevertheless, his aspect soothed my first fears. I found him ill, very ill, but not expiring; far from that, there was, as far as I could see, the sad chance that he might suffer long enough still before dying. the sad chance that he might suffer long enough still before dying.

"I spoke to him in a tone of deep compassion of his sufferings; he seemed to feel it very much. I talked to him of death; he listened gratefully. 'Prince,' I said to him, 'I bless God that I find you a little more peaceful this morning; but we have all prayed very earnestly for you, and if death, which threatens you,' I added with an emotion and tears I could not restrain, 'fills us all with sorrow, at least we thank God, Who will make it easier for you after you have used your time and strength to set in order the affairs of your conscience and your eternal salvation.' At these words M. de Talleyrand raised his head; the dejection in his features gave place to a more composed countenance; his face, his look resumed all their animation; his attention, his interest were aroused. The persons who, along with me, surrounded his bed withdrew and left us alone. 'Thank you,' he said to me with an expression of good will I cannot describe. Those words opened up the most serious conversation I yet had with him, for M. de Talleyrand was in full possession of all his faculties and I of a sort of zealous intrepidity which God lent me in such a grave moment. I then spoke to him in the strongest and most energetic language of his soul, of death, of eternity; I did not hide from him that he was nearing the end of his long and stormy career; that life for him was becoming extinct, and that he might at any moment appear before the tribunal of God. I strongly depicted how dread were God's judgments. I was carried away by a poignant and irresistible emotion; I told him that it was timely and wise to forestall that terrible judgment by judging himself. Above all, I reminded him then that if he had admired that *wooden cross that saved the world*, it was also that very cross which was to bless his last moments, save his soul, purify his life, prepare his eternity, reunite him to his venerable uncle, the Cardinal; fulfill the wishes of the Archbishop, of his family and of

his best friends, and obtain for religion that just and indispensable satisfaction he had promised it and which, by my mouth, it conjured him to no longer defer giving it.

"These words were earnest, pressing; in uttering them my voice was animated; I was no longer master of my zeal; I was urged by the need of snatching that soul from a dreadful death, a danger worse than death, the peril of dying in a repentance begun, but not perfected. My conscience had reproached me with any weakness as a crime, and I must say I would have betrayed the very desires of the dying man who heard me. For I never shall forget the really full expression of gratitude which depicted itself in his face, the blessed avidity of his look as he listened to me. 'Yes, yes, I wish all that,' he said, offering me his hand and seizing mine with the most sensible emotion. 'I wish it; you know it. I have already told you so; I have said so to Mdme. de Dino.' And, continuing the private conversation of the previous day, doing complete justice to his whole life, he would have immediately begun the work of his reconciliation with God if I had not drawn his attention to the fact that his confession could not be finished until after his declaration—the indispensable preliminary to his reconciliation with God in presence of the Church. 'It is just,' he replied; 'then I wish to see Mdme. de Dino; I wish to reperuse those two documents along with her; I wish to add something, and then we shall finish.' There was strength in his voice when he spoke to me thus, and this thought somewhat consoled me for this new delay, to which I hoped, moreover, for a nearing conclusion.

"Towards the middle of the day he seemed at ease. Since our conversation in the morning I had seen him several times, and as I was afraid of fatiguing him, I said little to him, contenting myself with praying by his side, reciting my Breviary or my beads and asking him at intervals if he had any relief from his pains. 'You are doing me good,' he often repeated. 'You are doing me good!' He even added once, 'I would have already done what I promised you if I was not suffering so much.'

"I got the Duchess de Dino, however, to confer with him about the affairs of his retraction concerning which he had told me he wished to have a last talk with her. No need telling you with what heart throbbing I awaited the result of this conversation. What painful anxiety there was in all that weeping, praying family, among all those honest and true friends who crowded round his door! Everybody seemed to be waiting in suspense a sentence of life or death. M. Royer-Collard, who was there, uttered then a remarkable expression which had a great effect: 'Don't be afraid; he who has always been a man of peace will not refuse to make his peace

with God before dying.' This was told to M. de Talleyrand; his face at once became extraordinarily animated and he quickly raised himself, saying, 'I don't refuse, I don't refuse!'

"In fact, he had declared to the Duchess de Dino that he accepted all the terms of the declaration; that he recognized them as his own; that he wished to sign them and die a true and faithful child of the Catholic Church. 'You know, Mdme. Dino, I told you so long ago; I wish it.'

"It was impossible to use language more explicit, to show a firmer will; but it remained to give the last proof. They proposed to him to sign on the spot those two important documents. "I shall not delay,' he said, 'only I wish to look over them again. I have to add something and I am at this moment too fatigued; I'll tell you when it will be time.' 'But, Prince, while your hand is still able.' 'Let them take it easy! I shall not delay.' These words both rejoiced and alarmed us again. The sad image of death was always before our eyes, but we could do nothing but pray and wait.

"We passed the day in this anxiety. At last towards eight o'clock at night, finding him a little more oppressed, I wished to ease my disquietude and ascertain his state; I decided to be pressing if his condition demanded it. I said: "Prince, I am going to give an account of you to the Archbishop, who is very uneasy and troubled about you. Would you first of all sign your declaration, so that I can give him at the same time the sweet consolation of knowing that you are ready to appear in peace before God?' He had still an astonishing reserved strength so as to be able to answer: 'Thank the Archbishop; tell him everything will be done.' 'But when, good uncle?' resumed his young niece, who was near him at that moment. 'To-morrow,' he replied, 'between five and six in the morning.' 'To-morrow?' she continued. 'Yes, to-morrow, between five and six.' I signed then to Mdlle. de Perigord not to press him more, and I added myself, 'I may, then, Prince, give him this hope?' He quickly interrupted me. 'Don't say this hope, say this certainty; it is positive.' Those few words were spoken with such an extraordinary force and firmness as still surprises me, and which I still seem to hear.

"Towards nine o'clock Baron de Talleyrand's daughter, his young niece, who was to make her first Communion the next morning, came to say the customary goodby for the night. He received her with a kindness and gentleness which moved every one present. The child herself was silently moved; the scene visibly touched M. de Talleyrand to the heart."

Two hours after this, M. Cruveilhier, fearing that his intellect might be affected, it was deemed advisable to make another effort

to obtain his signature. Dupanloup was present, but another relates as follows what took place:

"At eleven o'clock I sent in Mdle. de Perigord to the invalid's bedside; his present dispositions and the near ending of the time fixed, everything gave ground for hoping that this attempt would be successful and that the moment was favorable. M. Cruveilhier kept at some distance; I held a candle in my hand and raised the bed curtain. Mdle. Pauline, holding a pen and two papers, drew near him. 'Good uncle,' she said, with a charming candor and affectionateness it is impossible to describe, 'you are at ease now; wouldn't you sign these two papers, the contents of which you approve? That will soothe you.' 'But it's not six o'clock,' replied the Prince. I admired the candor of this young girl, who, despite her earnest desire to see her dearest wishes realized, only colored and did not employ a word to alter the truth at a moment when a soul less pure would perhaps have had no scruple to utter a falsehood which would have appeared to her justified by the result. She did not then insist after the reply of the Prince, who said to her: 'I told you I would sign to-morrow between five and six in the morning; I promise you again to do it.'"

At half-past four the next morning Dupanloup, trembling with emotion, directed his steps towards Talleyrand's room, whither had already preceded him those whom he describes as the dying statesman's "angel guardians whom God had sent him." "What a spectacle and what a moment!" he writes. "We all kept silence. . . . The night had been peaceful, pain no longer showed itself by any outward indication; but there was no need for any self-illusion—the sick man's drawn features, his hollow cheeks, the very calmness of his oppression, everything told that the very strength to suffer was spent and that death was very near. A few rapid words, exchanged in a low voice, prompted a resolution which seemed urgent. It was going on five; it was the hour indicated by Talleyrand for signing his declaration; but we did not know that he would still have strength enough to affix his own signature to this document and the letter to the Pope that was to accompany it. In that case, foreseen by the Archbishop, grave witnesses were indispensable. That very instant they sent several carriages to various parts of the city to seek the necessary witnesses for that great and solemn moment. However, it reached daytime. The Duc de Poix, M. de Sainte-Aulaire, M. de Barante, M. Royer-Collard and M. Molé arrived successively; they were the witnesses summoned and apprised beforehand. It would be certainly difficult to select men of more honorable character and of higher authority. Their immediate intervention, as you will soon see, was not, however, necessary.

"It was M. de Talleyrand himself who first brought animation into this mute and motionless scene. He looked at all those around him, one after the other, with a slight smile and saluted them with a scarcely perceptible movement of his head; then, lowering his eyes, as if to collect his thoughts and quickly reopening them, we saw him, throwing off in some sort as he had done several times, the pain to which he remained a prey, reimpart to his face a new expression of life, resume an air of strength and heard him utter in a clear and firm voice these words: 'What o'clock is it?' A shivering ran through my veins; he remembered, then, the hour fixed by himself; he wished to be faithful to it! His brain had not then ceased to think; he was thinking still; his intelligence, his will was still full of life. The hour of salvation had then come. 'It is six o'clock,' replied some one. I don't know why my heart was troubled with the fear of deceiving him even by this answer, of depriving him of some of his merit, of owing the least bit of that supreme act to a surprise movement. 'Prince, it is hardly more than five o'clock,' I replied. 'Very well,' said the Prince in a calm voice, still master of himself and others; they were all astonished.

"God inspired me at that moment with a thought which became an imperishable memory to all who were witnesses of that moving scene. Everybody was up and afoot in the house, even that young child who the night before had bade such a touching farewell to her dying uncle and who that very day was going to make her first Communion in a few hours. The idea occurred to me to get her to see him again. It seemed to me that her presence would impart a sweet and salutary confidence to that soul about to appear before its Judge, would be a happy preparation for that grand act he was going to perform and like the last of the blessings of that great day. The young Marie de Talleyrand then came down, and at a moment when all, silent and reflective, could not avert our eyes or our thoughts from that deathbed, she suddenly made her appearance at the door of the room, with her timid and downcast eyes and pale face, completely attired in white. She really appeared like the angel of grace and forgiveness. A sudden change in the sick man's features revealed the deep emotion of his soul at the sight of her; his smile, his glances showed how charmed he was. The child first knelt at his feet and said: 'Uncle, I am going to pray to God for you; I ask your blessing.' It was a scene to melt the soul. We strangers drew a little aside so as not to disturb that last family scene, and then, raising himself with an effort, he said: 'My child, I wish you much happiness during your life, and if I can contribute to it in any way, I shall do it with all my heart.' 'You can do it by giving her your blessing,' said the Duchess de Dino. Then ex-

tending his hand he blessed her; the child burst into tears, but soon got up and retired. M. de Talleyrand's eyes followed her for a moment as she withdrew, and after casting a last glance at her, he turned towards M. de Bacourt and let fall these words: 'There are the two extremes of life; she is going to make her first Communion and I——' He did not finish the sentence.

"But directly six o'clock struck. Then we approached. At last we reached the long promised, long desired time. My mental agitation was no longer that uneasy and cruel trouble which had so often made me despondent. I was then almost sure of God's mercy; my heart was no longer agitated except with the hope of seeing religion and the Church soon consoled and one of the most ardent desires of my faith crowned. We advanced; M. de Bacourt supported M. de Talleyrand on the right side, the Duc de Valençay on the left; the Duchess de Dino and his daughter were at his feet; M. Cruveilhier, his physician, was behind one of the bed curtains; his old servant Helie behind the other; I remained standing farthest off. It has been said that the Duc de Poix, M. Molé, M. de Barante, M. Royer-Collard and M. de Sainte-Aulaire were near him; that is not exact. Those gentlemen remained at the open door of his room, but behind a half-closed portière, and the documents were shown to them immediately after M. de Talleyrand signed them. At that moment Mdlle. Pauline, approaching, said: 'Good uncle, it is six o'clock. Do you wish I should present those papers to you which you promised to sign at this hour?' This movement drew him out of the deep thoughtfulness in which he was immersed for some moments; he raised his head. He was then seen to make a great effort to rise; weakness not permitting him, he had to be helped. Recovering in a moment from this shaking, he took the pen from the hands of Mdlle. Pauline. 'Monsieur de Talleyrand,' said Mdme. de Dino to him, 'do you wish me to read these papers before you sign them? You know them, but do you wish I should read them to you again?' 'Yes, read,' he replied. At these words, swayed, as it were, but a superior force and drawn towards him, all came together and drew near. With what eager attention, with what heart-throbbing, God knows! The Prince was seated on the edge of his bed and supported by cushions; his bearing was serious, his eyes raised and shut in an attitude and with an expression of the gravest attention. The Duchess de Dino advanced very close to him. As long as the reading lasted he listened, his head raised and erect, without showing the least sign of fatigue. His spirit was not only present, but one might say that he dominated that scene. Mdlle. de Perigord was kneeling near her mother; I was standing behind; M. Cruveilhier at the end of the room, and the old valet de

chambre leaning against the wooden bedstead and melted to tears. M. de Talleyrand had expressly requested that he should be present at that solemn hour; his servants were too numerous for all to be there; he wished that at least the oldest of them should represent them and be able to faithfully relate what his master had done and declared before dying. The Duchess de Dino, in presence of those assembled, first read his declaration, which you know, since the papers have published it. It is a long disowning of the worst and most celebrated epochs of his life and the candid condemnation of the age to which he belonged. At every sentence Mdme. de Dino begged him to note that it was his own wording; every time he made a sign of approval. In what Mdme. de Dino was reading there were things so grave that I was afraid M. de Talleyrand could not bear the expressions. I was tempted to ask the Duchess de Dino, who was being carried away by her emotion, to moderate the tone of her voice; I feared that the humiliation was too much.

"The reading of the declaration ended—it had lasted about ten minutes—M. de Talleyrand received the document from the Duchess de Dino's hands; he took it with his left hand; during the reading he had continuously held upright in his right the pen they had first given him, and without the least sign of uncertainty or hesitation, without any kind of extraordinary change in his face or features, without altering a word, with a firm and steady hand he began to write his name. The pen not tracing a letter, because the ink had dried during the reading, he dipped it himself in the ink bottle held up to him, and he then, in characters perfectly traced, affixed his grand signature, what he only used in great diplomatic treaties—'Charles-Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand.'"

The Duchess de Dino having read to him his letter to the Pope, which he similarly signed, she asked him what date he wished to put to it, and he replied very emphatically, "The week of my discourse at the Academy." It was, therefore, dated March 10, seven days after its delivery, at his direction. "This reply," observes Dupanloup, "had a kind of electrical effect upon all present; all were seized with admiration at the sight of a man of firm will, always strong, clear and master of himself, who, almost in the arms of death, was acting with calmness and authority, as when in his fullest vigor, deciding alone and with rigorous and thoughtful precision the details of the greatest affair he ever had to deal with. I drew aside and alone on my knees gave thanks to God for His mercies and asked Him to finish His work, for I was preoccupied about the Prince's confession, although no longer presented any obstacle. This confession, besides, was not difficult to obtain after what had taken place; he had even signed the important documents

addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff and made his peace with the Church—an indispensable condition of the peace he wished to make with God before dying. It was also less difficult to make after private conversations which had already prepared and happily begun it two days previously. M. de Talleyrand had taken it into serious consideration for several days beforehand. When I again saw him it was about eight o'clock. There was great commotion in the whole house. This commotion was perceptible even in the Prince's room, where I saw everybody about him agitated. The King's presence was announced to him. I then withdrew once more, deeply regretting that his confession had not preceded this visit. Everything that might upset him in his weak state made me afraid. The effect of this visit on the Prince's condition was very great. He fell into a state of dejection which was alarming; there was a very great change in his features, and, although his breathing still indicated much vitality, when we spoke to him he no longer replied. They came to tell me. I made haste, pierced to the soul by this painful spectacle. What was to be done? To pray and wait. He was profoundly absorbed. This state lasted for more than two hours; my uneasiness and embarrassment were at their height. At that moment I got a letter from the Archbishop which raised my courage; it was full of a zeal so apostolic and the joy of such a lively faith that my zeal and faith were also revived. It was Providence sent me that letter; it served me as an introduction to the Prince. I went to him. "Prince," I said. At this he opened his eyes, which he fixed on me; he even tried to smile. "Prince, the Archbishop directs me to tell you how concerned he is about you, how grieved he is about your state, how dear you are to him . . . On hearing me he seemed very moved and grateful; in his countenance there was that something indescribably sad but tender which sometimes gives a touching expression to the faces of the dying. He had still strength enough to say in a weak but distinct voice: 'I am very sensible of the Archbishop's kindness; I thank him . . . much.' I interrupted him to spare him the fatigue of a prolonged effort. 'The Archbishop,' I added, 'blesses God above all for your courage in consoling religion and setting your conscience at . . . Yes, Prince, you have this morning given the Church great consolation; I now come in the name of the Church to offer you the last consolations of your faith, the last succors of religion. You are reconciled to the Catholic Church, which you afflicted. The moment has come to reconcile yourself also with God by a new avowal and by a sincere repentance for all the faults of your life.' Then he made a movement as if to advance towards me; I approached, and at once both his hands seized mine and, pressing them with extraordinary

strength and emotion, he never relaxed his grasp all the time his confession lasted; it even needed a great effort to disengage my hand from his when the moment came to give him absolution. He received it with a humility, an emotion, a faith which made me shed tears and which doubtless touched God's heart and caused to descend upon that humbled head mercy and pardon. After his absolution I could not leave him; I do not know what powerful ties bound me to his side. I had, however, to leave him rest from a fatigue which must have been very great in his weak state. I wished to withdraw; it was then, raising his failing eyes towards me, he called me back, and again grasping my hands affectionately, uttered very distinctly these words: 'Kindly tell the Archbishop——' he continued, but his extreme weakness did not allow him to speak loud enough to be heard. The Duc de Valençay and M. de Bacourt, who supported his head at that moment, and I approached and said: 'Prince, what do you wish me to tell the Archbishop?' He made another effort and resumed: 'Kindly tell him that I——' Again he continued, but we could not grasp the meaning of the words which his lips, rather long moving, visibly uttered. To give him ease and spare him a fatigue it was painful to witness, I myself pursued: 'It is certain, Prince that the Archbishop is deeply devoted to you—to you and all your family, and you know how much he loved and venerated the pious Cardinal Perigord, your uncle.' 'And you know, uncle,' said the Duc de Valençay, 'how attached the Archbishop has always been to you above all.' 'To the extent,' I added, 'that this morning again he said to me that he would willingly give his life for you.' At these words his emotion was extreme; he made a great effort and we very distinctly heard these words: 'Tell him that he has a much better use to make of it.' Then he relapsed into a kind of prostration, the alarming and sad repose of which we wished at least to respect. I did not delay, however, administering to him extreme unction. At that moment his room was full not only of members of his family who had reëntered, but a crowd of friends who thronged round his death-bed. I applied the holy oils to his eyes, which he closed; to his lips and to his breast; he was evidently fully conscious and constantly gave us touching proofs of it to his last breath. Particularly I shall never forget this: I did not think it my duty to recite the Litany of the Saints until after I had applied all the holy oils, and placed myself near him at his side, however, and at some distance. Solely engaged in praying, I only looked at him from time to time. Suddenly my prayer was interrupted; it was observed that he was making responses; that his lips were repeating the words of the Litany, 'Pray for us,' 'Have mercy on us.' And when among the holy martyrs I came to St. Maurice and pro-

nounced his name, he recognized his patron saint. We saw him bow his head, and his glance, his smile, his prayer sought my eyes to give me to understand that he united himself to my prayers, then he closed his eyes, but the movement of his lips continued to testify that he joined in our intentions and was praying along with us. When some moments afterwards among the holy Pontiffs I uttered the name of St. Charles, his other patron, the same thing occurred in as marked a manner; his glance again sought mine; he expressed a sensible consolation in making me again note how these prayers touched him. Towards three o'clock, seeing the hour coming, I began the prayers for the agonizing. M. de Talleyrand, although at the last moment, evidently was fully conscious; he was even praying with admirable humility and fervor. My attention was drawn to it again. 'Monsieur l'abbé', they said, 'see how he is praying!'

"However, he was visibly near the end; death was present. I recommenced the prayers for the agonizing. But at that moment what prayers, what tears, what silence! Nothing, my friend, could depict for you the scene which then took place beside that death-bed. When I opened by Breviary to read the admirable prayer of the Church for the Christian in his agony my voice, despite me, was broken with emotion and my saddened gaze, involuntarily falling again on that face discolored by death, I could not find strength to speak. At last after a violent effort I was able to utter in a trembling and broken voice those first words: 'Go forth, Christian soul.' At these words, while I was restrained by emotion, all the numerous persons present by an unanimous and spontaneous movement fell on their knees. The sad dénouement took place before my eyes; our gaze was then fixed on those livid and motionless lips. Only for one instant during the public prayers for his agony did we see him, his eyes sometimes open, sometimes lowered, follow with signs of perfect intelligence all that was taking place around him and again answer us with that smile which never left him except in death. All at once his head dropped. Then M. de Bacourt, one of the most honorable men Divine Providence placed near him in his last moments, tried to gently raise his head to support it. The dying man's hand, already cold, moved in that of his friend and family, pressed it again; he turned his eyes for the last time towards him, but it was the last sign of life he gave. Everybody present understood, and all kneeling round his bed, seeing the last movements of his lips, we saw them close forever. M. de Talleyrand had ceased to live and suffer. It was the 17th of May, 1838, at thirty-five minutes past three in the afternoon."

When Royer Collard met the Abbé Dupanloup after this memorable sick-call he grasped his hand and said: "Monsieur l'abbé, vous êtes un prêtre!" The Parisians, however, with the skepticism born

of their ineradicable légèreté, disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the conversion of Talleyrand, which some witling of the time made the subject of the following not very reverential quatrain:

Il a trompé du même coup
(Si ce n'est vrai, c'est vraisemblable),
Le bon Dieu, le monde et le diable,
Et de Quelen et Dupanloup."

The late Bishop of Orleans, some years before his death, referring to this remarkable incident in the early part of his career, said: "Since I have mentioned the four Bishops who had the misfortune to forget their duty in the day of peril,² I shall say that he who died the last, he whose more deplorable errors, deeper fall, longer and more celebrated life are in everybody's memory, was also touched by the hand of Divine mercy in his last hour. I have received his last sigh, and it is known that before appearing before God—and he had not even postponed it to that supreme day—he deplored his life, blamed the Revolution and condemned the acts of his sad episcopate."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

Dublin, Ireland.

² The four who took the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy at the time of the French Revolution.

THE GUTENBERG BIBLES.

THE year 1450 was a milestone in the history of the invention of printing. It was the year when Gutenberg entered upon the gigantic task of printing the first Latin Bible. This date of the first Bible that appeared in print is established beyond doubt.¹ Yet there remains another problem, linked with this fact, the solution of which is beset with greater difficulties. If it is an assured fact that a Bible was printed in 1450, we naturally ask the question, Are there any copies of the first impression still extant? Apparently it seems impossible to search for such. We know that the first printed books were issued without notice of date and printer's name.² We seem, therefore, to be at a loss to single out from the numerous undated Bibles still left those printed by Gutenberg. Nevertheless bibliographers make certain features of undated books disclose the date or printer's name to us. We are not concerned now with this branch of scientific bibliography. Suffice it

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XIX., 1912, No. 16, p. 461 sq.

² *Fortnightly Review*, op. cit., No. 13, p. 391.

to state here that two undated editions of the Latin Bible can claim the honor of being the products of Gutenberg's printing activity and that several copies of each edition still exist. They are now always styled the "36 line" and "42 line" Bibles, from the number of lines of the columns.³ For brevity's sake we shall designate them henceforth as "B 36" and "B 42," respectively. We follow herein the prevailing custom among bibliographers.⁴

Since the beginning of the sixteenth century many attempts were made to rob Gutenberg of the glory of being the inventor of printing. The various myths springing up in various places and creating various mythical inventors—the products partly of family pride, partly of local patriotism, partly of ignorance—eclipsed almost entirely the memory of the real inventor for more than two centuries. It was only in 1740, at the time of the celebration of the third centenary of the invention,⁵ that the fame of the real originator of printing was reawakened.⁶ In like manner Gutenberg's typographical activity had faded from memory. Up to the year 1740 the Gutenberg Bibles had been lost sight of and had been completely forgotten.⁷ True it is that the famous "Cologne Chronicle" of 1499 relates that Gutenberg had printed a Latin Bible in 1450; it knows of but one Gutenberg Bible.⁸ The next witness, Joh. Trithemius, does not add, in 1513, anything more definite to this bare statement of 1499.⁹ A short time after Gutenberg and his Bibles were buried in oblivion till toward the end of the seventeenth century a few authors commenced to reiterate the vague statement that a Latin Bible had been printed at Mayence in 1450.¹⁰ None of those writers was aware of the existence of such a Bible, and likewise none of them knew the name of the printer. The Gutenberg Bibles had to be rediscovered from under the dust of the cloister—and church libraries.¹¹

The first author who had a knowledge of a Gutenberg Bible and referred to it as still extant in 1740 was Christ. Gottlieb Schwarz.¹²

³ *Fortnightly Review*, op. cit., p. 391.

⁴ Cp. K. Dziatzko. "Gutenberg Fruehste Druckerpraxis," Berlin, 1890; p. 1, note 1.

⁵ An erroneous date, cp. *Fortnightly Review*, op. cit., No. 16, p. 463.

⁶ K. Schorbach. "Die urkundl. Naachricht. ueb. Joh. Gutenberg, in Festschrift z. fuenfhundertjaehr." Geburtstag. v. J. Gutenberg, Lips. u. Mayence, 1900, p. 236.

⁷ Dziatzko, op. cit., p. 4.

⁸ Dziatzko, pp. 1-2; A. v. d. Linde. *Gesch. der Erfind. d. Buchdruckerk.* I., Berlin, 1886, p. 832; III., Berlin, 1886, p. 818.

⁹ Dziatzko, pp. 3-4; Linde. I., pp. 57-58.

¹⁰ Dziatzko, p. 6, note 2.

¹¹ Dziatzko, p. 1.

¹² "Primaria quaedam documenta de origine typogr." (Altorff, 1740), p. 4 sq.

But the indefiniteness of his description leaves it doubtful whether he had in mind B 42 or B 36.¹³ In 1754 we come across the first unequivocal description of an actual copy of the Gutenberg B 36, G. L. O. Knoch¹⁴ gives an account of the copy of B 36 in the library at Wolfenbuettel, but assigns it erroneously to two German printers of Venice and to the years 1470-1480.¹⁵ More attention was attracted to B 36 six years later by the booklet of Joh. Georg Schelhorn, "De Antiquiss, Latinorum Bibliorum editione."¹⁶ It gives a detailed description of a second copy of B 36, of which Schelhorn was the happy possessor, which is now preserved in the library at Stuttgart. Schelhorn was the first man to designate B 36 as the first printed Bible. B 42 was quite unknown to him.¹⁷ Meanwhile a copy of B 42 had been discovered. In 1752 J. Oelrich described the copy preserved now in the Royal Library at Berlin.¹⁸ The first account, however, of the B 42 is still five years older. The "Berlinische Bibliothek" contains¹⁹ notices of the B 42 at Berlin. The authors of this first description of B 42 conjectured rightly when they designated this Bible in question as the oldest extant.²⁰ The comparison of different copies soon revealed that B 42 is a different edition from B 36. Gerhard Meermann recognized both Gutenberg Bibles as early as 1761²¹ and 1765²² as two distinct editions. Unfortunately he regarded B 36 as not being a genuine work of Gutenberg. According to his view B 42 must be regarded as the sole and unique Gutenberg Bible—as *the* Gutenberg Bible.²³ In the course of time he gained many adherents of both contentions. This point will claim our attention later on. But the greatest attention was drawn to the copy of B 42 in the Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. G. Fr. de Bure unearthed it and described it first in 1763.²⁴ From this copy B 42 was formerly styled the "Mazarine Bible."²⁵ This designation was a misnomer. The great Cardinal's name is now

¹³ Dziatzko, p. 5.

¹⁴ Hist.-Crit. Nachrichten v. d. Bibelsamml. zu Braunschweig . . . 9. Stueck (Hannover, 1754), p. 724 sq.

¹⁵ Dziatzko, p. 6; Linde, III., p. 823.

¹⁶ Ulmae, 1760.

¹⁷ Dziatzko, pp. 6-7, Linde, III., pp. 823-824.

¹⁸ "Entwurf einer Gesch." d. Koenigl. Bibliothek zu Berlin, 1752, p. 27 (Linde, III., p. 871).

¹⁹ Vol. I. (Berlin, 1747), pp. 269 and 429.

²⁰ Andr. Gottl. Masch. Bibliotheca Sacra. P. II., Vol. III. (Halaë, 1783), p. 68.

²¹ "Conspectus originum typographicar." (Haag., 1761), p. 43, note 1, and p. 46, note.

²² "Origines typographicæ I." (Haag, Paris, London, 1765), p. 150, note, p. 284 sq.

²³ Dziatzko, p. 7; Linde, III., p. 824.

²⁴ "Bibliographie instructive," Vol. I., Paris, 1763, p. 32, No. 25.

²⁵ W. A. Copinger, "Incunabula Biblica," London, 1892, p. 1.

entirely dropped as an appellation of the forty-second line Gutenberg Bible.²⁶ Still the erroneous view created by the improper appellation "Mazarine" is retained by writers of note like Copinger,²⁷ Kapp,²⁸ British Museum catalogue²⁹ that the "Mazarine Bible" had been the first recognized copy of B 42. As mentioned above, the Berlin copy had been brought to light sixteen years before the discovery of the Mazarine copy.

All these happy coincidences had roused the curiosity of the bibliographers and bibliophiles to a high degree. Succeeding finds of Gutenberg Bibles accentuated this enthusiasm for the first printed Bibles. Within the lapse of a few decades some copies had passed through several hands. A few Gutenberg Bibles were dragged from their quiet repositories in the libraries of monasteries and churches, were thrown on the book market, to land either in some public library or in the castles of the French and English bibliophiles. The B 42 now in the National Library at Paris had been safely kept, in 1767, in the Benedictine Library at Mayence and was transported in 1788 to its present resting place.³⁰

The copy of B 36, which had been a treasure of the Benedictine Library at Metten, Bavaria, in 1788, was bought some time before 1803 by the English bibliophile, Lord Spencer, and is now an attraction of the John Rylands Library at Manchester, England.³¹ More checkered is the story of the B 42, which is now in the British Museum in London. Having been in the possession of the French bibliophile, Gaignat, in 1769, it was sold successively to two French bibliophiles, Girardot de Préfond and Count MacCarthy Reagh, then passed over to England by the purchase of the English bibliophile, Thomas Grenville, of London, in 1817 and arrived in 1847 at its present destination.³² In 1792 two copies of B 42 were sold at auction in Paris. They had belonged to the library of the ill-famed Cardinal Loménie de Brienne (d. 1794) and had come there, in all probability, as spoils from the suppressed French monasteries. The one of these copies was purchased by the Bodleian Library, Oxford, in 1793, to all appearance. The second copy could not be identified as yet among the existent copies.³³ The B 42 of the Munich Library had quietly rested on the shelves of the Benedictine Library of

²⁶ Copinger, l. c.

²⁷ Copinger.

²⁸ *Gesch. d. d. Buchhand.* I Lips., 1886, p. 45.

²⁹ *British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books.* Bible, P. I., London, 1892, p. 16.

³⁰ Linde, III., p. 877; P. Schwenke. *Untersuchungen z. Gesch. d. erst. Buchdrucks*, Berlin, 1900, p. 3.

³¹ Linde, III., p. 825; Copinger, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

³² Linde, III., p. 876; Schwenke, *op. cit.*, p. 5; Copinger, p. 4.

³³ Linde, III., pp. 876 and 879; Schwenke, pp. 5 and 7 sq.

Andechs, Bavaria, till 1803. After the suppression of the monastery it was confiscated and transported to Munich, May, 1805.³⁴ The B 42 of the Monastery of the Augustinian Canons of Rottenbuch, Bavaria, was likewise seized by the Bavarian Government after the suppression of the monastery and taken to Munich in 1803. Since 1858 it is a valuable part of the Imperial Library, of St. Petersburg.³⁵ One more incident may bring to a close this rather incomplete list of Gutenberg Bibles which had changed hands from 1769 to 1805. The private library of the last elector and Archbishop of Mayence, Fred. Charles Joseph Baron, of Erthal (d. 1802), contained a copy of B 42, which was added to the Royal Library at Aschaffenburg,³⁶ Bavaria; there it still remains.

These rapid finds brought about, as a matter of course, a better valuation of the Gutenberg Bibles. The tentative descriptions of a few decades ago developed soon into scientific comparisons of the two editions and their different copies. The learned abbot, Martin Gerbert, pointed out as early as 1767³⁷ two important peculiarities of the B 42 in his library at St. Blaise, Baden, which he could not detect in the B 36, now in Stuttgart.³⁸ A more minute comparison, based on more copies, was instituted by A. G. Masch in 1783.³⁹ He adduces some proofs which establish the fact that B 36 and B 42 were actually the first printed Bibles.⁴⁰ He, moreover, lays down certain canons whereby different editions of undated Bibles can be recognized.⁴¹ He, too, is the first bibliographer to all appearances who raised the question as to the priority among the two Bibles printed by Gutenberg. He refrained from passing any judgment on the point,⁴² but gave simply B 36 the first place on account of the great number of leaves.⁴³

The question which of these two Bibles was printed *first* constituted from this time a regularly recurring moot point among bibliographers.⁴⁴ Two diametrically opposite opinions held their own for the lapse of an entire century. Still the problem remained unsolved. Some writers laid greater stress on the similarity of the

³⁴ Linde, III., p. 875; Schwenke, p. 3.

³⁵ Linde, III., p. 879; Schwenke, p. 5; Copinger, p. 5.

³⁶ Linde, III., p. 871; Schwenke, p. 2.

³⁷ "Reisen durch Alemannien," Ulm, 1767, p. 148.

³⁸ Linde, III., p. 872.

³⁹ "Bibliotheca Sacra," P. II., V. III. Halae, 1783, p. 64-68.

⁴⁰ Op. cit., p. 64.

⁴¹ Op. cit., pp. 63-64 and 56-57.

⁴² Op. cit., pp. 58 and 64.

⁴³ Op. cit., pp. 64-67. How unreliable this criterion of older bibliographers is in regard to the pre-Reformation German Bibles is shown by Walther, "Die Deutsche Bibelübersetz. des Mittelalt.," Braunschweig, 1889, p. 15.

⁴⁴ Dzizatzko, p. 8.

types of B 36 with those of Pfister's printings and put down B 36 as a product of Pfister's press. On this supposition B 36 was later than B 42 and the latter was the one genuine Gutenberg Bible. Others, on the contrary, emphasized the greater resemblance of the type of B 36 to the so-called Missal types and assigned the first place to B 36, considering B 42 as the second Gutenberg Bible.⁴⁵ Only a few modern names may find a place here.⁴⁶ B 42, being the first, was defended by Henry Stevens,⁴⁷ E. C. Bigmore and C. W. H. Wyman,⁴⁸ Wendell Prime.⁴⁹ The cause of B 36 claiming the distinction to be the first Bible, was most ardently pleaded of late by J. P. A. Madden,⁵⁰ Theo. L. De Vinne,⁵¹ Anthony v. der Linde,⁵² J. H. Hessels⁵³ and J. Janssen.⁵⁴ In view of these conflicting opinions and on account of rather weak arguments on both sides some authors refrained from taking any side, as of late Fred. Kapp⁵⁵ and Chr. Brunn.⁵⁶ An adequate solution of this knotty problem was found happily some time ago. Before putting forward the final result of scientific research we must first lay down the specious proofs for the alleged priority of B 36 over B 42 and point out the overdrawn inferences.

The supporters of the priority of B 36 draw their main argument from its typographical peculiarities. The *Chronicle*, of Cologne,, vouches for the undeniable fact that the first Latin Bible of 1450 was printed with the large types, used generally later in the various editions of the Missal.⁵⁷ The first printed Bible was brought out in large types, the so-called Missal types. From this typographical feature the supporters of the priority of B 36 think they could trace the first printed Bible. The starting point, they argue, is found easily. We have to single out of the two Gutenberg Bibles the one endowed with the characteristics indicated by Zell, or, to speak more precisely, we have to fix upon that Bible which bears best the distinctive mark mentioned already, and we have to exclude the one which shows the greater dissimilarity from Missal types.

⁴⁵ Dzialzko, p. 14.

⁴⁶ A larger list in Dzialzko, pp. 15, 16, note 2.

⁴⁷ "Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition," London, 1878, p. 43 sq.

⁴⁸ "Bibliography of Printing, I.," London, 1880, p. 288.

⁴⁹ "Fifteenth Century Bibles," New York, 1888, p. 35 sq., 55 sq.

⁵⁰ "Lettres d'un bibliophile," III. série, Paris, 1874, p. 50 sq.

⁵¹ "The Invention of Printing," London and New York, 1877, p. 414 sq.

⁵² "Gutenberg," Stuttgart, 1878, p. 54, and "Gesch. d. Erfind. d. Buchdruckkunst," Vol. III., Berlin, 1886, pp. 819, 867, 880 sq. and passim.

⁵³ "Haarlem, the Birthplace of Printing," London, 1887, p. 21 sq.

⁵⁴ "Kirchenlexicon s. v. Buchdrucker," Vol. II., edit. II., Friburg., 1883, col. 1398

⁵⁵ "Gesch. d. d. Buchhandels I.," Lips., 1886, p. 45 sq.

⁵⁶ "De nyeste Undersog," Copenhag., 1889, p. 43 sq.

⁵⁷ Linde, I., p. 331 sq.; III., 818; Dzialzko, p. 2.

This requirement now is fulfilled in B 36. A minute comparison with various printed Missals reveals the fact that B 42 does not answer the description of printing with Missal types; B 42 cannot be the first printed Bible.⁵⁸

This contention is settled now beyond any doubt by a minute typographical comparison of the two Gutenberg Bibles. All bibliographers of late regard as certain that B 42 as well as B 36 were executed with Missal types. This unanimous conviction is the happy result of the painstaking researches of K. Dziatzko.⁵⁹ The main features of the types of B 36 and B 42 are completely identical. Minor differences are the use of larger and especially more extended types in B 36. There was prevalent a telling regard for saving space when the types of B 42 were cast. This mania of saving space of B 42 is still better witnessed than in the type bodies in the fact that the letters expand almost to the very margin, and in the absence of spacing come to stand closely together. Moreover, certain letters were often combined into fixed ligatures.⁶⁰ In B 36 ligatures were used more sparingly; besides, the types of B 36 were heavier.⁶¹ The height of the lines of B 42 and B 36 has the ratio of about 17.8 to 21 typographical points respectively. The width of equal printing of the identical words stands in the ratio of about 17 to 21 typographical points. In places where B 42 alone makes use of ligatures the ratio rises even to about 17.2 to 24 typographical points. These peculiarities of the types give the print of B 42 a condensed appearance, in striking contrast to the largeness and heaviness of the single types and to the otherwise beautiful make-up of the book. This was probably the reason why those writers quoted above denied the Missal printing of B 42.⁶² Since both Gutenberg Bibles were executed with Missal types, we are at a loss to determine the priority of any of them, relying on the statement of the *Chronicle*, of Cologne, regarding the Bible of 1450. The supporters of the priority of B 36 based their argument on the wrong supposition that B 42 is no Missal print. Their reasoning, therefore, does not conclude.

The second argument advanced in favor of B 36 is deduced from the larger print and the corresponding smaller number of lines on each page of B 36. Gutenberg, they argue, had printed first B 36. But, seeing that this book had become too voluminous (882 leaves, 1,764 pages), he tried his luck later in printing a new edition of the Bible with smaller types and more lines to a page. He started

⁵⁸ Linde, III., 819.

⁵⁹ "Gutenberg's frueheste Druckerpraxis," Berlin, 1890, p. 2, 50 sq.

⁶⁰ Dziatzko, op. cit., p. 50.

⁶¹ Dziatzko, p. 2.

⁶² Dziatzko, pp. 50-51, p. 2.

in with printing forty lines on a page (pages 1-9), but soon raised the number to forty-one (page 10) and finally (page 11) to forty-two lines throughout the entire work. The gradual development of the typographical technique is taken for a strict proof of the priority of B 36. There is a steady raise of the number of printing lines to be witnessed in the three first editions of the Bible. To proceed from the B 36 (of 1450) to the B 40-42 (of 1456) and again to the B 48 (of 1462) was a technical progress. Reverting this order and placing B 42 first would constitute an unreasonable retrogression.⁶³

An additional proof is drawn by the supporters of B 36 from the gradual increase of the lines in the two Gutenberg Bibles. The first printers were ever more eager to produce cheaper editions of books by using ever smaller types. In 1462 they had arrived already at the forty-eight line Bible, as was mentioned above. Gutenberg himself printed in 1460 even sixty-six lines on the pages of his "Catholicon." This habit of crowding more and more lines on the pages of books is found the more reasonable from a business standpoint, considering that a single copy of B 36 on vellum required the hides of a small herd of sheep over and above a corresponding copy of B 42. That Gutenberg was moved by such considerations is proven by the fact adduced above that his B 42 was planned originally as a B 40. The supporters of the priority of B 36 seize upon this fact as an evidence for their view. It is incredible, they argue, that Gutenberg, supposing that B 42 is the first Bible, should have, after the issue of the excellent B 42, hit upon the thought that he could do better business with an edition occupying one-fourth more space without giving more text, and whose production was necessarily more expensive on account of its larger volumes.⁶⁴

The priority of B 36 is, moreover, seemingly corroborated by the passion of saving space in B 42. The letters covering the type bodies to their very edges and the excessive use of ligatures in B 42, mentioned above, stand in correlation with the utilization of the printing space. The thirty-six lines of B 36 measure fully a height of eleven and a half inches.⁶⁵ The forty-two lines of B 42 measure somewhat less, eleven and a third inches.⁶⁶ The width of a single column of B 36 extends to about three inches and a third,⁶⁷ and the width of both columns, the free space in the middle included, to about seven and two-third inches.⁶⁸ The width of a single column

⁶³ Linde, III., p. 827.

⁶⁴ "Otto Hartwig in: Festschrift z. fuenfhundertj." Geburtstage v. J. Gutenberg, Lips. and Mayence, 1900, p. 18.

⁶⁵ More correctly, 11,65352 inches=29,6 cm.

⁶⁶ More correctly, 11,33856 inches=28,8 cm. They seem to lower later to closely 11,29919 inches=28,7 cm.

⁶⁷ More correctly, 3,34645 inches=8,5 cm.

⁶⁸ Precisely 7,67715 inches=19,5 cm.

of B 42 is a little more extended, as well as is the width of both columns combined. The addition in a single column of B 42 over the corresponding column in B 36 varies from 0.03937 to 0.07874 inches (1-2mm). The two columns combined, with their empty space in the middle, add the same amount, 0.03937-0.07874 inches, to the corresponding columns in B 36.⁶⁹ The smaller size of the printing surface of B 42 is almost made good by the greater width of the columns and the smaller middle space. This is apparently a technical improvement and presupposes a less economical edition to have gone before.

None of these proofs carries conviction. We must admit the principle that smaller print and numerical increase of lines bespeaks a later edition. Yet there are exceptions to this rule, and B 36 is one of them. The judicious use made of the space implies greater skill in printing. But this does not necessitate the inference that the printer of B 42 must have tried his skill before on B 36. He had tried it on other books.

The smaller number of copies printed of B 36 is alleged as an ulterior evidence of its priority. The inventor of printing was confronted at the outset of his business by the trade of books made by handicraft and by single pieces. The sale of printed books was yet an uncertain quantity. It was quite natural that he considered the mechanical manifolding of a few dozens of copies by printing as an extraordinary triumph of his art. Of course, the sale of such a limited edition of such a big work could not cover the expenses. Indeed, Gutenberg had bad luck with his first Bible.⁷⁰ Experience is a wise teacher. Gutenberg had learned something of the sale of printed books by the time he issued a second edition of the Bible. He published a great number of copies of B 42. This enlarged issue evinces again the priority of B 36 over B 42.⁷¹

All this is but a piece of specious reasoning. Raising the number of copies may be the effect of growing trade. It may also be quite the contrary, the first venture of an incipient trade finding yet no competition. In this supposition the large edition precedes the smaller one. B 42 precedes B 36.⁷² This was actually the case, as we know now for certain.

The supporters of the priority of B 36 are not yet at a loss for proofs for their espoused cause. In some copies of B 42 five headings are printed in red. There is no red print in B 36. This absence of red color in B 36 is pointed out as an instance against the

⁶⁹ Dziatzko, pp. 24 and 29. The measurements given by Linde, III., p. 827, note, are somewhat general.

⁷⁰ Linde, III., p. 818.

⁷¹ Linde, III., p. 879.

⁷² Dziatzko, p. 33.

priority of B 42.⁷³ But this very illogical reasoning. The printer of B 42 himself gave up this usage very soon. The printer of B 36 followed later his predecessor's custom of dropping red print altogether.⁷⁴ This was the actual sequel of things.

Again, another technical feature is adduced as evidence of the claim of B 36. Both Bibles leave space for the capital letter F of the prologue, which the illuminator had to paint by hand. Now B 42 shortens six lines to leave ample room, whereas B 36 shortens only two lines. This greater limitation in B 36 should be a clear indication of its priority.⁷⁵ But this plea rests on a false assumption. There is no uniform system regarding the number of lines shortened to give room for the initial letter of a new section.⁷⁶ Therefore the fact adduced neither proves nor disproves anything.

Both types are very similar to each other, even as to particularities, so that one was the prototype or pattern for the other.⁷⁷ The writers, favoring the claim of priority of B 36, regard the larger and more massive types of B 36 as the older ones. This fact should serve as an additional corroboration of their opinion.⁷⁸ But the question of priority cannot be settled by slight variance of types.⁷⁹ There are two opposite possibilities in this regard. The types of B 36 may have been an enlarged copy of type B 42 or the latter may have been a smaller reproduction of the former.⁸⁰ There are adherents of either the one or the other opinion. But granted the priority of the type B 36, which seems to be the saner view, the priority of the *printing* is not yet implied by it.⁸¹ Quite often an older type was used in later editions.

B 42 makes use of one more sign of punctuation. This insignificant incident is construed as evidence of the priority of B 36. The more limited number of these signs may have been an awkwardness compared with the subsequent more perfect B 42. It may have been just the reverse—a reduction on account of greater convenience by the later printer of B 36.⁸² Nothing, therefore, can be evinced by this fact.

Finally, we mention some accessory typographical features which appear to favor the claim of priority of B 36. The printer of B 42 had more capital on hand, since the necessary paper had been bought almost all at the start, whereas the limited means of the printer of

⁷³ Linde, III., p. 867.

⁷⁴ Dziazko, pp. 48, 82, 84, 85, note 1.

⁷⁵ Linde, III., p. 867.

⁷⁶ Dziazko, p. 80.

⁷⁷ Dziazko, p. 51.

⁷⁸ Linde, III., p. 867.

⁷⁹ Dziazko, pp. 63, 74, 86.

⁸⁰ Schwenke, op. cit., p. 87.

⁸¹ Dziazko, p. 86.

⁸² Dziazko, p. 69.

B 36 allowed him to buy material for but a part at a time.⁸⁸ More typesetters worked simultaneously on B 42 than on B 36, as is evinced by the ten different sections of printing. A larger and better equipped printing office and a printer of better means produced B 42.⁸⁴ A simple printing apparatus was in operation on B 36.⁸⁶ The types of B 42 were executed with more care and forethought and were made seemingly of better material. Perhaps the types of B 36 were manufactured in a hurry.⁸⁶ B 42 paid more attention to a clear and legible print, whereas the many abbreviations and the apparently greater haste in issuing B 36 were the cause that the latter falls short in this regard.⁸⁷ Finally, B 42 is printed with more uniformity and consistency, coupled with greater variety in minor points.⁸⁸ But all of these peculiarities support the assumption of the priority of B 42 as well as of B 36.

None of the proofs mentioned above establishes the priority of B 36. Such typographically singular features may create at the most some kind of plausibility on either the one or the other side.⁸⁹ The supporters of the priority of B 42 pitted other typographical peculiarities against the pretentious proofs for the priority of B 36. But they were not able to carry their point, either. Plausibilities were set against plausibilities. A stringent argument could not be adduced by either party of the contestants.⁹⁰ The solution of the problem could be solved only by a textual comparison of the two Bibles.⁹¹ The first man who undertook this scientific research systematically⁹² was also the first man who gave the final solution of the problem. This man was the noted bibliographer, Charles Dziatzko (d. 1903). His results are laid down in his work, "Gutenberg's Earliest Printing Practice" (Gutenberg's Fruehste Druck-erpraxis), Berlin, 1890, pp. 87-112.

The comparison evinced the coincidence of both Bibles in their orthography, punctuation, correct and wrong readings.⁹³ Particularly pronounced is this mutual agreement regarding orthographical matters in chapters containing a great amount of proper names, like Genesis, chs. 5, 10, 35, 36. While the different manuscripts teem with various readings, these two Bibles have very few and trifling

⁸⁸ Dziatzko, pp. 49, 40, 74.

⁸⁴ Dziatzko, p. 31.

⁸⁵ Dziatzko, p. 74.

⁸⁶ Dziatzko, p. 74.

⁸⁷ Dziatzko, p. 75.

⁸⁸ Dziatzko, p. 86.

⁸⁹ Dziatzko, p. 17.

⁹⁰ Dziatzko, p. 17.

⁹¹ Dziatzko, p. 87.

⁹² Dziatzko, p. 1.

⁹³ Dziatzko, p. 87.

variants.⁹⁴ More important is the uniformity in the use of punctuation marks, since the caprice and the free choice of the individual printer have fuller scope usually in this matter than in the domain of orthography. There is an agreement to be found even in their inconsistent and faulty punctuations.⁹⁵ The comparison of the texts proper discovered errors of faulty readings common to both Bibles.⁹⁶ Moreover, both Bibles have often identical ends or beginnings of chapters which differ from those of the manuscript Bibles. Finally, the order of succession of the two verses of Exodus, chap. 21, vs. 16-17, is reverted in both Bibles in the same way. These facts prove beyond any doubt that one Bible is a reprint of the other. Yet the question which is the first printed is left in abeyance. As a rule, B 42 gives a more correct text. Most of the errors of B 42 are found in B 36, and only a few faults of B 42 are corrected in B 36. These rare emendations occur always in instances when gross errors of B 42 are expunged which could have been easily noticed and corrected without consulting the manuscript copy.⁹⁷ This fact gives color to the assumption that B 42 preceded B 36. Yet it cannot be taken as a solid proof of such a precedence.

The favorable position of B 42 is strengthened by the following consideration: Reverting this order and placing B 36 first, the printer of B 42 would have been constrained to correct the text of B 36 in very many places. To get the reading we actually find in B 42 the editor of it would have had to emend the text of B 36 partly from his own knowledge, partly by consulting a good manuscript of the Bible. B 42 can be a reprint of B 36 only through an extensive use of the manuscript. Since such editorial activity is not an impossible presupposition, it was a mistake to infer the priority of B 42 from its more correct text. The variants of the two Bibles could have been explained always on the assumption that the editor of B 42 took B 36 as his base and consulted the manuscript Bible whenever he suspected errors in the original B 36.⁹⁸ There were no variants which would compel one to regard one of the Bibles as the later one.⁹⁹

Still *one* passage was found which rendered the priority of B 36 very doubtful. B 42 makes use of the third form of transitions from one chapter to the other in the fourth book of Esdras, chapter the first (Vol. I., f. 247v., line 24 sq.). This form consists in putting a small word or part of a word which cannot find a place on

⁹⁴ Dziazko, p. 88.

⁹⁵ Dziazko, p. 89.

⁹⁶ Dziazko, p. 90.

⁹⁷ Dziazko, p. 91.

⁹⁸ Dziazko, pp. 92 sq.

⁹⁹ Dziazko, p. 87.

the last line into the first line of the next chapter to save a full line. The first line of the opening chapter is arranged in this order. First stand the introductory words of the new chapter, then follows a small empty space as division-mark, and after that the short termination of the preceding chapter is printed.¹⁰⁰ Now, the printer of B 36 had overlooked the small division-mark in B 42 which pointed out that the words "vocatus est" belong to the previous chapter. This caused him to print the ridiculous text of B 36, Esdras IV., chap. 2 (Vol. I., fol. 342v., col. 2, line 20 sqq.): "Haec dicit dominus: Ego *vocatus* est eduxi populum istum de servitute." This oversight could take place the easier, since this third form of closing chapters in B 42 was used there for the first time, consequently the printer of B 36 was not yet familiar with it.¹⁰¹

This single passage establishes the fact that B 42 preceded B 36 and that B 36 is a reprint of B 42.¹⁰² The slender a priori possibility is not excluded that the printer of B 36 had first found the identical arrangement of the text in a manuscript was misled, but later while printing B 42, and after having detected the error of B 36, he had consulted the manuscript and had printed the text of B 42 from this manuscript correctly, though after the third form of closing chapters, in order to save space, and accidentally met with the identical division of words as in B 36. Yet so many chance coincidences in a thing like this oversight are not very plausible.

A still more stringent proof was looked for and found.¹⁰³ The B 36 at Stuttgart has the last or fourth column of leaf No. 10 (fol. 10v., col. 2) covered with vellum. On this piece of vellum is written a text which differs entirely from the printed text below. The typesetter copying the text of B 42 had, after finishing leaf 7 of B 42, by mistake skipped the next leaf, 8, and had continued his work on leaf 9. This composition lacking the text of leaf 8 was printed. This fact settles the much debated question beyond any doubt—the 36 line Gutenberg Bible is a reprint of the 42 line Gutenberg Bible; the B 42 is the first printed Latin Bible. This demonstration is the more indisputable, since the possibility hitherto still existing that both Bibles were printed from an identical manuscript, noting, perhaps, different readings in the usual manner, is excluded. This oversight of the typesetter was detected soon after printing and corrected in some copies.¹⁰⁴

The priority of B 42 is established now by incontestable proofs and the debate of a century's standing is closed. All bibliographers

¹⁰⁰ Dzialtzo, p. 77.

¹⁰¹ Dzialtzo, p. 93.

¹⁰² Dzialtzo, p. 93.

¹⁰³ Dzialtzo, p. 94.

¹⁰⁴ Dzialtzo, pp. 94-95.

adopt the results of Dr. Dziatzko's researches. "The opinion," writes Paul Schwenke,¹⁰⁵ "that B 36 is earlier is now completely done away with, since K. Dziatzko has established the priority of B 42 by irrefutable arguments." And Eb. Nestle coincides with this view:¹⁰⁶ "After Dziatzko's final researches, not the least doubt can be entertained of B 42 being the first printed Bible." Some names of the foremost bibliographers adopting Dziatzko's conclusion may be appended here, as W. A. Copinger,¹⁰⁷ Leop. Delisle,¹⁰⁸ Otto Hartwig,¹⁰⁹ K. Schorbach,¹¹⁰ Frank Falk,¹¹¹ Konrad Burger¹¹² and the authors of the "Historical Catalogue of Printed Bibles in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society."¹¹³

The first leaves of B 42 show some anomalies which now claim our attention. It has long been known that the different copies of B 42 do not tally. Most prominent is the peculiarity that some copies number 42 lines in each column throughout the entire work and leave empty space for *inscribing* the rubrics or superscriptions. Other copies, on the contrary, have a few rubrics printed in red color and contain some leaves with only 40 or 41 lines to a full column. These copies we mark briefly as B 40-41, whereas the designation B 42 refers to copies of the former description. There are 16 pages with 40 lines and one page with 41 lines in B 40-41. The first nine pages (Vol. I., fol. 1-5r.) of the first volume have 40 lines, and the following page (I., fol. 5v.) has 41 lines. A like variation occurs at the beginning of the Book of Kings. Dziatzko first detected that the first seven pages of the Book of Kings (Vol. I., fol. 129-132r.) are likewise printed in 40 lines. There are five rubrics printed in red—three in the first section of 40 lines and two in the latter (on fol. 129).¹¹⁴

The explanation of these deviations hinges on the solution of the question as to the priority of B 40 or B 42. H. Stevens¹¹⁵ calls B 40-41 "a second issue," whereas v. d. Linde¹¹⁶ defends the opposite view. This latter opinion is the only correct one. B 40 is the

¹⁰⁵ "Untersuchungen z. Geschichte d. ersten Buchdrucks," Berlin, 1900, p. 7.

¹⁰⁶ "Urtext u. Uebersetzungen der Bibel," Lips., 1897, p. 102.

¹⁰⁷ "Incunabula Biblica," London, 1892, pp. 1 and 8.

¹⁰⁸ "Les bibles de Gutenberg d'après les recherches," de K. Dziatzko in *Journal des Savants*, Paris, 1894, pp. 401-413, reprint Paris, 1894.

¹⁰⁹ Festschrift, Lips & Mayence, 1900, p. 18.

¹¹⁰ Festschrift, p. 208.

¹¹¹ "Bibelstudien in Mainz," Mayence, 1901, p. 142.

¹¹² "Printers and Publishers of the Fifteenth Century," London, 1902, p. 504.

¹¹³ Part III., London, 1911, p. 905.

¹¹⁴ Dziatzko, pp. 82, 96 sq.; Schwenke, op. cit., p. 9; Linde, III., p. 827, 869 sq.

¹¹⁵ Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition, London, 1878, p. 43.

¹¹⁶ Op. cit., 11. cc.

first edition. In its favor speaks the circumstance that the transition to more lines to a full column marks a typographical progress. The Bible having been printed completely or partly in columns of 42 lines there was no reasonable motive for employing less lines of columns in printing some additional pages. The greater number of copies extant of B 40 add some weight to this view.¹¹⁷ Most important, if not altogether decisive, is the fact that the paper copies of B 42 bear a paper-mark on the first leaves of the first volume, which is found otherwise only in parts of B 42 printed later. B 40, on the other hand, contains the same paper as the next following gatherings. B 42 makes use of the third form of transition between chapters which is unknown to the first printed sections of B 42 to B 40. Moreover, B 40-41 prints always "*cumque*" in conformity with the bulk of B 42, whereas B 42 uses the form "*cunque*" without exception, which is employed only in later sections of B 42.¹¹⁸ The peculiarities proper to B 40-41 are evidence of yet tentative experiments, which soon gave way to complete mastery and consistency. We mention as such irregularities, which were dropped later, the use of the letter "w" in the word "*ewangelium*," the peculiarly shaped "r" after "b," the old ligature "pro," the substitution of letters for numerals, the extensive use of spelling "ci" before a vowel instead of "ti," the spelling common to the later portions of B 42, and the red print of the five rubrics. These facts cannot be explained consistently on the supposition that the entire Bible, or at least the greater part, were printed according to methods which were given up in later reprinting the few additional leaves of B 40-41. We must rather regard these peculiarities, though neither numerous nor important, as the remnants of the earliest stage of printing B 42, which were abandoned later. The comparison of the text proper leads to the same conclusion. One text is a reprint of the other. Proofs are the identical ends of columns with but four exceptions, the identical compositions of most passages and common mistakes. B 40 exhibits the earlier text, for some of its readings were printed immediately from the manuscript Bible and several mistakes were corrected in B 42. New mistakes not found in B 40 are very rare in B 42. It is highly probable, if not absolutely certain,¹¹⁹ from these evidences that B 40 is the earlier edition; that this Gutenberg Bible had been planned originally as a 40 line Bible; that it was changed into a 42 line Bible ere half of the first quires of part I. and II. had been printed, and that one page (Vol. I., fol. 5v.) of 41 lines marks the transition to the final stage.¹²⁰ The numerous contractions of the 40 line pages made it

¹¹⁷ Dziatzko, p. 98; Linde, III., p. 827.

¹¹⁸ Dziatzko, pp. 49-50, 98-99; Schwenke, p. 9.

¹¹⁹ Schwenke, op. cit., p. 9, regards it as a demonstration.

¹²⁰ Dziatzko, pp. 100-102; Schwenke, p. 9; Linde, III., 827.

easy to fill the larger printing surface of B 42 with the same text; the contractions were replaced by more or less unabridged words.¹²¹ The second edition of the 40 line pages coincides with the latest sections printed. It was finished, though, some time before the entire B 42 was completed. This is what the water-marks disclose to us.¹²² Gutenberg saved about 32 leaves by raising the lines from 40 to 42.¹²³

These are not the only instances of leaves set up in type twice so as to form practically two editions; of one leaf (fol. 134) at least three varieties occur. Paul Schwenke,¹²⁴ carrying forward the results obtained by K. Dziatzko and other scholars, has shown that the B 42 was printed in ten sections on six presses. When the three first presses had respectively printed fol. 1-32r., fol. 129-158r. and 325-340 (Vol. II., fol. 1-16) and a fourth and fifth had printed fol. 486 (Vol. 2, fol. 162r.) and fol. 261r., it was resolved to increase the size of the edition by about one-third,¹²⁵ and these pages had subsequently to be set up afresh, so that additional copies of them might be printed¹²⁶ to complete these missing parts of the entire Bible. These leaves were printed concurrently with the re-issue of the 40 line leaves shortly before the termination of the entire work.¹²⁷ Twelve of the 36 copies of B 42 extant belong to the second issue and 24 copies to the first issue.¹²⁸

Apart from the second issue of these parts, reprints of isolated pages occur in the remainder of the work. Only one page was printed at a time and alterations in the spelling and the contractions were made during the course of printing. It happened at times that sheets were spoiled on the third or fourth page. Since the types of the composition of the first pages were distributed already, a reprint of those pages was necessitated in order to replace the spoiled copies. Instances of such isolated reprints and alterations during the printing are Vol. I., fol. 34r., 52r.; Vol. II., 22r. Probably no two copies of any fifteenth century book exactly resemble each other on every page throughout the volume. These different reprints in B 42 are of the highest importance, because they transmit the same text set up at the beginning and at the termination or within short lapses of the printing of B 42, giving evidence of the gradual evolution of the technique in printing B 42.¹²⁹

¹²¹ Linde III., p. 870.

¹²² Dziatzko, pp. 41, 48, 50; Schwenke, p. 10.

¹²³ Schwenke, p. 32.

¹²⁴ Op. cit., pp. 9-17, 51-55.

¹²⁵ Dziatzko, pp. 50, 102.

¹²⁶ Historical Catalogue of Printed Bibles, Part III., p. 906.

¹²⁷ Dziatzko, p. 102; Schwenke, p. 10.

¹²⁸ Dziatzko, p. 50; Schwenke, pp. 16-17.

¹²⁹ Schwenke, p. 15; Historical Catalogue, p. 906.

The B 42 is divided, as stated above, into ten sections, which were printed independently of each other; these begin at fol. 1, 102, 129, 261, 325, 455, 486, 586, 609 and 634, respectively. The first printer had completed two leaves, fol. 1-2, when the second printer commenced printing fol. 129. After printing four more leaves, respectively, a third printer started in at fol. 325. All three printers had advanced about 18 leaves farther in their different sections when a fourth printer began work at fol. 486. About 18 more leaves having been struck off by those four printers, two more printers joined in the work at fol. 102 and 261, respectively. These six printers worked simultaneously till the work was finished. The first printer, after having worked up to fol. 101, commenced printing fol. 609 to 633. The second printer, having completed fol. 260, undertook the work of printing the second issue of several parts mentioned before. The third printer terminated his work at fol. 454, as did the fourth printer at fol. 585, but the latter finished some leaves of the reprints later on. The fifth printer, after finishing fol. 128, went over to fol. 455, worked up to fol. 485, printed fols. 634 to the last page, 641, and helped finally to bring out the second issue of some parts. The sixth printer, having carried through his work to fol. 324, concluded his typographical labor by printing fol. 586 to fol. 608. These are the happy results of P. Schwenke's scholarly researches,¹⁸⁰ which go beyond Dziatzko's conclusions.¹⁸¹

B 42 contains 641 printed leaves in folio, put together as a rule into quinions or gatherings of five sheets, ten leaves, twenty pages. The whole is made up by 60 quinion (=600 leaves), on sexternio (=12 leaves), two ternions (=12 leaves), 2 binions (=8 leaves)¹⁸² and nine single leaves inserted at various places (fols. 99, 126, 246, 259, 485, 605, 632, 634 and 635). Some copies contain an additional binio (=4 leaves), which is printed. It gives an index of the rubrics which serves as a direction for the illuminator and rubricator. This "tabula rubricarum" was not printed for all copies. Another supplement to a few copies were two or three leaves printed with the text of the ten "Cantica ad matutinas" and the "Te Deum." Only one single leaf of these is preserved now at the National Library at Paris. Some copies contain a few empty leaves. The whole work, like most of the early editions of the Bible, is generally divided into two volumes, the second beginning on fol. 325 with the preface to the books of Solomon and numbering 317 leaves.¹⁸³

¹⁸⁰ Schwenke, op. cit., pp. 51-55; on pages 52-53 a graphic table of the work of the individual printers is given.

¹⁸¹ Dziatzko, pp. 25-48.

¹⁸² Linde, III., p. 869, is mistaken speaking of 66 quires; there are 66 quires and 9 single leaves, as Dziatzko proved.

¹⁸³ Dziatzko, pp. 25-29; Linde, III., pp. 867, 869. The collation given by W. A. Copinger, *Incunabula Biblica*, p. 2 sq., is antiquated since Dziatzko's researches.

Four different kinds of paper were used for B 42, distinguished by different water-marks. A copy of the first edition not containing any reprints is made up of 234 sheets of paper with the water-mark of a bull's head with a star, 52 sheets with the water-mark of an oblong bunch of grapes on a stem with a loop, 16 sheets with the water-mark of a bunch of grapes in a compressed form on a shorter stem and 19 sheets with the water-mark of a running bull.¹³⁴ The grouping of those four kinds of sheets into the 65 quires was instrumental in tracing the work of six printers, as stated above.¹³⁵

The B 42 is printed in double columns. The space between them is not the same everywhere; it varies from 20-24mm.-0.7874 to 0.945 inch.¹³⁶ Apart from the 40 and 41 lines in some copies, mentioned above, it is printed with 42 lines to a full column except fol. 310, which has 41 lines. This single exception was first noticed by Schwenke. It is the effect of an oversight, as is seen from the too-much spaced text. To all appearance a part of the text was composed twice by a mistake. This mishap was set aright on the same surface. One line of the column was dropped without trying to regain the height of the surrounding columns by means of space lines.¹³⁷ The verses of fols. 246, 260, 513, 597 and 632 (sometimes fol. 633) are blank. The verse of fol. 324 is blank for a great part. The verse of fols. 101, 192 and 238 has several lines blank in the second column at the end.¹³⁸ The remainder of the surface is covered with print.

The first Gutenberg Bible is without title-page, numerals or foliation, pagination, without signatures, catchwords or running titles. The titles to every book and chapter and to each Psalm and the large initial letters are rubricated by hand, with the exception of the five rubrics printed in red in B 40-41. The red headings were printed later than the B 40-41 in black. This process had been perhaps too difficult and wearisome and was given up after the first two quires had been finished.¹³⁹ Some written substitute for the later printed numerals must have existed already. In the Pelplin copy of B 42 the first five leaves of every quire are signed by hand, with the numbers 1-5 on the right corner at the foot of the recto. These written numerals were cut off partly by the bookbinder. Since it is highly probable that these signatures cannot be attributed to the later rubricator, we must assume that every sheet was numbered beforehand to avert a mixing up of the singly printed

¹³⁴ Dziatzko, pp. 41-47; Schwenke, pp. 51, 56; fac simile of the four water-marks in Dziatzko, op. cit., table III.

¹³⁵ Dziatzko, p. 46 sq.; Schwenke, pp. 51, 54.

¹³⁶ Schwenke, p. 46; Copinger, op. cit., p. 2, gives " $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch."

¹³⁷ Schwenke, p. 30.

¹³⁸ Dziatzko, pp. 25-27, 84.

¹³⁹ Dziatzko, p. 82 sq., 115; Schwenke, p. 50 sq.

pages. These numerals were placed to all appearance purposely so near the margin that the bookbinder should cut them away. This numeration of the sheets of each quire by hand can still be seen in some other copies of B 42, where the right-hand margin was not curtailed too much. The Berlin B 42 on vellum contains two *written* catchwords on the verso of fols. 99 and 124 at the bottom, which seem to have been placed there during the course of printing.¹⁴⁰

The first issue, B 40-41, begins in red fol. 1, recto, col. 1, with the three line heading, "Incipit epistola . . ." The second issue, B 42, leaves three lines blank for the rubricator. On line 4 both issues commence printing St. Jerome's letter, prefixed to the Bible, beginning "Fratr Ambrosius." Genesis begins fol. 5, recto col. 1. In B 40 the heading "Incipit liber . . ." is in red print on fol. 5, whereas B 42 has a blank line. The three other rubrics in red print occur on fol. 4r., col. 2, fol. 129r., col. 1 and fol. 129v., col. 2. The first volume contains fol. 5-324, the books of the Old Testament as far as the Psalms. The second volume, fol. 325-641, contains fol. 325-513, the remaining books of the Old Testament, and fol. 514-641 the books of the New Testament.¹⁴¹

The blank space left for the headings is not equally apportioned in B 42. As a rule one or two lines were left over; at times the remainder of a line had to suffice. Three blank lines are a rare occurrence.¹⁴²

Paul Schwenke conjectures that the total number of paper copies of B 42 printed may have been about 160 to 170. This size of the paper edition is very credible compared with the thirty copies still extant. One copy saved out of every five or six is a very fair proportion considering the enormous waste of European libraries. The vellum copies may have been as many as thirty or more, taking the extant copies as a base of reckoning. The entire edition comprised 200 copies at the highest, of which one-fifth is still preserved.¹⁴³

The time consumed in printing B 42 can be figured out approximately. From the survey given before of the work of the six printers we know that none of the six presses had to issue more than 300 pages each, and they all executed their work within about the same time. Now it is not plausible that a printer could have finished a page in a day, counting typesetting, printing of 200 copies and distributing the types. Two 'days' time seems to be too great

¹⁴⁰ Schwenke, p. 60.

¹⁴¹ Dzialtzo, p. 82; Copinger, op. cit., p. 2 sq.

¹⁴² Dzialtzo, p. 83 sq.

¹⁴³ Schwenke, p. 56 sq.

an allowance. At any rate, we cannot compute more than two years' time for printing 300 pages.¹⁴⁴

Scholars are divided as to the date of printing B 42. Schwenke in 1900¹⁴⁵ fixed upon the latter half of the year 1453 as the date of the beginning and upon about the middle of 1455 as the time of the termination. W. A. Copinger¹⁴⁶ and K. Dziatzko¹⁴⁷ assigned it to the years 1450-1455, A. v. d. Linde¹⁴⁸ to about 1453-1456, "Historical Catalogue of Printed Bibles" in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society¹⁴⁹ to 1452-1456, Gottfr. Reichhart, O. S. B.,¹⁵⁰ to 1452-1455. Recently Schwenke¹⁵¹ sets as the date the period from 1450-1453. His date appears to be the only correct one, as we will see later. At all events, it could not have been begun before the spring of 1450, when Gutenberg entered into partnership with Faust, and it could not have been finished later than August, 1456, the rubricated date of the Paris copy.¹⁵²

Regarding the expenses for printing B 42, we have no definite information. Nevertheless, we can arrive at an approximate idea of the cost of the work. We know that Gutenberg borrowed 800 florins from John Faust, of Mayence, toward the beginning of 1450. He used the money in establishing a printing office.¹⁵³ That this loan, a high sum in those days, sufficed for Gutenberg's purpose we know from a later instance. The Abbot Stamhaim established a printing office in his monastery of St. Ulrich and Afra at Augsburg. It took him a whole year to procure the necessary outfit. He bought five presses for the sum of 73 florins, had five smaller presses made and types cast, and commenced printing in 1473 the "Speculum" of Vincent of Beauvais. The whole outlay amounted to 703 florins.¹⁵⁴ But 800 florins did not cover the working expenses of Gutenberg; he therefore took up a second loan of 800 florins, probably two years later. These 1,600 florins were never paid in full to Gutenberg.¹⁵⁵ Moreover, we do not know how much of his own money Gutenberg had added. Finally, we have evidence of the fact that Gutenberg had used some money for buying paper and printing a part of another book. Considering these things, we come very near the truth by stating that the entire cost for putting up the first

¹⁴⁴ Schwenke, p. 57.

¹⁴⁵ Op. cit., pp. 57-59.

¹⁴⁶ *Incunabula Biblica*, London, 1892, p. 1.

¹⁴⁷ Op. cit., p. 114.

¹⁴⁸ *Gesch. d. Erfind. d. Buchdr.*, III., Berlin, 1886, pp. 867, 880.

¹⁴⁹ London, 1911, p. 905.

¹⁵⁰ *Beitraege z. Incunabelkunde*, Lips., 1895, p. 279.

¹⁵¹ *Zweilundvierzigzellige Bibel*, Lips., 1913.

¹⁵² Copinger, p. 1; Dziatzko, p. 118.

¹⁵³ Schorbach in: *Festschrift*, p. 205 sq.

¹⁵⁴ Linde, III., pp. 809-810.

¹⁵⁵ Schorbach, op. cit., p. 209; Linde, III., p. 852.

printing office of a larger size and issuing the first large book, the B 42, amounted all in all to about 1,500 florins, more or less. About half of this sum may have been the actual expense for printing, buying paper and vellum, paying wages and house rent, furnishing ink and the like.¹⁵⁸ The Abbot John Trithemius relates in 1513 that 4,000 florins had been expended by Gutenberg before finishing the third quire. But his description of an impossible technique of printing and his otherwise evidently wrong statements evince the fact that Trithemius presented the reveries of his mind as sound history in his account of the invention of printing embodied in his "Annals of Hirschau."¹⁵⁷

At least forty copies of B 42 are known to be still in existence. In 1886 v. d. Linde compiled a list comprising twenty-nine or thirty copies.¹⁵⁸ W. A. Copinger¹⁵⁹ in 1892 could point out from thirty-three to thirty-five copies. Paul Schwenke raised this number to at least forty copies.¹⁶⁰ Unfortunately not all of them are complete. Twelve copies on vellum are known to exist, one of them containing Vol. I. only and one containing the New Testament only.¹⁶¹ Two of these copies are at present in the United States—one in the library of the late Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan, of New York, and the other in that of the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of Los Angeles. Other copies are preserved at Leipsic (two copies), Berlin, Goettingen and Fulda (only Vol. I.), at the Benedictine monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia (Austria), at Paris, London and Rome. Twenty-seven copies on paper are known for certain to exist, three of them lacking Vol. II. (the copies at St. Omer, Copenhagen, and London, Lambeth Palace Library) and one lacking only the New Testament (the *paper* copy in J. Pierrepont Morgan's library). The remainder of these copies are complete, though some lack single leaves. There are seven copies formerly extant which have not been found as yet and which cannot be identified with the copies now known. Two or three of them must still be hidden away somewhere. Moreover, the Treves copy is a combination of the first copy of the first volume with the second volume of another copy and must be regarded as two incomplete copies. These copies added to the thirty-nine or (the Treves copy put down as two) to the forty known we have knowledge of forty-two to forty-three cop-

¹⁵⁸ Linde, III., 852, n. 11.; Schorbach, op. cit., p. 206.

¹⁵⁷ Linde, I., pp. 56-59; Schwenke, p. 60.

¹⁵⁸ Op. cit., pp. 871-879; Linde, I., p. 82, writes that "there are not twenty copies extant."

¹⁵⁹ Incunabula Biblica, pp. 4-6.

¹⁶⁰ Op. cit., pp. 2-9.

¹⁶¹ Hist. Catal. of Printed Bibles in the Library of the Brit. Bible Soc., Part III., p. 906. Schwenke l. c. knows of only eleven; Linde, l. c. of nine, Copinger l. c. of only seven copies on vellum.

ies of B 42. Schwenke was able to find out where thirty-seven copies are preserved. Arranged according to the different countries, eleven copies are preserved in Germany (the Treves copy counted as one), ten in England, seven in the United States, four in France, two in Austria, one in Italy, one in Russia and one in Denmark. The grouping according to places brings New York in front with five copies (two in Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan's library, one each in the New York Public Library, New York General Theological Seminary and in Mr. James W. Ellsworth's library), then follow London with four, Paris and Leipsic with each three copies. The remainder is divided among places possessing but one copy. There are two such places in the United States—Los Angeles and Harvard. At the former city the first Hoe Bible on vellum is preserved and at the latter the second Hoe Bible on paper, both sold in 1911. Schwenke¹⁶² believes that in spite of his extensive researches one or the other church library may enshrine yet a hitherto unknown copy. No copy exists at Mayence, Hanover¹⁶³ and Nantes and the one of the Duke of Devonshire is doubtful.¹⁶⁴ Bibliographers never drew up a list of the different fragments of B 42 extant. Thus f. i. three leaves on vellum are preserved at Dresden, one leaf in the University Library, Cambridge, England,¹⁶⁵ several leaves in the Kestner Museum at Hanover.¹⁶⁶ Linde¹⁶⁷ is of the opinion that it is neither possible nor desirable to give a catalogue of these fragments. But this is overdoing a good thing. Such a list would surely reveal the existence of some additional copies of B 42.

The value of these early Bibles has gone up remarkably in late years and must be necessarily on the increase if we consider the exceptional demand of public and private libraries in all parts of the world, especially in England and in this country, to possess some early printed Bible. No doubt often the difference in the price realized at sales by the same edition of some of the earlier Bibles is owing to their respective conditions and occasionally to the illuminator's talent or the binder's reputation and skill, but this is not always the reason. In the following I give many illustrations of the remarkable rise in price of these early Bibles, as such details may prove of interest. The first copy of B 42 which was ever sold is the copy on vellum now in the British Museum. It was sold at Gaignat's sale in 1769 for 2,100 francs and passed later to Count MacCarthy, at whose sale in 1817 it sold for 6,260 francs.¹⁶⁸ The

¹⁶² *Op. cit.*, p. 9.

¹⁶³ As Copinger states erroneously, n. 18 and n. 22.

¹⁶⁴ Schwenke, p. 9.

¹⁶⁵ Copinger, p. 4; Linde, III., p. 871.

¹⁶⁶ *Hist. Jahrb.*, XXXII. (Munich, 1911), p. 946.

¹⁶⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 871.

¹⁶⁸ Copinger, *op. cit.*, Parts V.-VI. and p. 4; Linde, III., p. 876.

two copies of Cardinal Loménie de Brienne were disposed of at a public auction in Paris in 1792 for 2,500 francs (exactly 2,499) each.¹⁶⁹ The copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford was bought in 1793 for £100.¹⁷⁰ D'Ourches' copy on paper sold in 1811 for 1,900 francs. A copy was withdrawn in Didot's sale (Paris, 1810) at 1,000 francs.¹⁷¹ The copy in the Larcher collection was sold in 1814. for 2,121 francs.¹⁷² Dibdin in 1825 valued a copy at 150 guineas only. But modern times witnessed extravagant prices. The first copy to cross the Atlantic, now in the New York Public Library, was first sold in 1829 for £215. It was bought by Lenox in 1847 for £500.¹⁷³ The most phenomenal rise in the price is that of the copy in possession of Mr. H. E. Huntington, of Los Angeles. It sold in 1825 to Perkins for £504, and at his sale in 1873 sold to Lord Ashburnham for £3,400.¹⁷⁴ At the latter's sale in 1897 it was purchased for the American bibliophile, Robert Hoe, of New York, for \$20,000 and passed to its present owner in 1911 for the sum of \$50,000, the highest price ever paid for a printed book. The Sykes copy was sold for 190 guineas in 1824, advanced to £2,690 when again offered in the Perkins dispersal in 1873¹⁷⁵ and rose to \$29,000 when auctioned off in 1911 at the Huth sale, passing to the well-known London bookdealer, Bernard Quaritch. In 1884 the Syston Park copy of Sir John Thorold brought £3,900, but experienced a "drop" when it again came up for sale in the Rev. William Makellar library in 1898,¹⁷⁶ then bringing £2,950 and passing to the New York General Theological Seminary. The copy had in 1884 the distinction of being the highest priced book not printed on vellum.¹⁷⁷ This record is apparently held now by the Huth copy, sold for \$29,000. Next to it follows the second Hoe copy on paper, which was secured at the Hoe library auction, January 9, 1912, for the sum of \$27,500. It was purchased by H. E. Widener, of Philadelphia, and was given to Harvard. Lord Gosford's copy of the first volume only brought £500 in 1884,¹⁷⁸ but advanced to £2,050 when resold in the Amherst of Hackney sale in 1908. The James W. Ellsworth copy, of New York, was first sold in 1870 to Mr. Brayton Ives, of New York, for \$15,000. In 1891 it passed to its present owner for the sum of \$14,800.¹⁷⁹ A paper copy was bought in 1822 by the

¹⁶⁹ Schwenke, pp. 5, 8; Linde, III., p. 376; Copinger, p. 5.

¹⁷⁰ Copinger, p. 4; Schwenke, p. 5.

¹⁷¹ Copinger, p. 6; Schwenke, p. 8; Linde, III., p. 379.

¹⁷² Copinger, p. 5; Schwenke, p. 8; Linde, III., p. 379.

¹⁷³ Copinger, p. 5.

¹⁷⁴ Copinger, p. 4; Schwenke, p. 6 sq.

¹⁷⁵ Copinger, p. 5; Schwenke, p. 5.

¹⁷⁶ Copinger, p. 5; Linde, III., p. 377.

¹⁷⁷ Historical Catalogue of Printed Bibles in the Libr. of the Brit. and F. Bible Soc., P. III., p. 906.

¹⁷⁸ Copinger, p. 6.

¹⁷⁹ Copinger, p. 5; Schwenke, p. 6.

Duke of Sussex for 160 guineas, and at his sale in 1844 sold for £190, whence it passed to Daly, Bishop of Cashel, at whose sale in 1858 it sold to Quaritch for £595. It then passed to Lord Crawford and was bought again by Quaritch at his sale in 1887 for £2,650.¹⁸⁰ Quaritch bought in 1889 Lord Hopetoun's copy for £2,000. He has disposed since of these two copies.¹⁸¹

It is clear from these big figures that the 42 line Bible of Gutenberg can never be other than the wealthy collector's "fancy." It is no less equally clear that a carefully produced facsimile reprint will be of the greatest value to the students, considering that a perfect facsimile is for most purposes as good as the original. But whilst the original is far beyond the means of most people, a facsimile reissue of the original will not be beyond the means of many educated persons. Twenty-eight years ago the English publisher, Mr. Alfred Brothers, of Manchester, announced his intention of publishing a facsimile reprint of the 42 line Bible. Lord Crawford had promised to lend his copy for reproduction, but the enterprise came to nothing. In March, 1910, the Paris bookseller and publisher, Hubert Welter, came out with the same project. He issued a prospectus in French and German, inviting subscriptions, the first eight of which came from Germany and Austria. Three months had scarcely elapsed before a rival facsimile edition of the same book was announced by a Leipsic firm, the Insel-Verlag. An agreement was reached later between the two rival firms, according to which Hubert Welter withdrew his project, leaving his competitor the sole publisher of the *first facsimile reprint* ever issued. The work is published in two volumes of about 1,300 pages in folio and a third supplementary volume giving the history of the original. There are two editions to be had. The one on paper is issued in 300 volumes, costing 700 marks (about \$175) for unbound copies and 850 marks (about \$212.50) for copies bound in pigskin with boards of wood and clasps. The edition on vellum is issued in no more than twenty copies at the price of 300 marks (about \$750). The publication was completed in 1913. This reproduction resembles the original entirely in type, composition, orthography, paper and even the water-marks. The facsimile reprint will be a desirable possession. May it justify its publisher's anticipation¹⁸² and help to spread the interest in the first printed Bible.

¹⁸⁰ Copinger, p. 5; Schwenke, p. 5 sq. L. Delisle estimated the value of the vellum copy in the National Library, Paris, at 120,000 francs, the paper copy at more than 150,000 francs. (*Journal des Savants*, April, 1893, p. 216.)

¹⁸¹ Copinger, p. 4 sq.; Schwenke, p. 7. In the above the figures are taken from various periodicals, when no sources are quoted.

¹⁸² Specimen pages and prospectuses of this fac simile edition may be had through any larger bookseller's firm.

B 42 is a masterpiece and, despite the infancy of printing, a marvelous production.¹⁸³ It is astonishing that this first larger book printed turned out to be a veritable chef d'œuvre.¹⁸⁴ Copies of the Gutenberg Bible are substantial, like so many contemporary pieces of art that have come down to us. The strength and beauty of the paper, the lustre of the ink and the general beauty and magnificence of the volumes are justly praised.¹⁸⁵ These relics of a bygone age are esteemed highly and guarded carefully as the most precious treasures of our public libraries,¹⁸⁶ and the single copies are bought for what Gutenberg would have considered a fortune and which would have enabled him to issue several editions of hundreds of copies.

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THE TEXT OF THE ADESTE FIDELES.

ALTHOUGH much light has been thrown in recent years on the history of this hymn, Catholic hymnals still give variant ascriptions of both the text and the tune. Among the few writers who have professedly treated of its history, some have indulged in assumptions which do not appear to be justified by the facts so far as they are known, or have hastily taken things for granted, or have allowed a personal predilection to color their surmises. It may therefore be of interest to record here what is at present known concerning the hymn and to consider some of the variant conjectures and assertions.

I. VARIANT ASCRIPTIONS OF AUTHORSHIP.

1. A writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" (26 December, 1900) declares that the words are "believed to date from the persecution under Diocletian." All that need be said just now is that this belief is a most curious one.

2. A Catholic hymnal issued as late as the year 1912 (The Oregon Catholic Hymnal: Portland and New York) still follows the unsupported view of several hymnologists in ascribing the text to St. Bonaventure (d. 1274). The text is not found in the works of the saint.

3. Several Catholic hymnals award the words to a Cistercian source. Thus the De La Salle Hymnal (New York, 1913) refers

¹⁸³ Copinger, p. 1.

¹⁸⁴ Schwenke, p. 18.

¹⁸⁵ J. Townley. *Introd. to the Lit. Hist. of the Bible*, 2d edit., London, 1828, p. 234, speaking of the John Rylands Library copy.

¹⁸⁶ Fr. Fink. *Bibelstudien*, Mayence, 1901, p. 143.

vaguely to a "Cistercian Gradual." Father Gaynor, in his *St. Patrick's Hymn Book* (Dublin, 1906), limits the vagueness somewhat in his ascription to a "Cistercian Sequence, XV. Century." Nearly a quarter of a century earlier Orby Shipley noted the hymn in his "Annus Sanctus" (London, 1884) as a "Sequence from the Cistercian Gradual of the Fifteenth-Sixteenth Century."

Against this view of a Cistercian origin, and *a fortiori* against the particularizing with respect to the century as "Fifteenth" or "Fifteenth-Sixteenth" century, several important considerations militate.

First of all, the words have not been traced further back than to the middle of the eighteenth century, where they occur in various manuscripts:

(a) MS. in Euing Library, Glasgow, Scotland, referred to by Dom Ould, O. S. B., in his *Book of Hymns with Tunes* (London, 1913) as the source of the four stanzas which I shall call the "English Cento" (that is, stanzas 1, 2, 7, 8 of the complete Latin text as given by Dom Ould). The MS. bears the inscription: *Joannes Franciscus Wade scripsit 1750.*

(b) MS. at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, England, referred to by Cowan and Love in their *Music of the Church Hymnary* (Edinburgh, 1901), also written by Father Wade, and dated 1751 ("*Joannes Franciscus Wade, scriptor. Anno Domini MDCCLI*"). The MS. gives the "English Cento."

(c) MS. in the Henry Watson Library, Manchester, England, referred to by the editor of the *Historical Edition of H. A. & M.* (London, 1909), who thinks it may be of "possibly a little earlier date" than the Stonyhurst MS. The words are, presumably, again the English Cento, as otherwise the editor would doubtless have indicated the opposite fact.

(d) MS. in Clongowes Wood College, Sallins, County Kildare, Ireland, referred to by Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood in "*The Dolphin*" (Vol. VIII., 1905, p. 709), which "has merely the tune," according to Dr. Flood, but to which Dom Ould refers as the source of the words (equally with the Glasgow MS.) of stanzas 1, 2, 7, 8—again the English Cento. Dr. Flood writes, *loc. cit.*: "The oldest existing manuscript of the melody so far discovered is in a volume of Masses and motets formerly belonging to Father Peter Kenny, S. J., the founder of Clongowes Wood College . . . containing autograph musical scores of various dates between the years 1740 and 1749. . . . I frequently examined this old folio during the years that I was master at Clongowes Wood College, some twenty years ago." It may therefore be quite likely that the recollection of Dr. Flood may be incorrect with respect to the absence of the words

in this MS., as, in 1913, Dom Ould expressly refers to this MS. for the Latin words of what I have styled the "English Cento," in contradistinction to four other stanzas of Latin words used commonly in France, and therefore styled by me the "French Cento" (in the following part of this paper). With respect to the date of 1745 assigned by Dr. Flood ("The Dolphin," loc. cit., p. 710) to the melody of the *Adeste Fideles* in this MS., I shall have something to say further on.

(e) MS. in St. Edmund's College, Ware, England, containing words and music, and dated 1760. Dr. Flood says that it "does not materially differ from the Stonyhurst MS."; and Mr. James Britten, reviewing the Anglican hymnbook ("The English Hymnal," London, 1906) in "The Month" (September, 1906, p. 280), thinks that the hymn is "doubtless in other similar collections by Wade." Mr. Britten had examined this MS. "some years" before writing his review in "The Month," and mentions its inclusion of a familiar tune of the *Tantum Ergo* wrongly ascribed to Webbe.

So much for the testimony of the oldest known MSS., which leads us to date the hymn about the middle of the eighteenth century. Another interesting corroboration of this is furnished by the editors of the "Music of the Church Hymnary" (p. 7): "The words of the hymn . . . appear in an edition, published in 1760, of 'The Evening Office of the Church.' The hymn is there introduced thus: 'From the Nativity of Our Lord to the Purification, exclusive; whilst the Benediction is giving, is sung *Adeste Fideles*, etc.' In previous editions of this book, published in 1710, 1725 and 1748, the hymn does not appear." Let me add that in the edition of 1760 of this volume (entitled "The Evening Office of the Church in Latin and English," London, 1760) the stanzas are 1, 2, 7, 8, as in the MSS. already noted, and that the English translation begins: "Draw near, ye faithful Christians" (the earliest known translation of the *Adeste Fideles* into English).

No MSS. or printed books on the Continent antedate the English MSS. and prints. And one may therefore confidently reject the ascription to a Cistercian source of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. We have the further confirmation of this view in the declaration of Dr. Flood (loc. cit.) that he had "examined the Cistercian Gradual of various dates within the sixteenth century, and nothing approaching a modernly constructed tune, such as is the *Adeste Fideles*, is to be found therein. An esteemed member of the Cistercian community at Mount Melleray corroborates this statement. . . ." It is doubtless fair to presume that the words were not found, either, although Dr. Flood does not expressly state this fact in this connection.

4. It is proper to notice here another conjecture, namely, that the hymn "cannot be traced farther back than 1720" (Dr. Flood, loc. cit., p. 707). Why this particularity of date of the farthest backward limit is given is not insinuated anywhere by Dr. Flood. The tune has not been traced farther back than the year 1750—or, according to Dr. Flood himself (loc. cit., p. 710), to 1745. How long the hymn may have existed is open to any conjecture based on its character and the MSS. testimony.

The manuscript testimony goes back, as I have said, only to the year 1750 (MS. in Euing Library, Glasgow). When, therefore, Dr. Flood, in his article in "The Dolphin" (p. 707), declares that "both words and music cannot be traced farther back than 1720," he may be speaking *in sensu diviso*; for afterwards in the same article (p. 709) he refers to the Clongowes Wood College as containing the "oldest existing manuscript of the melody so far discovered." In order to harmonize these two statements we must suppose that Dr. Flood refers to the year 1720 as the earliest date to which the *text* of the hymn can be traced, while the earliest known manuscript of the *tune* is in the Clongowes Wood College volume. The musical autographs in this volume run, he says, from the year 1740 to 1749, and he dates the manuscript of the *Adeste Fideles* as 1745: "The air is to be met with in 1745" (p. 710).

Now I venture to express a suspicion of this positive and unqualified dating for several reasons. It is a round date and is probably a rough guess, for it would be an obvious midway-post between the years 1740 and 1749. I further doubt the date of 1745, because Dr. Flood nowhere mentions in what part of the volume this particular manuscript of the tune of the *Adeste Fideles* occurs—whether in the middle or towards or at the end of the volume—and does not inform his readers whether or not this particular musical autograph is dated. Again, I have already pointed out that Dom Ould, O. S. B., refers to this very manuscript (which Dr. Flood says has merely the tune) as the source of the words (of the English Cento) which Dom Ould gives in his "Book of Hymns with Tunes." The declarations of Dr. Flood and Dom Ould are directly at variance. Dr. Flood appears to depend on his memory for his description of the manuscript (he says that he had frequently examined it when he was master at Clongowes Wood College "some twenty years ago")—and it may be that his memory has played him false.

But it may also be that his memory is mistaken, or that some notes he may have made at the time could not be read clearly twenty years after, when he attempted to place the datings of the manuscript-volume as running from 1740 to 1749, and ascribed the particular manuscript of the *Adeste Fideles* to the year 1745.

The confusion is not lessened by a further casual contribution to the history of the hymn which Dr. Flood made in "The Ecclesiastical Review" for May, 1914, when he was reviewing the earliest "Oratory Hymnbook." Hymn No. 47 of this volume is Canon Oakeley's version into English of the Adeste Fideles, and, when discussing it, Dr. Flood declares that "the tune goes back to the year 1740."

We have therefore three rather conflicting statements emanating from the same source. In "The Dolphin" (loc. cit., p. 707) Dr. Flood says: "Both words and music cannot be traced farther back than 1720." In the same article (p. 709) he declares that the manuscript-volume in Clongowes Wood College contains "the oldest existing manuscript of the melody so far discovered," and that this manuscript "has merely the tune," while the Stonyhurst manuscript "has words and music." Further on (loc. cit., p. 710) he says that the air of the Adeste Fideles "is to be met with in 1745." Finally, in the "Ecclesiastical Review" (loc. cit., p. 538) he says that "the tune goes back to the year 1740." 1720, 1745 and 1740. "Devine si tu peux, et choisis si tu l'oses!"

For this reason I have ventured to date the earliest manuscript testimony, so far as is known at present, as belonging to the year 1750 (the MS. in Euing Library, Glasgow), and feel compelled to disregard the claims made for priority of the Clongowes Wood College volume by Dr. Flood, whose memory may easily be at fault in the matter, and whose statements are certainly conflicting.

5. Somewhat similar to the preceding conjecture is that of Mr. Brooke in Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology": "Most probably it is a hymn of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and of French or German authorship." And the editor of the Historical Edition of H. A. and M. says: "The Hymn is properly a Prose for Christmas Day, and belongs probably to the Latin hymnody of the French Church in the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. But, strangely enough, it has so far been traced further back in English than in French use."

With respect to the view that the hymn may be of German origin, as Mr. Brooke suggests, it may be said, simply, that it is not in Daniel's "Thesaurus," that it is not a favorite of German hymnals, that in some—even recent ones—in America (where its vogue in English hymnals would suggest its inclusion in German ones), it is not found at all, and that we might fairly conclude that its use is not traditional with Germans in any such fashion as the "English Cento" or "French Cento" is popular in England and in France. For instance, it is not found in Hellebusch's "Katholisches Gesang-Buch" (Cincinnati, 1858), which nevertheless has fourteen Christmas hymns; nor in Hellebusch's "Vollstaendige Gesang-Schule,"

which contains a number of songs, including an Advent Prayer and a Christmas Song (Cincinnati, 1859); nor is it found even in the "Cantemus Domino" (a hymnal with both English and Latin texts), edited by Father Ludwig Bonvin, S. J. (St. Louis, 1912); nor in the German section (comprising twenty-seven Christmas hymns) of "Katholisches Gesangbuch" (Philadelphia, 1907), although the text of the French Cento is given in the section devoted to Latin hymns; nor is either Latin or English text given in Singenberger's "Cantate" (Pustet, New York, 1912). It is thus curious to find some German editors ignoring it even in their hymnals for English-speaking congregations, despite its immense popularity with English-speaking congregations.

The hymn, however, is very popular in France as well as in England and in America. Is it, then, probably of French origin? Before attempting an answer to this question it will be desirable to consider the French use of the hymn.

II. THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH CENTOS.

The complete Latin text, in eight stanzas, is given in "Thesaurus Animae Christianae" (Mechlin, undated) and in Ould's "Book of Hymns with Tunes" (London, 1913). What I have styled the English Cento comprises the four stanzas commencing with the words *Adeste fideles*, *Deum de Deo*, *Cantet nunc Io* and *Ergo qui natus*, respectively. This is the cento found in the manuscripts I have cited, in the earliest printed books, and in wonderfully unvarying fashion in English Catholic hymnals down to the most recent years. It may be fairly styled the English Cento. In the complete form of the hymn these four stanzas would be numbered 1, 2, 7 and 8. The French form of the hymn begins with the first stanza unaltered (i. e., the stanza commencing with *Adeste fideles*) and adds (or interpolates) the following:

3. En grege relicto
Humiles ad cunas,
Vocati pastores approperant.
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus.
Venite adoremus Dominum.
4. Stella duce, Magi
Christum adorantes,
Aurum, thus et myrrham dant munera.
Jesu infanti
Corda praebeamus:
Venite adoremus Dominum.
5. Aeterni Parentis
Splendorem aeternum
Velatum sub carne videbimus.
Deum infantem,
Pannis involutum.
Venite adoremus Dominum.

- 6. Pro nobis egenum
Et foeno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus:
Sic nos amantem
Quis non redamaret?
Venite adoremus Dominum.

There is a striking differentiation—which I have nowhere seen commented upon—between the English and French centos. In the English cento no two stanzas are alike in syllabication, while all the stanzas in the French cento are identical in the numeration of syllables in the respective lines. This fact should naturally lead to speculation and to various hypotheses in respect of the authorship and history of the hymn. The numerical type should, of course, be found in the first stanza. We find there:

- 6 = *Adeste, fideles.*
- 6 = *Laeti triumphantes.*
- 10 = *Venite, venite in Bethlehem:*
- 5 = *Natum videte*
- 6 = *Regem angelorum.*
- 10 = *Venite adoremus Dominum.*

All the stanzas of the French cento follow this scheme of numeration with absolute exactness, as the reader may find by actual count in the stanzas printed above in the present article. But none of the stanzas in the English cento agrees with this typical scheme, nor do any two stanzas agree. Let us take the second stanza:

- 5 = *Deum de Deo,*
- 6 = *Lumen de Lumine.*
- 8 = *Gestant puellae viscera:*
- 4 = *Deum verum,*
- 6 = *Genitum non factum.*
- 10 = *Venite adoremus Dominum.*

There is no order here, no balance of verse, no symmetry in the two halves of the stanza. So with the third stanza:

- 5 = *Cantet nunc Io*
- 6 = *Chorus angelorum,*
- 9 = *Cantet nunc aula caelestium:*
- 3 = *Gloria*
- 6 = *In excelsis Deo.*
- 10 = *Venite adoremus Dominum.*

Finally, we have the last stanza, disagreeing with the first and the other two stanzas:

- 5 = *Ergo qui natus*
- 6 = *Die hodierna,*
- 8 = *Jesu, tibi sit gloria;*
- 5 = *Patris aeterni*
- 6 = *Verbum caro factum.*
- 10 = *Venite adoremus Dominum.*

If the thought of the author of the *Adeste Fideles* was to construct for Christmastide a sequence which should imitate that of Eastertide, he would naturally imitate also the striking features of the Eastertide sequence, namely, irregularity of numeration in the succeeding lines combined with regularity in the form of adjacent stanzas. I have illustrated fully this peculiarity of the *Victimae*

Paschali in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" (q. v., under the title, *Victimae Paschali Laudes Immolent Christiani*). Now the French cento follows this plan (while the English cento has no plan), but modernizes the plan somewhat by making the four stanzas perfectly equal in syllabication.

Shall we then suppose that, in the eight stanzas which perhaps formed originally the full poem, the English happened to choose four which had no stanzaic plan, while the French chose four which had a perfect stanzaic plan? It seems hardly credible.

It would seem preferable to conclude that the author simply expressed his thought in unmetrical form in the English cento, and that when the hymn nevertheless attained popularity, the French seized on the first stanza as a type and constructed, upon that type, the remaining four stanzas of the French cento. (I have used the word "cento" loosely throughout for the sake of convenience.) The distance in time between the year 1750 (in which year the English cento is first met with) and the year 1822 (in which year the French cento is first met with) would tend to support my conjecture.

As there is not at present any reason for supposing the hymn to be an ancient one, the obligation of close fidelity in its translation into English becomes correspondingly attenuated; and it would be quite permissible in a translator, desirous of having English words which would fit well into the lovely melody to which the *Adeste Fideles* is traditionally wedded, to attempt regularity in the English prosody at any necessary sacrifice of fidelity to the original Latin text. I can well understand why the Marists prefer the easily sung French cento in their American Catholic Hymnal.

While the numerical syllabication of stanza 4 ("Stella duce Magi") is exactly similar to that of the other stanzas in the French cento, the accentuation of the words proves refractory in the singing, and French Paroissiens, Eucologes, and hymnals appear generally to omit it. I have found all five stanzas (numbers 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6), however, in an undated Paroissien published at Paris (possibly the same volume as Brooke refers to, which he thinks was published about the year 1868), and also in an undated Paroissien published at Limoges.

The selection of stanzas varies in the other books which I have examined, but none gives any stanza (except, of course, the first) of the English Cento. Thus only stanzas 1, 3, 5 and 6 are given in the *Eucologe Romain* (Paris, 1876), used in the houses of the Society of Jesus; in *Les Principaux Chants Liturgiques*, etc. (Paris, 1875), and in *Recueil d'anciens et de nouveaux Cantiques Notés* (Paris, 1886). Only the two last-mentioned books give the melody, of course, and it is the traditional tune (with slight variations in

the former one). Curiously enough, the *Paroissien Complet* (*sic!*), published at Limoges in 1842, does not give the hymn at all. Mr. Brooke refers to the *Paroissien Complet du Diocèse d'Autun* (Autun, 1837), the *Amiens Paroissien* of 1844, the *Rouen Paroissien* of 1873, and the *Office de St. Omer* (St. Omers, 1822) as giving stanzas 1, 3, 5 and 6, and further notes that the *Paroissien Complet* (Paris, 1827) gives the English Cento of four stanzas under the heading, "Hymne qui se chante, dans plusieurs églises de Paris pendant le temps de la Nativité" (p. 583), and follows this with stanzas 1, 3, 5 and 6 of the French Cento, under the heading, "Hymne pour le temps de Noël."

In Chevalier's "*Repertorium Hymnologicum*" (1889, in the "*Analecta Bollandiana*") and in the supplement (*Ib.*, 1900) I find references to a *Processional* (1837), a book of *Proses* (1863), a *Vesperal* (1865), an (undated) *Cistercian Gradual*, a *Séez* volume (1872), etc., and finally a reference to "*Julian's Dictionary*." It would appear, therefore, that Chevalier found the hymn only in publications subsequent to the year 1822, the year of the *Office of St. Omer*. Now the English Cento goes back, as we have seen, to the middle of the eighteenth century, and its earliest known printed form occurs in the 1760 edition of the "*Evening Office of the Church*" (London), where the hymn is introduced with the direction: "From the Nativity of Our Lord to the Purification, exclusive; whilst Benediction is giving, is sung *Adeste Fideles*, etc." We thus perceive that, even in its printed form, it is older by sixty years than the *Office of St. Omer* (St. Omers, 1822).

The English and French centos are—with the exception of the first stanza—so distinct from each other, and the distinction has been kept up so consistently in the traditional uses of either country, that a different authorship for each is quite within the limits of probability.

The French cento has been attributed to Etienne Jean Francois Borderies, born at Montauban in 1764, who was consecrated Bishop of Versailles in 1827, and died there in 1832. He edited a *Breviary* (1828) and a *Missal* (1832) for his diocese. The *Adeste* does not occur in either volume, but is in the "*Graduel noté à l'usage de Versailles*," published at Versailles three years after his death. Born as he was in 1764, he could be the author only of the French cento; and even this seems improbable, as that cento was used at St. Omers in 1822; that is to say, thirteen years before it appeared in the "*Versailles Graduale*" of 1835.

But, quite apart from the question of the wholly distinct uses and datings of the two centos, there is, as we have pointed out, such a vast distinction in the material forms of the stanzas of either

cento that it seems quite possible that the English cento is simply the complete original form of the hymn, and that the French cento is merely a much later addition—or substitution for it—made in the interests of symmetry and singableness.

In this connection it is important to notice a statement made in the article in "The Dolphin" (p. 710) to which I have had occasion to refer several times in the present article. The statement in question takes the form of an assertion of fact, whereas there is much reason to believe that it is an unconsciously made assumption—an assumption which itself is based on another assumption. The statement runs thus: "Whilst the Clongowes manuscript has merely the tune, the Stonyhurst volume has words and music. In the latter manuscript there are only four verses—the first, second, seventh and eighth of the full text; and the music is given for each stanza, the hymn being headed 'In Nativitate Domini Hymnus,' or, as it was more generally termed, 'Christmas Hymn.' Thus in 1750 the original eight verses had been reduced to the present cento, but it is of interest to state that the Latin verses generally sung at the same period in France were the first, third, fifth and sixth."

A first assumption made in the last sentence of the quoted statement is that "in 1750 the *original eight verses* had been reduced to the present cento" of four stanzas (namely, the first, second, seventh and eighth of the English form of the hymn). There is really nothing to show that the hymn had originally eight stanzas. On the contrary, there is great reason to suppose that the hymn had originally only four stanzas—the four, that is to say, which are almost universally employed in our English hymnals, and which are given in the Stonyhurst and other earliest manuscripts of the hymn. The manuscript evidence for this four-stanza form dates back to the year 1750, while the earliest witness we have of the French form of the hymn occurs in the printed volume of the year 1822.

A second assumption based on the previous one is "that the Latin verses *generally sung at the same period* [sc. in 1750] *in France* were the first, third, fifth and sixth." There is no evidence that any verses were sung in France before the year 1822.

III. WHICH CENTO WILL PREVAIL?

Some consideration should be given to the tendency observable in recent hymnals for English-speaking people, to replace the English cento by that one which is commonly used in France.

What I consider the ill success of this experiment might be urged as an argument to sustain the view of an English parentage for the Adeste, quite apart from the strong testimony of the datings of

the MSS. and the complete disparity of the two centos in respect of their numerical syllabication. Perhaps there may be in the case of hymns—as there is sometimes said to be in the case of human beings—an unconscious sympathy of parentage and filiation in cases where the relation is not consciously known. It is the dramatic case of the “long lost child.”

Is the *Adeste* really of English parentage? Are the critics mistaken when they award it to a Continental—German or French—source? Perhaps the following brief story of the attempt to replace the traditional English cento by that of the French may help us to a decision, for we shall see that the supposititious child has not thriven in his new environment.

From the middle of the eighteenth century, as I have said, the stream of English tradition has borne down on its placid waters the stanzas which I have styled the English Cento. And yet, as far back as the year 1830, an attempt was made in America to float the eight stanzas of the complete hymn—just as, three years earlier (in 1827), the “*Paroissien Complet*,” of Paris, printed both centos. Now, despite this double attempt at a merger, American hymnals have, with almost absolute unanimity, stuck to the English cento from 1830 down to the present day; and, on the other hand, the various French *Paroissiens*, *Eucologes* and hymnals appear similarly to have stuck to the traditional French cento. Is it a case of *Res clamat domino*? Do the French instinctively cling to their cento as a father is instinctively attracted to the stranger who is to be proved to be his long lost child? And, urged by the same unconscious sentiment of parentage, do the English-speaking peoples hug to their breasts the English cento?

The suggestion might have still further weight if we consider the attitude of some German editors of hymnals towards the two centos. There seems to be no good reason for hesitation in rejecting a possible German source for the *Adeste*, and, accordingly, these editors are able to look at the whole matter dispassionately. It is not to be wondered at, then, that they should have preferred for their hymnals the highly symmetrical French cento to the unsymmetrical English cento, even though this preference should run counter to the universal practice of the country in which their hymnals are published. They published their hymnals, that is, in America, where our traditional preference is obviously shown for the English cento, but they themselves do not share this preference, for they have no such unconscious sentiment of parental affection as will blind the eye of love to the imperfections of the English cento. Yielding simply to the exigencies of musical rhythm and adaptability of verse to melody, they select the French cento. Per-

haps the reader will bear with me while I cite some few instances. The thirty-third edition of Mohr's "Caecilia" (New York, 1909) gives only the French cento. The "Sursum Corda" (Katholisches Gesang und Gebetbuch mit Deutschein und Englischem texte), published in St. Louis in 1911, does not give the Latin text, but does give an English translation, set to the traditional tune, of the French cento. The Katholisches Gesangbuch, published in Philadelphia in 1907, gives the Latin stanzas of the French cento. Father Ludwig Bonvin's "Hosanna" (St. Louis, 1912) gives an English translation of the French cento.

The experiment of the 1830 hymnal was not a success. Its title was "A Collection of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, etc., with the Evening Office of the Catholic Church throughout the United States, Washington, 1830." In its pages appeared, probably for the first time, the awful translation beginning with the words, "With hearts truly grateful," and attaining throughout the stanzas a most unpleasant mimicry of rhyme. Strangely enough, this translation has maintained a large circulation in Catholic hymnals. It has lasted down to our own day, and is to be found in the "American Catholic Hymnal" (New York, 1914) and in Fischer's "Series of English and Latin Hymns" arranged for four male voices (New York, 1914).

In this connection it is interesting to note that Dr. Flood ("The Dolphin," December, 1905, p. 711) credits it to Father William Young, of Dublin: "English words were adapted to the hymn about the year 1825, and another version was given by Father William Young, of Dublin, in 1840, printed with the music in the "Catholic Choralist" (Dublin) in 1842. As Father Young was regarded as a saint equally with his brother, Father Charles Young (whose life has been charmingly written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton), many readers may be glad to see this specimen by his translation, given with the music on page 712"—and nearly all of page 712 is occupied with the words of the first stanza placed under the melody. As Dr. Flood seems to place the year 1840 as the date of Father Young's translation, it is clear that either the date is wrong or that the ascription to Father Young is mistaken; for the translation had already appeared a decade of years earlier in the hymnal published at Washington (in 1830). In saying this I feel no sentiment of national pride, for I would willingly—even gratefully—give the ascription to any one who may desire it outside the circumscription of our struggling American Catholicity.

I have quoted Dr. Flood somewhat *in extenso* in order to convey the full meaning of the assertion he makes. In doing so, however, I am compelled to notice his view that the hymn had also been translated "about the year 1825." Julian's Dictionary notes seven (the

earliest is dated 1760) translations into English which appeared before the year 1825, but fails to note an excellent one which appeared in a Philadelphia hymnal edited by Benjamin Carr and dedicated to "Right Rev. John Carrol (*sic*), Bishop of Baltimore." This dedication to Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, places the appearance of the volume as sometime before the year 1808 (for in that year Bishop Carroll became Archbishop of Baltimore). I am informed that the true date of appearance is the year 1805 (so it is marked in a copy preserved in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The American Catholic Historical Society also possesses a copy, undated).

I have said that the tendency to replace the English by the French cento is but rarely observable in our Catholic hymnals intended for English-speaking Catholics. I have noticed it (in addition to the instances I have already noted) in the "Roman Hymnal" (New York, 1884), in the "American Catholic Hymnal" (New York, 1914). The "Arundel Hymns" (London, 1901) gives the English cento to the traditional air, and adds the French cento (omitting the *Stella duce Magi* stanza) to an original air by R. L. de Pearsall.

H. T. HENRY.

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A FLYING TOUR OF NORTH AMERICA.

MUCH has been written of the "great powers of Europe," but when we scan the figures dealing with the areas of the various political subdivisions of the Old World, it is learned that all the Continental nations combined are only equal in actual terra firma to that newer section of the earth known to cartographers as the United States, which, of course, embraces the Territory of Alaska. If our contiguous neighbor to the north of us be included, there are perhaps 5,500,000 square miles above the Rio Grande that one day shall nurture hundreds of millions of the Caucasian race.

Our 10,000-mile journey during the summer of 1914 began at New York and continued over the gently shimmering hillocks of the Spanish Main to the chief port of the Southwest. Galveston is no longer the straggling community of old; on the contrary, the National Government and the State of Texas have walled in the outer channels, and great liners now steam to the cotton-laden wharves in perfect security. The vast seawall is completed, and the "norther" that could toss the billows eighteen feet above the level of the shore should be almost able to engulf the universe, for

it will be recalled that the entire city of Galveston has been raised several feet since the inundation of 1900, when 9,000 souls were consigned to watery graves. The broad seawall also acts as a driveway and promenade, and on Sunday excursionists from the interior come to take a plunge in the foaming whitecaps that supinely crash beneath the giant wall of stone. Here is located the handsomest inn of the Lone Star State, the Hotel Galvez, whence a fine sweep is had of the broad-spreading Mexican Gulf, while to the rear thousands of white cottages give this enterprising port the aspect of a seashore resort of large dimensions. There are many busy thoroughfares, and the elegant homes of the rich are surrounded by flora germane to tropical lands. The population is quite cosmopolitan, Germans and Hebrews being numerous, and the cafés are generally conducted by our perspicacious friends of Chinese nativity.

From Galveston the train speeds along through thriving Houston, and finally the well-tilled lands of Northern Texas come to view. The farmers are of many nationalities, Teutonic colonies being much in evidence; and while it seems only a decade or so since President McKinley opened up Oklahoma to the white man, we find Oklahoma City and Guthrie challenging centres long renowned, and as for the surrounding country, it is one vast field of corn, wheat and sugar beet; of course, the oil wells and coal beds materially add to the well-being of the State.

Some years ago an alleged wit malevolently remarked: "What's the matter with Kansas?" But an all-day ride on the end of an observation car during the month of August convinces the skeptic that the "matter with Kansas" is an enormous production of cereals that have made the natives the richest per capita in the Republic, and it is not to be wondered at that one out of every twenty owns an automobile. In 1914 Kansas raised about one-fifth of the total American wheat crop, which, all told, runs to 900,000,000 bushels. Were this wheat converted into flour it would fill over 40,000,000 barrels and make 8,500,000,000 loaves, enough to meet our nation's need in the bread line for a year. The total field crops amounted to over \$300,000,000. Beyond the level lands of Kansas the population begins to dwindle, due to the paucity of the rainfall and lack of irrigation. Then comes a long ride through the treeless mountains of Colorado and New Mexico, the scenery and engineering in the vicinity of the Raton tunnel (8,000 feet above the level) being especially noteworthy.

Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, is eighteen miles from the main line, and is said to be the oldest town of any importance in the United States. Old Mexican adobe pueblos lend emphasis

to the claim, but the newer section is thoroughly American; however, this city amidst the stars is not destined to become a metropolis, for it is fanned by the rarefied currents that roll across the Rockies 7,000 feet above the rivulet called the Rio Grande. General Lew Wallace, who was Territorial Governor for a while, was evidently inspired by the clearness of the cerulescent dome and the placidity of his archaic surroundings to send forth from the old Governor's Palace his well-known drama, "Ben Hur." The American Institute of Archæology has its principal museum in Santa Fé and is doing very useful work pertaining to the history of the cliff-dwellers; in Frijoles Canyon 1,500 separate ruins have been excavated in this home of the lofty ancients. Las Vegas is also a spot of interesting antiquity. Divided into two parts, the old and the new, we find many of the very first families of America—Indians and Mexicans, some of whom own prosperous sheep ranches on the hills and well-kept shops in the city; and these soft-syllabled adherents of the Castilian tongue seem to be just as happy and comfortable as the more energetic Americans in the newer town. The climate is beyond compare, due to an altitude of 6,000 feet, the days being warm and dry, the hours of slumber cool enough for blankets. Rain rarely falls in New Mexico, with the result that agriculture is in a very backward condition. "Dry farming," which mainly consists of ploughing deeply and turning over and over the under sod, is generally resorted to in this section, and meets with fair success. If it were possible to disburse a few of the millions upon irrigation that we annually expend upon the upkeep of our naval and military departments, New Mexico would become the home of several million prosperous citizens. Albuquerque is the principal city of the State, and the stranger who walks along Central avenue quite naturally thinks he is in a big metropolis, for there are few places in the world that display greater energy than is found in this little city of 15,000 inhabitants. The westbound train now rolls across a land of interest to the student of geology, for several miles to the left we view the prostrate and storm-beaten monoliths that once shaded the aisles of an immense and ancient park; and if the Petrified Forest possesses its own peculiar charms, the titanic escarpments and bottomless chasms of the Grand Canyon of Arizona are prospects as sublime as they are baffling. There is not a place of any importance between Albuquerque and Prescott, the heart of the copper region of Arizona. Perhaps no human mind can thoroughly grasp the singular formation of the earth, and it would indeed be an able pen that could faithfully portray the diversified landscape lying between Ash Fork and Phoenix. At the north are hills as bleak as they

are bare, and at the south green and heavy pines cover the lofty terrace; here a waste of sand and cacti, there a pasture of well-fed sheep, and as we roll toward the south the rails abruptly curve and bend to round the enormous rocks that thwarted the cunning of that eminent genius of transportation—the American engineer. An altitude of 5,000 feet gives Prescott a good climate, but as the track descends in the vicinity of Phoenix the rails drop 2,000 feet in fourteen miles, with the result that coats and collars are quite an incubus, even in the various houses of worship. Irrigated fruit orchards keep the handsome capital in operation during the heated term, and the “idle born” from the East throng many beautiful bungalows and apartment houses from fall to spring. Of course, the popular opinion prevails that Arizona is the habitat of the merry bandit, the rapid-fire outlaw, the dark-masked train robber and the light-fingered artist who deals himself an “ace full” with one hand while fondly fingering a repeater with the other; every shack is a barroom and the adjoining domicile a Bacchanalian hall of song and inebriation. Perhaps all these things were true in the dim and distant long ago, and perhaps they were merely the chimerical ebullitions of those argus-eyed scribes of the “tuppenny terror” variety. But times change and the people with the times, and now we behold barred and bolted shutters on each and every “ambrosial parlor” within the broad confines of prohibition Arizona! Unfortunates suffering from pulmonary and throat diseases find much relief in this anti-humid atmosphere, and this is one reason why the handsome hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity is such a popular institution.

The vast Roosevelt Dam has done much for the southern part of Arizona, but the train does not roll through vast orchards until the sun-scorched sand dunes of the Mojave Desert have been crossed and the aromatic fields of San Bernardino, California, are reached. Now we view oranges and peaches, grapes and flowers in great abundance all the way to Los Angeles, a city boasting a population of 400,000 and truly a wonderful cosmopolis, for costly buildings line the sides of many broad avenues. What keeps this large town in motion is a mystery to every one, for factories are as scarce as visitors are numerous; but perhaps the vast array of opulent transients and the innumerable oil wells within the city limits help materially to enrich the community, while the fruit trade of the various valleys is nothing short of stupendous. The electric car system is said to be unequaled, fast and commodious lines operating to Santa Monica, San Diego and Long Beach, on the coast, and the old Franciscan missions in the outlying sections of the country. Pasadena is beyond all doubt one of the most beau-

tiful spots on this earth, and there is good reason for its development into a winter pleasure ground of the affluent of many States. Roses bloom throughout the year, and the summers are never too warm for comfort. Palaces of millionaires line the captivating avenues to such a degree that one imagines himself driving through the realms of fairyland. A famous chewing-gum baron, an eminent liver pill doctor, a popular shoe-polish king and a brewer of brews that have made a city "famous" are all lords of gorgeous manors. The sunken gardens on the Adolph Busch estate are open to the public, and they truly typify the noblest work of the landscape artist. Almost every species of plant life is to be found on the sloping ridges and terraces of this semi-public park.

Very comfortable steamships connect at San Diego for San Francisco, and there are also two railroads leading to the big port, the Southern Pacific coast line and the Santa Fé inside route. The ocean ride presents many magnificent vistas, for on the right the towering peaks of the Santa Ynez fling high their rugged brows, and on the left the enraptured eye sweeps the broad-spreading Pacific's swell to the distant horizon. It is indeed a fascinating tour, and as the roadbed serpentines in and around the flowery ridges of the Sierra Madre the traveler gets a good view of the adobe missions established by the dauntless Spanish padres a generation ere the American Revolution was fought and won. It requires twelve hours to cover the 500 miles dividing Los Angeles from San Francisco, and visitors usually break their ride at Santa Barbara, one of the fairest towns of California. It was in this placid habitat of the aborigine, in 1786, that the real pioneer of the far West—the Franciscan friar—gathered together his pagan forbears of a darker hue and suffused their souls with a spiritual love that later found material exemplification in the well-known Santa Barbara Mission. The discordant clang-clang of the modern car seems to profane the sacred air surrounding this hallowed shrine; naught but elysian chimes could be harmonious in this rose-embowered tabernacle of the Prince of Peace. Later on we approach San José, a city of exceptional wealth and beauty and the principal depot of the Santa Clara Valley fruit region. Climatic conditions are ideal, and orchards sell as high as \$1,500 an acre. A powerful glass can bring home the Lick Observatory, perched on top of Mount Hamilton, and after a half-hour's ride along a tree-bordered avenue, the sightseer strolls across the broad campus of Santa Clara College, inaugurated by the Rev. John Nobili, S. J., in 1851 and now a well-equipped university attended by 500 students. The meteorological department is the most important institution of its kind on the Slope. Palo Alto also boasts a great seat

of learning, the Leland Stanford Junior University, founded by Senator and Mrs. Stanford as a memorial to their son; it is said that the generous couple placed the huge sum of \$26,000,000 at the disposal of the management. The University of California is located in Berkeley, and owns several handsome buildings, but the much-talked-of Greek Theatre is vastly overrated, for it is circumscribed in size and cheaply constructed of rough cement.

San Francisco bears but slight resemblance to the town that went up in smoke in 1906. Market street is now lined with "skyscrapers" and "flatirons" in countless numbers; even the aristocratic Van Ness avenue, for many years one of the principal residence streets of the Argonaut patricians, has been invaded by sordid chambers of commerce, while the mammonized air without resounds with the vibrant clang of the plebeian trolley. The Panama Canal Exposition will undoubtedly take the palm as being the "greatest show on earth," as Mr. Barium was wont to say. The buildings are numerous beyond computation, and from the deck of an outbound ship they resemble the castles and palaces of some celestial potentate we read of on the page of fable. The structures are of every size, every hue, every design; and when we view the macadamized boulevards and the full-grown palm trees lining the route of the pedestrian—for vehicles will not be permitted within the grounds—our American blood throbs with pride through our pulsating veins. It is regrettable that such artistic structures are of ephemeral mould and that within a few months shall be consigned to oblivion. However, several of the more important buildings are destined to remain the treasures of future generations.

They have a way of doing things all their own out in the Western country, and just as San Francisco emerged from the débris in the space of three years, so the towns across the bay have emulated its example. Oakland was merely shaken by the earthquake, and this fact resulted in driving thousands of San Franciscans to sleep on the northern shore of the four-mile bay. Alameda, Berkeley and Oakland now claim a population of 300,000; moreover, the climate is warmer and clearer than that enjoyed by the larger city, which during the fall and winter is frequently overcast by a funereal pall.

California only bows to Texas in matters of girth, for the tremendous length of the Golden State (800 miles) eclipses by 100 miles the length of Italy, and its area (158,360 square miles) is greater than the Adriatic peninsula and Portugal combined. It is asserted that there are nearly 50,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the State, while another 50,000,000 are given over to pasturage, forests and mining lands; there are also 40,000,000 fruit trees of almost every variety, and when the Panama Canal is in

full working order these luscious products are destined to reach the Eastern States and Europe at prices somewhat less than those hitherto prevailing. The steamship schedule will be about seventeen days from San Francisco to New York.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company operates the best line to Victoria and Seattle, and the sixty-hour voyage is usually pleasant during the summer months, but cold and choppy in winter. The coast range is desolate and barren, and a heavy mist frequently overhangs the rugged hills that surround the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the dividing line between the United States and Vancouver Island. Seattle possesses many characteristics, the chief of which are rush and rain, for everybody and everything deem it expedient to rush the livelong day, and even after the midnight chimes announce the approach of another morn. If the heavenly flood-gates are not pitching their volumes upon the greatest port and city of the Northwest, the forty-two stories of the Smith building, the tallest structure west of New York, are easily discerned shortly after the ship has passed Port Townsend; immediately to the rear, high upon an eminence—for Seattle is a city of hills—soar heavenward the lofty towers of new and stately St. James' Cathedral. The capacious edifice is constructed of yellow brick, and the same is true of the various buildings of the parish. So steep are several inclines that the old-style cable system is still in use for street cars running east and west. Seattle is such an ultra-modern city that penny-in-the-slot machines sell newspapers at many convenient corners, and the citizens are drawn from every land and clime beneath the illimitable void on high.

The Canadian Pacific Railway operates comfortable boats to Victoria and Vancouver. It is an all-day sail, allowing three hours at Victoria, Vancouver Island, a pretty little English city, and, of course, the stately Parliament Buildings and the large Empress Hotel lend much dignity to this exceptionally clean, well-lighted, well-paved capital of British Columbia. The town is so English that automobiles and "trams" always keep to the left when driving past the American-like shops on Government and Yates streets; and then there is the very formidable-looking "bobby," with the strap of his spiked helmet reposing an inch or so above his imperial chin; but he is a suave and gentle chap withal, and says, "Oh, aye, sir!" just as the bluecoats of a larger English capital have been known to say. Raindrops are not very numerous in little Victoria, so hundreds of transpacific tourists make their temporary home at the big inn while awaiting the departure of the fleet Oriental liners from Vancouver. The sail up the Straits of Georgia is indeed a revelation as the steamer swings around the innumerable

bends and captivating archipelagos leading to Haro Strait. Birds of every hue winging high and low, rugged rocks sparsely dotted with brush, and islands heavily covered with yellow pine, all environed by miniature mountains, combine to make this placid trip one of the pleasantest days of the sightseer's itinerary.

Vancouver is the principal city and port of Western Canada, differing but slightly from the ordinary American community of 250,000 inhabitants. In fact, if it were not for the left-handed English style of driving and the London cut of the policemen's uniforms, the visitor strolling along busy Hastings or Granville street would never know he was temporarily paying tribute to the British King. There are 25,000 Americans in the town; the balance are mainly of English and Scottish nativity, with a sprinkling of those scions of ubiquity, the wandering Celts. A superabundance of rain spoils an otherwise equable climate, as extremes of heat or cold do not prevail. Shaughnessy Heights is the rendezvous of the élite, and many regal homes superciliously scan the humble but honest habitations of the bourgeois in the far-flung vale below.

It is erroneous to assume that the climate of British Columbia is cold and bleak; on the contrary, the Japanese Current warms the coast line, while in the interior the Chinook winds keep the mercury well above freezing point during most of the winter months. The Province is of immense area—700 miles long and 400 wide—and contains ore of many strata; salmon fisheries are also very important. A new railroad, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is preparing to open its new terminal at Prince Rupert, 500 miles north of Vancouver. It is stated that a high-salaried professor of nomenclature has been engaged to fashion names for the towns that follow in the trail of the onrushing section gangs.

The afternoon train out of Vancouver gives the romanticist an opportunity of viewing the tremendous breastworks Cyclopean strategists of a distant epoch flung skyward to harass the progress of the ravaging Titans. The train rolls along through a sparsely settled and uninteresting country until Kamloops is reached, and now we begin to zigzag around the curving banks of mountain-encased Lake Shuswap and on to Revelstoke, at which point we take on an extra mogul to draw us up and down the entrancing aisles of the most gorgeous Selkirks. Now we quiver as the foaming cascade tumbles down the ridges of Illicillewaet into the depths of Albert Canyon on our left, while tossing its frosty crown thousands of feet amidst the blue, we slowly wind around and around the rugged slopes of that vast mound known as the Great Glacier; here a chasm of awful depth, there a snow-domed monarch of exalted mien; now creeping through Rogers Pass and roaring

like mad down the steeps of Bear Creek Gorge, the belching engines momentarily halt to prepare for the heart-stilling leap across the boisterous Stony Creek, which rolls away 300 feet below. The bridge, one of the highest on earth, is supported from the sides of friendly crags.

But the shadows of the giants grow longer, and Old Sol glides away to flash his effulgent glare upon Oriental fields; so we spend a night at the high-class inn operated by the railway company. At early morn the orb of day spreads his crimson mantle over this mundane paradise, and the fascinated eye beholds the glistening palisades that garb the imperious queen that haughtily surveys the regions 12,000 feet above us, the ever-snow-capped Victoria Glacier. It is also at Laggan that we take the serpentine railway that leads up to Lake Louise and the Lakes in the Clouds, bodies of shimmering ripples that have no compeers on the planet, and it will be recalled that they are nearly 6,000 feet above the sea. Banff is also the mecca of the mountain-climber and the seeker after health, for the hot sulphur springs are said to possess medicinal qualities of great worth to invalids. The Canadian Rocky Mountain Park is 600 miles in length, and every turn of the head brings to view a thousand vistas that outrank the ridges and vales of the Valais region of Switzerland. It is a day of the marvels of nature, and at Field we view the marvels of man—spiral tunnels 3,000 feet long that actually double the track and the Kicking Horse River at least twice before reaching the open. The mountain division is subject to heavy falls of snow in winter, and long stretches of track are protected by miles of snowsheds. Of course, this vast amphitheatre of spectral pyramids, canyons that know no base and entrancing cascades beyond the skies brings hither thousands of tourists from many lands; but the day is not remote when the mineral treasures of the Selkirks will be unlocked and fashioned into girders of steel, columns of granite, tokens of exchange and vanities for the adornment of the fair.

Ten years ago Calgary was a cluster of frame houses; to-day it is a city of 60,000 souls and the principal market of the great wheat belt of Alberta, many fine business blocks on Eighth avenue and elegant homes in the Mount Royal district attesting the richness of the earth. Oil is also a valuable asset, little "exchanges" being located at every step, and there are perhaps more "near speculators" in Calgary than in any other city anywhere; in fact, the man in the street juggles with millions with all the blasé characteristic of Barnum's famous juggler in tossing daggers to and fro. The Canadian Pacific Railway evidently puts great faith in the future of Calgary, for it recently completed a ten-story hotel at

an outlay of \$2,000,000—and this on a site overrun with bison less than a generation ago. Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, lies two hundred miles to the north, and is fashioned along American lines, while Saskatoon, Regina, Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw have all had prodigious growth; but like everything else in a new country, things have been greatly overdone, with the result that Northwestern Canada is now undergoing a serious financial depression. Moreover, the cost of living is higher than in many sections of the United States.

From Calgary to Winnipeg the land is as level as a billiard table, trees being as scarce as wheat fields are numerous. The "Chicago of Canada" contains perhaps 250,000 people and acts as the "jobbing house" of Manitoba. A department store on Portage avenue is seven stories high and covers an entire city block; the well-known Hudson's Bay Company is now preparing plans for a larger structure. As illustrating the rapid growth of the prairie city, a shrewd American speculator visited the town a dozen years ago and bought the aristocratic Crescent Woods section for \$14 an acre; to-day the same ground sells for \$20,000 per acre. St. Boniface, just across the Red River, boasts a population of 20,000, nearly all of whom are French-Canadians, and the Gallic tongue is spoken from the pulpit of the metropolitan Cathedral. Winnipegians may have their faults, but it would be conducive to the well-being of society if their laudable example of closing drinking places at 8 o'clock on Saturday night were put into universal operation. The much-talked-of railroad to Hudson Bay may be an actuality within the next decade, the engineers of the Grand Trunk Pacific having completed the line to Le Pas, 400 miles north of Regina; another 300 miles remain to be tracked, and then the long grain trains will speed to the side of Liverpool-bound ships, thus saving 800 miles over the run to Montreal. Hudson Bay is clear of ice sixteen weeks during the summer season.

From Winnipeg to Fort William the country is barren and rocky, though its pristine simplicity presents many vistas well worth viewing. There are only two or three small towns in the 400-mile run to the grain-exporting cities of Fort William and Port Arthur, located at the western end of Lake Superior. The track now begins to skirt the northern shore of Lake Superior for the better part of the day, and the scenery, while the antithesis of the Selkirks, is in many respects the equal of the mountain district. On the left we see a rocky, desolate country and on the right the ceaseless roll of the largest lake on the globe; far to the south naught but the undulation of the great abyss comes to view. The region bears a strong resemblance to the coast of Newfoundland, for here are

found the high, rugged, wind-swept cliffs and the perennial rise and fall of the breakers crashing against the towering bastions; as far as the eye can scan we view virgin forests and gigantic steepes lining the circuitous shore of this vast inland ocean; not a habitation save a summer hut of the ubiquitous angler, and from these dismal solitudes comes the melancholy "caw-caw" of the winging hawk. It is indeed a wild and rock-bound coast, and shall so remain until some magic hand transmutes enormous boulders into productive soil. The railroad bed in many places has been blasted through solid rock. As an illustration of the paucity of population, there are but three towns between Fort William and Ottawa, a distance of nearly 900 miles. Taking the Canadian Pacific Railway as a whole, it is truly one of the wonders of the world.

Sightseers may also travel east from Fort William via the water route, which leads across Lake Superior through Sault Sainte Marie Canal to Port McNichol, on Lake Huron, thus securing a two-day sea trip and gaining some knowledge of the enormous traffic passing through the "Soo." In 1845 one horse hauled all the freight that passed between Lake Huron and Lake Superior; ten years later the traffic amounted to 14,000 tons a year; to-day the figures baffle the ordinary mind, for upward of 75,000,000 tons of freight of all kinds sail annually through the canal. The Panama Canal is an infantile affair in comparison with the "Soo," for the latest of the three locks is 1,350 feet long, against 1,000 feet for the Panama. The tonnage of the "Soo" is said to be greater than that of the combined commerce of New York, London, Liverpool and Hamburg.

The rocky country abounds on either hand until the comfortable farms fifty miles west of Ottawa begin to dot the landscape; but the entrance to the capital is far from inspiring, for the town of Hull is a miserable conglomeration of frame habitations that have seen better days. Nor does Ottawa hold high rank among Canadian cities. The Parliament Buildings are imposing, it is true, and the flower beds on the broad plaza are very attractive, but the various Government offices offer no inspiration to the visitor seeking designs for the erection of a model institution. The Grand Trunk Station is stately and very well laid out, but it should stand alone to properly emphasize the dignity of its architectural lines. Excepting the main wing of the Parliament group, the Chateau Laurier is the only building of importance in the capital city of Canada. Several shops on Sparks and Bank streets are tall and costly, but the houses of ancient lineage sandwiched in between shed no lustre on their richer neighbors. Street paving could be much improved,

for when it rains the highways are almost impassable on account of mud. However, a brave effort is being made to build modern homes in the Britannia Park section, and the same is true of the Rockcliffe district, wherein dwells in a regal domicile His Excellency the Viceroy of Canada. It should be said in behalf of the 90,000 citizens of Ottawa, one-third of whom are French-Canadians, that the Federal Government contributes but little in the way of taxes, differing in this respect from our own Congress, which pays one-half the running expenses of Washington.

From Ottawa to Montreal the landscape takes on the aspect of ancient Gaul, for all signs along the route are of French formation. The metropolis of Canada is simply a reproduction of an American municipality of 600,000 people. The city grows rapidly and is solidly built from Lachine for miles beyond Mount Royal, sections sparsely settled a dozen years ago. French and English are jointly used in commercial intercourse, and both languages are official, but the former tongue is in vogue among two-thirds of the population, who hold their predominance by virtue of their numerous offspring; six, eight and ten children are the rule—a sharp contrast in comparison with the microscopic families of the motherland beyond the seas. The city contains thousands of “flats,” and in many cases there are flights of twenty steps leading to the second story. The ancient faith finds a responsive chord in the hearts of the populace, and Notre Dame, with its two galleries, hand-carved chapel and magnificent paintings, seats at least twelve thousand worshipers. St. James’ Cathedral is fully completed, and it is regrettable that a less sombre stone was not used in its erection; the Anglican Cathedral is an unpretentious edifice; the Methodists have a large church, and the Presbyterians are likewise well represented; our friends of the Hebrew persuasion possess a spacious synagogue.

The European strife and poor crops in the far West have put a serious damper on Canadian business from Halifax to Vancouver, and it should not be forgotten that “Our Lady of the Snows” is a commonwealth in formation and needs millions of money to develop her natural resources. These funds have hitherto come from England, but Dominion bankers must now look to the United States for financial assistance.

WILLIAM S. LONG.

Camden, N. J.

THE GORDON RIOTS.

"For first the Church of Rome condemned us, and we likewise them."
—Sir Thomas Browne.

IT IS an old story that the Puritans came to America to worship God in their own fashion and compelled every one else to do the same. There has been too much compulsion about this matter of religion. The Christian faith is based on a principle which necessitates freedom of the will. The Roman persecution of early Christians, the successive Tudor reigns of anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant persecution, the persecution of the Catholic Faith in modern Mexico—all these are crimes against humanity. Of course, there is the single justification that the man who does this sort of thing thinks he fights and eradicates a greater wrong than the wrong of persecution itself. But the Spanish Inquisition, through the over-zealousness of Phillip, got a very bad name. James of England became so ardent an agitator that the Pope had to warn him against "too great zeal." The propaganda of a religion should not be carried on by the use of the torture-chamber or mob-violence. If the well-meaning and sincere Philip of Spain, if Mary of England made mistakes, we might reply that for every item of Catholic cruelty we can balance one of Protestant cruelty. We can reply that the Church faces Gethsemane every day, that the Catholics of the twentieth century are at one with Catholics of the first in matters of persecution, as well as in matters of faith. But the *tu quoque* answer is no adequate reply. The accusation of wrongdoing against enemies returns with equal force against the friends we may some day wish to defend. There is, however, a very powerful and a very convincing reply which has been made by Mgr. Benson. But I shall not give it here. I am intending to speak of the Gordon Riots, and, lest my Protestant friends think I am finding fault on a minor detail, I have taken this introductory paragraph to show that I believe Catholics and Protestants are alike at fault when they think to accomplish aught by force of massed numbers. Religious differences should not be made into items of political principle. It shall be my purpose to show a most lamentable example of some such attempt, and to draw from it some lesson for ourselves, some lesson that mere show of numbers and use of violence may result in dishonor rather than in success.

It is a matter of the merest chance that I have approached this problem from the incident of the Gordon Riots of 1780 rather than in any other more important way. I have thought the matter out from this point of view, and, trivial and unimportant as the riots may seem to us today, I shall retain the point of view simply because

it is mine, and because it is I who happen to be writing this essay. Some two years ago I began to make some studies concerning Thomas Holcroft, a British radical, a novelist and playwright of no mean ability, a facile penman, and an extremely interesting man whose opinions were, to use the words of a contemporary, "sometimes so strange and sometimes so good." I soon ran across two titles among his works, each of which dealt with these Gordon Riots¹:

A plain and succinct account of the late riots, London; printed for Fielding and Walker, 1780.

The trial of the Hon. George Gordon for high treason at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, London; printed for Fielding and Walker, 1781.

The first of these Lecky (3:520) praised very highly when he wrote his history of eighteenth century England. In addition to these books, I have, of course, consulted the authentic histories of the period, as well as the *Annual Register*, the magazines, the *Commons Journal*², letters and memoirs of the time, and also another very curious pamphlet:

Fanaticism and treason or a dispassionate history of the rise, progress and suppression of the rebellious insurrection in June, 1780, by a real friend to religion and to Britain, London; printed for G. Kearsy, 1780.

And, again, if I am asked why I chance to approach the subject from the standpoint of Holcroft, I shall reply that that it is the way in which I first became interested, that that is the perspective I want, that this is but a part of and brief notes toward a larger study which I am making, a study of Holcroft and not of religion. But, lest any one accuse me of having ulterior motives in selecting this angle of attack, I may remark that the attitude of a revolutionary radical which I assume for a time can scarcely be construed as prejudicially Catholic. Quite the contrary! In a long poem of Holcroft's, entitled *Human Happiness, or the Skeptic*, my author has shown himself quite violently anti-Catholic. In his novel *Anna St. Ives* (1792)⁴, he was twice guilty of flagrant misunderstanding, if not misinterpretation, especially when he speaks of the "papists," as he calls them, "their ignorant adoration of the rags and rotten wood which they themselves dress up, the protection afforded the most atrocious criminals if they can but escape to a mass of stone which they call sacred." Surely, after this, no one can accuse me of being prejudiced

¹ See my "Bibliography of Thomas Holcroft," in "Notes and Queries," XI. series, Vol. X., pp. 43-46.

² Vol. XXXVII., year 1780, p. 908ff.

³ Issued on 22d June, 1780.

⁴ Vol. I., p. 168; Vol. II., p. 5.

opinions and testimony, when the very writer upon whom I make myself chiefly dependent seems to have committed himself elsewhere. And it is not my intention to attack Holcroft. I intend to use him. I am speaking in this essay primarily of the opinion of a radical on "mob religion," not of religion itself. As my friend, Father Conway, has said, the Church is always suspicious, and justly so, of the lay theologian. Therefore, I comment on the evils of fanaticism of all sorts, not on the principles of fanaticism; on the evils of the Gordon Riots, not on their religious foundation; on Holcroft's opinions, not on the Catholic defense. As Sir Thomas Browne said—in another context, to be sure—"Men have lost their reason in nothing so much as in their religion." And, after all, I am strongly tempted to quote from our "real friend" pamphlet, where he mentions Voltaire:

"No! Such atrocities as these will never be imitated. Philosophy, the sister of religion, has herself snatched the poignard from the hands of superstition, so long bathed in blood; and the human understanding, recovered from its delirium, stands amazed at the shocking brutalities into which it has been hurried by enthusiasm⁵.

Before I say a few words about religious liberty, I shall take the liberty of making another quotation to show the colors of Lord George Gordon:

"All the true friends of Great Britain, and of civil and religious liberty, are exhorted to unite in support of the protestant interest before it is too late; for unanimity and firmness in that glorious cause can alone protect us from the *dangerous confederacy of Popish powers*. If we unite like one man, for the honor of God, and the liberties of the people, we may yet experience the blessing of Divine Providence on this kingdom, and love and confidence may again be restored amongst brethren. But if we continue obstinate in errors, and spread idolatry and corruption through the land, we have nothing to expect but division among the people, distraction in the Senate, and discontent in our camp, with all the other calamities of those nations whom God has delivered over to arbitrary power and depotism.⁶

(Signed) G. GORDON.

So this is his manifesto!

I believe it was that very capable woman, Mme. Roland, who emitted the much-quoted phrase, "Oh, liberty, what crimes are

⁵ F. & T.

⁶ From "Plain Account;" cf. also p. 52 of the same pamphlet for similar reference to "civil and religious liberties of this country."

committed in thy name!" And in these days when the worst violations of our modern idea of religious toleration are masquerading as acts in the defense of "freedom," when the Guardians of Liberty, the A. P. A. and the *Menace*, pretend so violently to protect the religious liberty of America, there must be a certain ironic smile aroused when we hear of Lord George Gordon proclaiming himself as a patriot. It is, therefore, interesting to remember that those whom we call the "radicals" of the 1790's, the revolutionary sympathizers, were spoken of contemptuously as "levellers" and "patriots." Dr. Johnson, in the fourth edition of his dictionary (1773), spoke of the term "patriot" as follows: "It is sometimes used for a factious disturber of the government;" and on another occasion⁸ spoke rather violently against Jack Wilkes and some other "patriotic friends." But perhaps we had better be a bit careful in our discussion of these men. Their chief defense must be their sincerity. Whatever we, with the perspective of over a hundred years, may see in their actions that was wrong, we must admit that they probably believed in their actions. As Chesterton says, "It is too much the custom in politics to describe a political opponent as utterly inhumane, as utterly careless of his country, as utterly cynical, which no man ever was since the beginning of the world." They thought they did what was best, they were not unpatriotic, they were not utterly self-seeking, or barbarous and revengeful. Whatever their deeds, we who cannot read their minds must not condemn their motives. With their deeds alone we must deal, from their deeds we may draw lessons for ourselves; but we must be charitable, and not expect them to learn the theories which the error of their actions brought to light.

If we are to deal with facts, we have a stupendous array before us from which to select. I have already tried to draw some limitations, but must now be even more arduous in my selection and rejection. In the words of the "real friend to religion and to Britain," I might say:

"The exact damage that was done to every member's coat, the quantity of powder that was beaten out of every head, the number of blows and bruises that every lord received, no reader is solicitous to learn. There is a kind of dignity about great and national distresses which will not suffer a feeling mind to dwell upon anything mean or low. When every law, divine and human, has been insulted, when

⁷ Birbede-Hill's edition of Boswell's Johnson, Vol. IV., p. 87n. Hereafter "Boswell" shall indicate this edition, F. & T., the "Fanaticism and Treason" pamphlet listed above, "Plain Account," Holcroft's narrative of the riots, and "Trial," Holcroft's pamphlet on the Trial.

⁸ Boswell, III., 66.

the constitution itself has been almost trampled under foot, he must have a paltry soul who can stop to relate, or to peruse, an account of the damage done to an earl's *vis-à-vis*, or of the rage vented upon the shins even of the lord president of the council."⁹

Many things happened. It chanced that there was on the statute books an Act of William IV, virtually unenforced, which was—in the words of the prosecuting attorney—"a disgrace to the nation," for it placed Catholics under such disabilities as the tolerance of the times could scarcely permit of being enforced, according to the "severity of this act." In 1778, Sir George Savile, in view of "the peaceful behavior" of the Catholics and "the loyal and excellent address they had lately presented to the throne," had wished by means of a Relief Act "to vindicate the honor and assert the principles of the Protestant religion."¹⁰ At his instigation, the bill in question was brought in (Mr. Dunning seconded it) and passed without a single negative. This allowed those Catholics who would subscribe the free exercise of their religion in licensed chapels, put them on equal terms with Presbyterians and all other Dissenters, and granted them "toleration to erect schools for the education of youth." The attorney general said:¹¹ "In order to obtain any benefit by it, there was an oath required as a pledge of the people's loyalty, renouncing, in the strongest terms, all civil and temporal authority of the Pope or sovereign potentate, in these realms, and abjuring all pretensions of the abdicated family of the house of Stuart, or any other pretender. Under this act many took this oath, and no one was dissatisfied until there was a talk of carrying the repeal into Scotland." We recall at this point that Sir Thomas More, the most conspicuous martyr of the English Reformation, had stood ready to acknowledge the temporal, but not the spiritual, authority of the English King, to repudiate the temporal, but not the spiritual, authority of the Pope. The bill seemed just and became a law. It seemed necessary. The "real friend to religion and Britain" remarked¹² that Sir George Savile's Bill granted "not improper indulgences." Catholics were still by legislation prohibited from teaching schools unless licensed in the ordinary way, unless they conformed and attended the legal worship. If they heard or said Mass, they were subject to 100 marks' fine or imprisonment; they must not own arms nor come within ten miles of London, nor travel more than five miles from home, or they would forfeit their

⁹F. & T., p. 42.

¹⁰"Plain Account," pp. 1-6, contains the Act itself. It may also be seen in the "Annual Register" for 1780.

¹¹Trial, p. 16.

¹²F. & T.

goods; nor send any one (not even children) abroad for education on pain of legal disability. Conversion amounted to treason. Boasted English liberty, if not common decency, seemed to demand the repeal which Parliament, at the instigation of our Protestant friend, Sir George Savile, was quick to grant.

As the attorney general said, all went well "until there was talk of carrying the repeal into Scotland." "This produced an insurrection at Edinburgh in the year 1779, where several houses and chapels were burned. And to quell this, the interference of the magistrates, and aid of the military, were found ineffectual, until the provost of Edinburgh pledged himself that the measure was given up."¹³ Lord Gordon had previously distinguished himself in Parliament by reading various wild and impossible motions which were not only lost, but which even went unseconded. The Scotch resistance contributed to spread the alarm; Lord Gordon evidently recognized his own futility in Parliament and wished to have the support of a well-backed petition for his repealing bill. The right of the subject to petition was acknowledged, its success had been demonstrated in the "Legion's Address," and the attorney general believed that "nothing was at first intended by the protestant association, but a decent and rational exercise of that right."¹⁴ So bills were dispersed and advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, inviting persons opposed to the Act to come to an Assembly on Friday, June 2, 1730, in St. George's Fields, "all wearing blue cockades."¹⁵ The intention was, of course, to prove the reality of Lord Gordon's constituency, or backing, in this matter, for the so-called "Protestant Association" had hitherto existed only on paper. And in the very circumstances of the assembly of the forty thousand people, we find the first incongruity, the first lack of forethought—I cannot call it malicious intent—in the fact that, though the magistrates of London, Southwark and Westminster were invited to attend to "overawe and control any riotous or evil-minded persons,"¹⁶ yet "the people were to assemble on a spot where none of these magistrates had power to act."¹⁷ This was the first mistake.

I said "first" because there were others, three other prime mistakes, which I shall point out as we go along with the narrative. I said "first mistake" because I believe that Lord Gordon was decent

¹³ "Trial," p. 16.

¹⁴ "Trial," p. 17.

¹⁵ Gibbon wrote to his wife on June 8: "Forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have started from their graves." (*Miscellaneous Works*, ed. 1837, p. 299.) When Lord George Gordon arrived at 11 o'clock he found them singing hymns and marching.

¹⁶ "Plain Account."

¹⁷ "Trial," p. 20.

and sincere in his intentions. I believe what followed was a series of mistakes. He might have avoided much of the trouble by more careful planning, but it is too much to say that he intended the succeeding events. As Holcroft so sanely remarked, Gordon seemed "actuated rather by a wrong head than a wicked heart." The entire event, together with the manifesto about "civil and religious liberties" which I have given above, might well have been taken rather "in a ludicrous than a serious point of view"¹⁸ were it not for the consequences. Mere fanaticism was followed by "domestic treason and foreign villainy," according to our "real friend to religion and Britain,"¹⁹ who thought many of the rioters were "either in the interest or the pay of America, France and Spain." Holcroft mentioned the fact that some blamed the American colonies, and tells how some call the troublemakers "French Rioters," and urge:

"If the French are suffered by these means to prevail, Popery will certainly be introduced, which we have no reason to fear from a British Parliament."²⁰

I have said enough now to let my readers know that London went through a week of rioting which Dr. Johnson spoke of to Mrs. Thrale as "a time or terror."²¹ Elsewhere Dr. Johnson said there was "an universal panic," though Horace Walpole said in a letter—which might have intended a calming effect: "I assure your Ladyship there is no panic. Lady Aylesbury has been at the play in the Haymarket, and the Duke and my four nieces at Ranelagh this evening."²² Yet, at any rate, we seem to have everywhere indisputable evidence that violence was done. If the sworn testimony at the trial is not sufficient, I can at least quote again: "Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the gaols."²³ And, panic or no panic, all the confusion and trouble, robbery, brutality, and incendiaryism are to be blamed on three prime mistakes on the part of Lord George Gordon.

The clue to the first of these mistakes is to be found in a statement by the attorney general at the trial,²⁴ a statement substantiated by the evidence of the circulated hand-bills, by the contemporary newspapers, and by the witnesses examined and cross-examined

¹⁸ "Plain Account."

¹⁹ F. & T.

²⁰ "Plain Account." Benjamin Franklin (Mem. III., 62) is supposed to have slyly commented on the burning of Lord Mansfield's house, that he who advocated the burning of American houses "has had fire brought home to him."

²¹ Boswell, Vol. III., p. 429.

²² Letters, Vol. VII., p. 388.

²³ Boswell, Vol. III., p. 430.

²⁴ "Trial," p. 19.

at the bar. "*All that wore cockades were welcome.*" That was the cause of all the trouble. To present a petition in due order, to march decently as a representative *Protestant Association*, to be respected for an organized and orderly expression of opinion,—all these became impossible as soon as laxity in organization rendered "all that wore cockades" welcome. The claim of a man to place in an honest and respectable and responsible demonstration was accepted as genuine as soon as he merely donned the blue cockade. Honesty and respectability mattered not at all; they were disregarded so long as "all that wore cockades were welcome." There was no organization; no authority. There was no examination of credentials,—forty thousand were necessary; they must have the forty thousand,—there was no test of sincerity, a man did not even have to be known, he had only to wish to march. To the immense concourse—one witness had "never seen so many people together before"²⁵—there came "some with serious intentions, some with wicked, and others out of curiosity."²⁶ "*All that wore cockades were welcome!*" Is it any wonder then that with such lack of organization there should be free scope, when once aroused, to the "intemperate fury of a few misguided zealots, assisted by those miscreants, who always mingle with the mob, whose trade is plunder, and who are, therefore, continually active where tumult and anarchy prevail"? Later a hand-bill had to be circulated, telling people not to wear blue cockades because they had been assumed by a "set of miscreants whose purpose it was to burn the city and plunder its inhabitants." But the mistake was made, the harm was done. And all because "all who wore cockades were welcome." Only when the significance of the blue cockade was abolished was Gibbon able to write to his wife at Bath, on 10th June, 1780: "This audacious tumult is perfectly quelled."²⁷ That was the first mistake.

The second mistake was the worst of all, because the most irretrievable. It also was almost unpardonable because it also might have been foreseen and avoided. From the testimony of two men, I take two phrases.²⁸ Lord Gordon may not have used the exact words at all; he may not have used the ideas in conjunction; but at least they show the temper of his mind that Friday morning at St. George's Fields, and indicated the impression his personality made on his hearers that day sufficiently clearly to enable us to understand that he had changed tactics when he called them "peaceable petitioners" while they stormed about the lobby of the House. Here are the phrases: "*He would not present the petition of a luke-warm*

²⁵ "Trial," p. 23.

²⁶ "Plain Account," p. 15.

²⁷ "Miscellaneous Works," ed. 1837, p. 299.

²⁸ "Trial," pp. 26, 27.

people." "He reminded them of the example of the Scotch." And the peaceableness of his attitude in the lobby of the house, where he called them his "peaceable petitioners," is somewhat belied by the fact that there he "again mentioned the conduct of the Scotch."²⁹ This is really very important. "The example of the Scotch!"—and what was the example of the Scotch? Rioting, devastation, incendiaryism, and other such peaceful, petition-presenting means. The persistent return of this "example of the Scotch" in the testimony seems to fix the intention, or rather the blame, pretty thoroughly. "The example of the Scotch," indeed! And then he had the presumption to try to call himself a "peaceful petitioner!" Just at the point in the proceedings where there began to be doubt as to the success of the monster demonstration, when decent hope was willing to turn to frantic despair, he came out on the balcony in the lobby and reminded them of the success the year before in a similar cause, of rioting, of mob-violence. He called to mind the "example of the Scotch," who had burned and wrecked, and so he incited his own "mob" to plunder. It was a crowning mistake at a critical moment.

The third mistake is also concerned with those fatal hours while the mob crowded about the Houses of Parliament. A certain Rev. Thomas Bowen said on the witness stand that, when the people refused to quit the lobby he "spoke a few words and told them that they hindered their own business," and he "heard a person in the lobby say, very distinctly, that if the prisoner [Lord Gordon] would come and say it was necessary for them to go, they would go."³⁰ The attorney general struck at the bottom of the case by saying: "The petition being presented, their legal purpose was answered; and if their intentions were decent, they should have retired."³¹ As the solicitor general said: "A steady and firm petitioner is a new language; it is turning a petition into a demand."³² Lord George Gordon, at whose call "all that wore cockades" had assembled, who was chiefly responsible for the forty thousand "peaceful petitioners,"—Lord George Gordon at this critical turn of events deserted the constitutional procedure of presenting a petition, and then returning home; he turned a request into a demand; he cast his influence on the side of violence when at this important moment he abandoned legal procedure and acknowledged right and reminded his people of the "example of the Scotch." The first mistake was

²⁹ This is proven by several testimonies by several different witnesses. It seems to contradict that later testimony which said he "never made use of one inflammatory expression." ("Trial," p. 57.

³⁰ "Trial," p. 30.

³¹ "Trial," p. 17.

³² "Trial," p. 76.

the admission of unruly members, the second mistake was the mention of Scotch violence, the third mistake was the tactical blunder of talking unruly measures to unruly members at the very moment when he should have asked them to disperse. It was a case of doing the wrong thing at the right time. This was the supreme mistake. It was not such a fundamental one, nor one so easily to be foreseen and avoided as the other two; but it was the culminating error which set loose all the blind, immeasurable flood of impotent rage and irresponsible ruination.

The crowd soon began to exercise the most arbitrary and dictatorial power of the Lords and Commons. I quote a passage from Holcroft's *Plain Account*:

"But however peaceable and well disposed some of them might be, it was very evident, from the habit and appearance of numbers amongst them, that order and regularity were not long to be expected from such an assembly; on the contrary, they soon began to exercise the most arbitrary and dictatorial power over both Lords and Commons. They obliged almost all the members to put blue cockades in their hats, and call out, 'No Popery.' Some they compelled to take oaths to vote for the repeal of the obnoxious act, and others they insulted in the most indecent and violent manner. They took possession of all the avenues from the outer door to the very door of the House of Commons, which they twice attempted to force open. The like attempt was made at the House of Lords; but by the exertion of the door-keepers, and the care of Sir Francis Molyneux, it did not succeed. The Archbishop of York was one of the first they attacked. As soon as his coach was known coming down Parliament street, he was saluted with hisses, groans, and hootings; and when he got out of his carriage, to avoid greater mischief, was obliged to say (which he did in a pitiable and enfeebled voice), 'No Popery, No Popery!' The Lord President of the council, Lord Bathurst, they pushed about in the rudest manner and kicked violently in the legs. Lord Mansfield had the glasses of his carriage broken, the panels beat in, and narrowly escaped with his life. The Duke of Northumberland was exceedingly ill-treated, and had his pocket picked of his watch. The Bishop of Litchfield had his gown torn. The wheels of the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage were taken off, and his lordship might be said to escape personal injury almost by miracle."

A week of disgraceful rioting followed. Many houses were torn down or burned, first chapels, then the homes of Catholics, then the houses of the marshal's constables and justices who had tried to interfere.³³ And so "the good Protestants," to use the words of

³³ "Trial," pp. 36-38.

Dr. Johnson,³⁴ tendered insults to the Lords and the Commons, "who bore it with great tameness"; and mob-violence being once in vogue, there was trouble in checking it. The "mob, raging and roaring in the lobby," was confronted by soldiers. General Conway proposed a military defence. Colonel Gordon threatened to use his word on Lord George if the "rascally adherents of the latter attempted entry." Finally Justice Addington sent the cavalry away and the mob dispersed. But then the trouble began.

Following "the example of the Scotch," part of the paraders proceeded to demolish various Catholic chapels in Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Warwick street, and Golder's Square. Thirteen men were taken by the "military" and the next day, Saturday, 3d June, the trouble "partly subsided." But on Sunday rioting broke out afresh. Chapels and dwelling houses of Catholics in and about Moorfields were attacked. Here is a characteristic incident:

"They stripped the house of furniture and the chapel not only of the ornaments and insignia of religion, but tore up the altars, pulpits, pews and benches, and made huge fires of them, leaving nothing but the bare walls, and in many places not even them. They publicly avowed their intention to root out Papery, to release those who had been confined in Newgate for their proceedings at the Sardinian and Warwick Street Chapels on Friday; to pull down the houses of the justices who committed them, and the persons who gave evidence against them."

The ill-work continued. Newgate was attacked and burned on Tuesday. On Wednesday, three boys went down Holborn in the middle of the day extorting money; shops were shut, blue silk was displayed on most of the houses and the words "No Popery" were chalked on doorways. A Protestant minister (the Rev. Allen) was openly robbed; a man with a blue cockade and a bludgeon was demanding money in Bedford row.³⁵ A mere boy of fifteen was found destroying houses in Oxford road; a certain William Brown was indicted for "entering the dwelling house of Francis Deacon, cheesemonger, and holding a large knife in his hand, making use of the following words: 'Damn your eyes, if you do not give me a shilling directly, I'll bring a mob that will pull down your house about your ears.'"³⁶ A mere chimney sweep, sixteen years old, was found dead with forty guineas on his person.³⁷ Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale:³⁸ "On Wednesday (June 7) . . . as I went by, the

³⁴ Boswell, Vol. III., p. 428.

³⁵ These facts from "Plain Account."

³⁶ "Annual Register," 1780; "Chronicle," p. 271ff.

³⁷ "Plain Account."

³⁸ "Trial," p. 18.

Protestants were plundering the Sessions-House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day." Another move of the mob was still more terrible: It was an attack upon the national credit—a whole people's property—an attack upon the bank.³⁹ This turn of affairs was dangerous. It was obviously dangerous to the public security; it was also dangerous to the rioters. However unaffected, even perhaps acquiescent, Protestant Britain might have been to the demolition of Catholic churches, there could be no toleration among these stolid, conservative folk for an attack upon a respected and important British institution. This amounted to treason.

The testimony of one James Lucy is interesting.⁴⁰

"I was in Palace yard on the evening of Tuesday. There was a great mob who had blue cockades in their hats. They cried out, 'No Popery,' and had three flags with them. One James Jackson carried one of the flags; he waved it, and called out, 'To Hyde's,⁴¹ ho; destroy his house for ordering the horse in amongst us.' I went to Hyde's house, and saw the same Jackson there with the flag. Goods were thrown out of the house and burnt, and the inside pulled to pieces. The same man afterwards called out, 'Ho for Newgate, and let out the prisoners.' I saw the mob and him there with the flag."

This James Jackson was executed.⁴² The cry had been raised: "Go to the Bank, there is a million of money to pay you for your pains!" British magistrates, British law, the British nation were now being attacked. As I said, this amounted to treason. It is no wonder, then, that the rioters as well as the bystanders were in danger. The King said in council "that the magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own."⁴³ And so, by very vigorous and forceful martial measures, the rioting was suppressed and peace eventually restored.

And now where should the blame lie?

Was it true, as Gibbon said on the sixth of June, that "the old story of religion had raised most *formidable* tumults in this town?"⁴⁴ Lord Chief Justice Loughborough said in his charge to a special commission on July 10 at St. Margaret's Hill:

³⁹ June 9, Boswell, Vol. III., p. 429.

⁴⁰ "Trial," p. 39.

⁴¹ Hyde was Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, who had called out the military. His testimony ("Trial," pp. 37-8) is very illuminating.

⁴² "Annual Register," 1780; "Chronicle," p. 271.

⁴³ Boswell, Vol. III., p. 429.

⁴⁴ "Miscellaneous Works," ed. 1837, p. 299.

"In four days, by the incredible activity of this band of furies parading the streets of the metropolis with flaming torches, seventy-two private houses, and four public gaols⁴⁵ were destroyed, one of them the county gaol, and that built in such a manner as to justify the idea that it was impregnable to armed force. Religion . . . was made the profane pretext for assaulting the government and trampling upon the laws of the country."⁴⁶

It seems to me that this is true, that the Protestant religion was made a pretext by "a set of miscreants." We must remember that "all who wore cockades were welcome"; and it was an easy thing to put a bit of blue in your hat. So robbery stalked about under the banner of pretended religious liberty. When a certain George Barton was led in to trial for an assault committed in Holborn, he sought to make use of the pretext by saying aloud in court: "Pray, remember the Protestant religion."⁴⁷ It was in the name of Protestantism that chapels were destroyed, houses burned, magistrates resisted, and Newgate and the Bank attacked. A curious satirical poem of the time, entitled *The Flames of Newgate*,⁴⁸ contained the following lines:

"Now Pop'ry stirring a diverting fray,
Religion's awful subject comes in play;
Behold upon his legs Lord *Hudibras*:
Another Bill in peace he would let pass;
But in religious matters over-nice
He argues that in Freedom's Paradise;
The thorny weed of Rome without dispute
Should be mark'd down as the *forbidden fruit*.

* * *

His eery dream, the moment he reveals,
The lawless multitude crowd at his heels.
Each son of Mischief now adorns his head,
Like *Cain* with a distinguishing cockade:
See knaves and fools all jumbled in one mass,
And hear the sermon of Lord *Hudibras*.

* * *

At last to Newgate, a fallacious hope,
Drives the fanatic throng to seek the *Pope*.

This is biting satire and it shows some of the tumbling confusion and glaring incongruities of the event.

If religion was used as a pretext by the lawless, it was also used as a pretext by the bystanders. Holcroft says:⁴⁹ "All ranks of

⁴⁵ The neglect to mention the Catholic churches seems to substantiate my opinion that officialdom acted in defense of national and individual British property and not with much thought of Catholic property.

⁴⁶ "Annual Register," 1780; "Chronicle," p. 271ff.

⁴⁷ "Annual Register," 1780; "Chronicle," p. 271.

⁴⁸ London: Printed for J. Southern, Bookseller, MDCCLXXXII.

people began to be exceedingly terrified at the lawless proceedings of this day (Monday, June 5); and numbers put blue cockades in their hats (although it might now be said to be the ensign of rebellion), on purpose to avoid personal injury The very Jews in Houndsditch and Duke's Place followed the general example and gave an air of ridicule to what they understood in a very serious light, by writing on their shutters, *This house is a true Protestant.*"

This reckless and widespread assumption of the blue cockade had much to do with all the trouble, and after the hand-bill requested its discardal, quiet was restored. Witnesses said⁴⁹ that the people in Palace-yard "appeared to be a different sort of people, and a lower sort" than had assembled at St. George's Fields, that they were "chiefly led," "many of them were in liquor," the persons who made the disturbances "were not friends" to the Protestant cause, the people who pulled the wheels off the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage "had not cockades," that, with respect to the lobby "there were other persons in the place beside the Protestant Association," and that those who assembled in St. George's Fields "had no weapons" and it was not purposed to march on Parliament in a body. One witness said that he was at Westminster Bridge: "I spoke to one man, and asked him, if he was of the association? His answer was, 'No, by God, this is my association,' showing a great club."⁵¹ And the trouble was that the blue cockade was easily transferred as an emblem from one association to another. I believe, with the attorney for Lord Gordon, Mr. Kenyon, that the Lord "could have no interest in anarchy and confusion, nor could he from any common principle of human action, wish to introduce rebellion and revolt." Lord Gordon's chief fault lay in failing to provide against trouble, not so much in wishing to cause trouble. "All that wore cockades were welcome!"

All the monster demonstrations, the torchlight processions, the "marching tradesmen" of the Chartist movement at which the conservative Duke of Wellington shuddered were conducted decently and in order. In the first place, there was no incitement to violence; in the second place, they dispersed almost immediately their petitions were presented; in the third place, they were organized, vouched for, and controlled by responsible organizations. The disasters brought about by the Protestant Association were due to violation of these three conditions, especially the last. The Protestant Association had been assembled for the first time as a body; there was no controlling administrative authority, and the whole project was too great for a

⁴⁹ "Plain Account."

⁵⁰ "Trial," pp. 36, 44, 61, 62, 63.

⁵¹ "Trial," p. 45.

young and formless organization. Entirely aside from the question of the intention of violence which the prosecutors were not able to prove, entirely aside from the misplaced emphasis on "religious liberty," entirely aside from the assumed justice of the claims, the whole movement was at fault because "all who wore cockades were welcome" and because public religious "demonstrations" are ever inclined to be violently emotional rather than clear and sensible. It is sad, but true, that "in nothing have men lost their reason so much as in their religion." It is also true that mobs are unreasonable. Religion, in addition, has nothing to do with force of numbers. Religion is an individual matter between the individual soul and God. Its rights and wrongs should be presented and discussed by an individual and not by a mob. A single clear head can reason; a thousand heads acting simultaneously merely rave. That is why Lord Gordon should have presented his petition alone—backed by the clear signatures and not by the excitable persons of his Protestant supporters. That is why we should not convert with fire and sword as Cromwell tried to do, but by a capable missionary representative. That is why Wat Tyler failed where continual parliamentary agitation succeeded. That is why the Jacobins fell where Napoleon was able to stand. That is why Alexander's empire melted and Grecian culture endured. A man or an idea may persuade where a thousand men in arms may not. Again I say, religion is an individualistic thing and must not be urged as an issue by military or political force of numbers.

As we look back upon the Gordon riots today, we must not judge the eighteenth century by the facts of the twentieth. But we may learn—as all history ought to teach us—to avoid present error by past mistakes. In all religious affairs we should not count on force of numbers, we should not be lax in organization, we should never urge or suggest violence.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York, N. Y.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI BENEDICTI DIVINA
PROVIDENTIA PAPAE XV.

AD PATRIARCHAS PRIMATES ARCHIEPISCOPOS EPISCOPOS

ALIOSQVE LOCORVM ORDINARIOS

PACEM ET COMMVNIONEM CVM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTES.

Venerabiles Fratres, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem:

AD beatissimi Apostolorum Principis cathedram arcano Dei providentis consilio, nullis Nostris meritis, ubi provecti sumus, cum quidem Christus Dominus ea ipsa Nos voce, qua Petrum, appellaret, "pasce agnos meos, pasce oves meas" (Ioan xxi., 15-17); continuo Nos summa cum benevolentiae caritate oculos in gregem, qui Nostrae mandabatur curae, convertimus; innumerabilem sane gregem, ut qui universos homines, alios alia ratione, complectatur. Omnes enim, quotquot sunt, Iesus Christus a peccati servitute, profuso in pretium suo sanguine, liberavit; nec vero est ullus, qui a beneficiis redemptionis huius exceptione excludatur: itaque genus humanum divinus Pastor partim Ecclesiae suae caulis iam feliciter inclusum habet, partim se eodem compulsurum amantissime affirmat: "Et alias oves habeo, quae non sunt ex hoc ovili: et illas oportet me adducere, et vocem meam audient." (Ioan x., 16.) Equidem non vos hoc celabimus, Venerabiles Fratres: ante omnia, divina certe benignitate excitatum, sensimus in animo incredibilem quemdam studii et amoris impetum ad cunctorum salutem hominum quaerendam; atque illud ipsum fuit Nostrum in Pontificatu suscipiendo votum, quod Iesu, mox crucem subeuntis, fuerat: "Pater sancte, serva eos in nomine tuo, quos dedisti mihi." (Ioan xvii., 11.)

Iam vero, ut primum licuit ex hac arce Apostolicae dignitatis rerum humanarum cursum uno quasi obtutu contemplari, cum lacrimabilis obversaretur Nobis ante oculos civilis societatis conditio, acri sane dolore affecti sumus. Quo enim pacto fieret ut Nostrum communis omnium Patris animum non vehementissime sollicitaret hoc Europae atque adeo orbis terrae spectaculum, quo nullum fortasse nec atrocius post hominum memoriam fuit, nec luctuosius? Omnino illi advenisse dies videntur, de quibus Christus prae-nuntiavit: "Audituri . . . estis praelia, et opiniones praeliorum. . . . Consurget enim gens in gentem, et regnum in regnum." (Matth. xxiv., 6, 7.) Tristissima usquequaque dominatur

imago belli; nec fere nunc est aliud quod hominum cogitationes occupet. Maximae sunt praestantissimaeque opulentia gentes quae dimicant: quamobrem quid mirum, si horrificis bene instructae praesidiis, quae novissime ars militaris invenit, conficere se mutuo exquisita quadam immanitate contendant? Nec ruinarum igitur nec caedis modus: quotidie novo redundat cruore terra, ac sauciis completur exanimisque corporibus. Num, quos ita videris alteros alteris infestos, eos dixeris ab uno omnes prognatos, num eiusdem naturae, eiusdem societatis humanae participes? Num fratres agnoveris, quorum unus est Pater in caelis? Dum autem infinitis utrimque copiis furiose decernitur, interea doloribus et miseriis, quae bellis, tristis cohors, comitari solent, civitates, domus, singuli premuntur: crescit immensum in dies viduarum orborumque numerus; languent, interceptis itineribus, commercia; vacant agri; silent artes; in angustiis locupletes, in squallore inopes, in luctu sunt omnes.

Hisce Nos tam extremis rebus permoti, in primo tamquam limine Pontificatus maximi, Nostrarum partium esse duximus, suprema illa Decessoris Nostri, praeclarae sanctissimaeque memoriae Pontificis, revocare verba, iisque iterandis, Apostolicum officium auspicari; vehementerque eos, quos res regunt vel gubernant publicas, obsecravimus, ut, respicientes quantum effusum iam esset lacrimarum et sanguinis, alma pacis munera reddere populis maturarent. Atque utinam, Dei miserentis beneficio, fiat, ut, quem Angeli in ortu divine hominum Redemptoris faustum cecinere nuntium, idem, ineuntibus Nobis vicarium Ipsius munus, celeriter insonet: "In terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." (Luc. ii., 14.) Audiant Nos ii, rogamus, quorum in manibus fortuna civitatum sita est. Aliae profecto adsunt viae, rationes aliae, quibus, si qua sunt violata iura, saciri possint. Has, positae interim armis, bona experiantur fide animisque volentibus. Ipsorum Nos universarumque gentium amore impulsae, nulla Nostra causa, sic loquimur. Ne sinant igitur hanc amici et patris vocem in irritum cadere.

At vero, non solum huius cruenti dimicatio belli miserrimos habet populos, Nosque anxios et sollicitos. Alterum est, in ipsis medullis humanae societatis inhaerens, furiale malum; idque omnibus, quicumque sapiunt, est formidini, utpote quod, cum alia iam attulerit et allaturum sit detrimenta civitatibus, tum huius luctuosissimi belli semen iure habeatur. Etenim ex quo christianae sapientiae praecepta atque instituta observari desita sunt in disciplina rei publicae, cum stabilitatem tranquillitatemque ordinis illa ipsa continerent, necessario nutare funditus coeperunt civitates, ac talis et mentium conversio et morum demutatio consecuta

est, ut, nisi, Deus mature adiuvet, impendere iam humanae consortionis videatur exitium. Itaque haec cernimus: abesse ab hominum cum hominibus coniunctione benevolentiam mutuam; despiciatui haberi eorum qui praesunt, auctoritatem; ordines cum ordinibus civium iniuriose contendere; fluxa et caduca ita sitienter appeti bona, quasi non alia sint, eaque multo potiora, homini proposita ad comparandum, His quidem quatuor capitibus causas totidem contineri arbitramur, cur societas humani generis adeo graviter perturbetur. Danda igitur communiter est opera, ut pellantur e medio, christianis nimirum principiis revocandis, si vere consilium est pacare communes res recteque componere.

Ac primum Christus Dominus, cum hanc ipsam ob causam de caelis descendisset, ut, quod invidia diaboli eversum fuerat, restitueret in hominibus regnum pacis, non alio illud voluit niti fundamento, nisi caritatis. Quare haec saepius: "Mandatum novum do vobis: ut diligatis invicem" (Ioan xiii., 34); "Hoc est praeceptum meum, ut diligatis invicem" (Ioan xv., 12); "Haec mando vobis ut diligatis invicem" (Ioan xv., 17): tamquam si unum hoc suum esset officium et munus, adducere homines ut diligerent inter se. Atque huius rei gratia, quod non adhibuit argumentorum genus? Suspiciere in caelum nos omnes iubet: "Unus est enim Pater vester, qui in caelis est." (Matth. xxiii., 9.) Omnes, nullo nationis aut linguae aut rationum discrimine, eandem docet formulam precandi: "Pater Noster, qui es in caelis" (Matth. vi., 9); quin etiam affirmat Patrem caelestem, in beneficiis naturae dilargiendis, ne merita quidem singulorum discernere: "Qui solem suum oriri facit super bonos et malos; et pluit super iustos et iniustos." (Matth. v., 45.) Fratres etiam nos tum dicit inter nos esse, tum suos appellat: "Omnes autem vos fratres estis." (Matth. xxiii., 8.) "Ut sit ipse primogenitus in multis fratribus." (Rom. viii., 29.) Quod vero ad fraternum amorem excitandum, vel erga eos quos naturae superbia contemnit, valet plurimum, in infimo quoque suae ipse vult agnosci personae dignitatem: "Quamdiu fecistis uni ex his fratribus meis minimis, mihi fecistis." (Matth. xxv., 40.) Quid, quod sub exitum vitae impensissime rogavit Patrem, ut quotquot in se ipsum essent credituri, omnes caritatis copulatione essent unum? "Sicut tu Pater in me, et ego in te." (Ioan xvii., 21.) Denique e cruce penden, suum sanguinem in nos omnes exhausit, unde quasi coagulati compactique in unum corpus, sic amaremus inter nos, quemadmodum inter membra eiusdem corporis summa amicitia est.—Verum longe aliter se habent mores horum temporum. Nunquam fortasse fraternitatis humanae tanta fuit, quanta hodie, praedicatio; quin imo non dubitant, Evangelii voce neglecta, operaque Christi et Ecclesiae posthabita, hoc fraternitatis studium

efferre, tamquam unum e maximis muneribus, quae huius aetatis humanitas pepereit. Re tamen vera, numquam minus fraterne actum est inter homines, quam nunc. Crudelissima ob dissimilitudines generis sunt odia; gentem a gente potius similitudines, quam regiones separant; eadem in civitate, eadem intra moenia flagrant mutua invidia ordines civium; inter privatos autem omnia amore sui, tamquam suprema lege, diriguntur.

Videtis, Venerabiles Fratres, quam necesse sit omni studio eniti, ut Iesu Christi caritas rursus in hominibus dominetur. Hoc certe semper Nobis propositum habituri sumus, velut proprium Nostri Pontificatus opus; hoc ipsum studete vos, hortamur. Ne desistamus vel inculcare auribus hominum vel re praestare illud Ioannis: "Diligamus alterutrum." (I. Ioan. iii., 23.) Praeclara certe, valdeque commendanda sunt illa, quibus haec aetas abundat beneficentiae causa institutis; at enim, si quid ad veram Dei et aliorum caritatem in animis fovendam conferant, tum demum solidae utilitatis sunt: quod si nihil eo conferant, nulla sunt; nam "qui non diligit, manet in morte." (Ibid. 14.)

Alteram diximus communis perturbationis causam in eo consistere, quod iam non sancta vulgo sit eorum qui cum potestate praesunt, auctoritas. Ex quo enim placuit omnis humanae potestatis non a Deo, rerum conditore et dominatore, sed a libera hominum voluntate deducere originem, vincula officii, quae eos inter qui praesunt et qui subsunt, intercedere debeant, adeo extenuata sunt, ut propemodum evanuisse videantur. Inmodicum enim studium libertatis cum contumacia coniunctum, paullatim usquequaque pervasit, idque ne domesticam quidem societatem, cuius potestatem luce clarius est a natura proficisci, intactam reliquit; quin etiam, quod magis dolendum est, in sacros usque recessus penetravit. Hinc contemptio nascitur legum; hinc motus multitudinum; hinc petulantia reprehendendi quidquid iussum sit; hinc sexcentae repertae viae ad disciplinae nervos elidendos; hinc immania illorum facinora, qui, quum se nulla teneri lege profiteantur, nec fortunas hominum verentur nec vitam perdere.

Ad hanc opinandi agendique pravitatem, qua societatis humanae constitutio pervertitur, Nobis quidem, quibus magisterium veritatis divinitus mandatum est, tacere non licet; populosque admonemus illius doctrinae, quam nulla hominum placita mutare possunt: "Non est potestas nisi a Deo: quae autem sunt, a Deo ordinatae sunt." (Rom. xiii., 1.) Quisquis igitur inter homines praeest, sive is princeps est sive infra principatum, eius divina est origo auctoritatis. Quare Paulus non quovis modo, sed religiose, id est ex conscientiae officio, obtemperandum iis esse edicit, qui pro potestate iubent, nisi quid iubeant divinis contrarium legibus:

"Ideo necessitate subditi estote, non solum propter iram, sed etiam propter conscientiam." (Ibid 5.) Congruit cum verbis Pauli, quod ipse Apostolorum Princeps docet: "Subiecti igitur estote omni humanae creaturae propter Deum: sive regi, quasi praecellenti: sive ducibus, tamquam ab eo inissis. . . ." (I. Petr. ii., 13-14.) Ex quo idem Gentium Apostolus colligit, eum qui homini legitime imperanti contumax obsistat, Deo obsistere ac sempiternas sibi parare poenas: "Itaque qui resistit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit. Qui autem resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt." (Rom. xiii., 2.)

Meminerint hoc Principes rectoresque populorum, ac videant num prudens ac salutare consilium cum potestati publicae tum civitatibus sit a sancta Iesus Christi religione discedere, a qua tantum ipsa potestas habet roboris et firmamenti. Etiam atque etiam considerent, num doctrinam Evangelii et Ecclesiae velle a disciplina civitatis, a publica iuventutis institutione exclusam, civilis sapientiae sit. Nimis experiendo cognitum est, ibi hominum iacere auctoritatem, unde exsulet religio. Quod enim primo nostri generis parenti, cum officium deseruisset, contigit, idem civitatibus usu venire solet. Ut in illo, vix voluntas a Deo defecerat, effrenatae cupidines voluntatis repudiarent imperium; ita ubi qui res moderantur populorum, divinam contemnunt auctoritatem, ipsorum auctoritati illudere populi consueverunt. Relinquitur sane, quod assolet, ut ad turbidos motus comprimendos vis adhibeatur; sed quo tandem fructu? Vi corpora quidem, non animi comprimuntur.

Sublata igitur aut debilitata illa duplici coniunctione, unde efficitur ut omne societatis corpus cohaereat, id est vel membrorum cum membris ob caritatem mutuam, vel eorundem cum capite ob auctoritatis obsequium, quisnam iure miretur, Venerabiles Fratres, hanc hominum societatem dispertitam in duas tamquam acies videri, quae inter se acriter et assidue digladiantur? Stant contra eos quibus aliquam honorum copiam aut fortuna tribuit aut peperit industria, proletarii et opifices, propterea flagrant malevolentia, quod cum eandem naturam participant, non tamen in eadem, ac ipsi, conditione versentur. Scilicet, ut semel infatuati sunt concitatorum fallaciis, quorum ad nutum solent se totos fingere, quis eis persuadeat, non ex eo, quod homines sunt pares natura, sequi ut parem omnes obtinere debeant in communitate locum, sed eam esse singulorum conditionem, quam sibi quisque suis moribus, nisi res obstiterint, comparavit? Ita, qui tenuiores cum copiosis depugnant, quasi alienas hi bonorum partes occuparint, non contra iustitiam caritatemque tantum, verum etiam contra rationem faciunt, praesertim cum et ipsi possint honesta laboris

contentione meliorem sibi fortunam quaerere, si velint.—Quae vero quantaque hoc invidiosum certamen ordinum tum singulis tum communitati civium gignat incommoda, dicere nil attinet. Videmus omnes deploramusque crebas cessationes ab opere, quibus civilis publicaeque vitae cursus in ministeriis etiam apprime necessariis repente inhiberi solet: item minaces turbas et tumultus, in quibus non raro accidit, ut armis res geratur et humanus effluat cruor.

Non hic videtur Nobis argumenta repetere, quibus Socialistarum aliorumque in hoc genere errores manifesto convincuntur. Egit hoc ipsum sapientissime Leo XIII. Decessor Noster in Encyclicis Litteris sane memorandis: vosque, Venerabiles Fratres, pro vestra diligentia curabitis, ut gravissima illa praecepta ne unquam oblivioni dentur, imo in consociationibus ac coetibus catholicorum, in sacris concionibus, in publicis nostrorum scriptis illustrentur docte atque inculcentur, quandocumque res postulaverit. Sed potissimum—neque enim hoc iterare dubitamus—omni argumentorum ope, quae vel Evangelium, vel ipsa hominis natura, vel publicae privataeque disciplinae ratio suppeditat, studeamus hortari omnes, ut, ex divina caritatis lege, fraternis animis inter se diligant. Cuius quidem amoris non ea certe vis est, ut conditionum, ideoque ordinum distinctionem amoveat—quod non magis potest fieri, quam ut in corpore animantis una eademque membrorum omnium actio sit ac dignitas—sed tamen efficiet, ut qui loco superiores sunt, demittant se quodammodo ad inferiores: et non solum iuste adversus eos. quod par est, sed benigne, comiter, patienter sese gerant; hi autem illorum et laentur prosperitate et confidant auxilio; sic prorsus, uti ex familiae eiusdem filiis minor natu maioris patrocínio praesidioque nititur.

At enim, Venerabiles Fratres, quae hactenus deplorando persecuti sumus, ea radicem habent altiore: ac, nisi ad ipsam evellendam studia bonorum incumbant, illud profecto, quod est in votis, id est rerum humanarum stabilis et mansura tranquillitas, non sequatur. Ea quae sit, monstrat Apostolus: "Radix: . . . omnium malorum est cupiditas." (I. Tim. vi., 10.) Etenim, si quis recte consideret, mala, quibus nunc aegrotat humana societas, ex hac stirpe oriuntur omnia. Quandoquidem et perversitate scholarum, quibus aetatula cerea fingitur, et improbitate scriptorum, quibus, quotidie aut per intervalla, imperitae multitudinis mens formatur, et aliarum causa rerum, ad quas opinio popularis excitur, quando, inquit, ille infusus est animis perniciosissimus error, non sperandum esse homini sempiternum aevum in quo beatus sit; hic, hic licere ei esse beato, divitiis, honoribus, voluptatibus huius vitae fruendis; nemo mirabitur hos homines, natura factos ad beatitatem, ea vi qua ad eorum ademptionem bonorum

rapiuntur, eadem quicquid sibi moram in hac re aut impedimentum fecerit, repellere. Quoniam vero haec bona non aequaliter dispertita sunt in singulos, et quia socialis auctoritatis est prohibere, ne singulorum libertas fines excedat alienumque occupet, idcirco et odio habetur auctoritas, et miserorum in fortunatos ardet invidia, et inter ordines civium mutua contentione certatur, nitentibus quidem aliis attingere id quovis pacto et eripere quo carent, aliis autem retinere quod habent, atque etiam augere.

Hoc ipsum Christus Dominus cum prospiceret futurum, in divinissimo illo sermone, quem in monte habuit, terrestres nominis beatitudines quae essent, data opera explicavit: in quo christianae philosophiae quodammodo fundamenta posuisse dicendus est. Quae quidem vel hominibus perquam alienis a Fide singularem sapientiam et absolutissimam de religione ac moribus doctrinam continere visa sunt: et certe consentiunt omnes neminem ante Christum, qui ipsa est veritas, nec similiter eadem de re, nec pari gravitate ac pondere, nec tanto cum sensu amoris unquam praecepisse.

Iam divinae huius philosophiae illa intima et recondita ratio est, quod quae mortalis vitae appellantur bona, speciem quidem boni habent, vim non habent; ideoque non sunt ea, quibus fruens, homo beate possit vivere. Deo enim auctore, tantum abest ut opes, gloria, voluptas beatitatem afferant homini, ut, si vere hac potiri velit, debeat iis omnibus, Dei ipsius causa, carere: "Beati pauperes. . . . Beati, qui nunc fletis. . . . Beati eritis cum vos oderint homines, et cum separaverint vos, et exprobraverint, et eiecerint nomen vestrum tanquam malum." (Luc. vi., 20-22.) Scilicet per dolores, aerumnas, miserias vitae huius, si quidem ea toleremus ut oportet, aditum nobis ipsi patefacimus ad perfecta illa et immortalia bona, "quae praeparavit Deus iis, qui diligunt illum." (I. Cor. ii., 9.) Verum haec tanti momenti doctrina Fidei apud plurimos negligitur, apud multos penitus oblitterata videtur.—Atqui necesse est, Venerabiles Fratres, ad eam renovari omnium animos: non alio pacto homines et hominum societas conquiescent. Quicumque igitur quovis aerumnarum genere affliguntur, eos hortemur non oculos demittere in terram, qua peregrinamur, sed tollere ad caelum, quo tendimus: "Non enim habemus hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram inquirimus." (Heb. xiii., 13.) In mediis autem rerum acerbitatibus, quibus eorum periclitatur Deus in officio constantiam, saepe reputent, quid sibi paratum sit praemii, cum ex hoc periculo victores evaserint: "Id enim, quod in praesenti est momentaneum et leve tribulationis nostrae, supra modum in sublimitate aeternum gloriae pondus operatur in nobis." (II. Cor. iv., 17.) Denique omni ope atque opera eniti ut revirescat

in hominibus rerum fides quae supra naturam sunt, simulque cultus, desideratio, spes bonorum aeternorum, hoc debet esse vobis propositum in primis, Venerabiles Fratres, tum reliquo Clero, tum etiam nostris omnibus, qui, vario consociati foedere, Dei gloriam communemque veri nominis utilitatem student promovere. Prout enim haec apud homines Fides creverit, decrescet eorundem studium immodicum consecrandi terrestrium bonorum vanitatem, ac sensim, caritate resurgente, motus contentionesque sociales conticescent.

Nunc autem, si ab hominum communitate ad proprias Ecclesiae res considerandas cogitationem convertimus, est profecto, cur animus Noster, tam magna temporum calamitate percussus, aliqua saltem ex parte reficiatur. Nam, praeter argumenta, quae se dant apertissima, divinae illius virtutis ac firmitatis qua pollet Ecclesia, non parum consolationis ipsa Nobis offerunt, quae Decessor Noster Pius X., cum Sedem Apostolicam sanctissimae vitae exemplis illustrasset, praeclara Nobis reliquit suae actuosae providentiae munera. Videmus enim eius opera inflammatum universe in sacro ordine studium religionis; excitatam christiani populi pietatem; promotam in consociationibus catholicorum actionem ac disciplinam; qua constitutas, qua numero auctas Episcoporum sedes; institutioni adolescentis Cleri tum pro severitate canonum, tum, quoad opus est, pro natura temporum consultum; a magisteriis sacrarum disciplinarum depulsa temerariae novitatis pericula; maiestati sacrorum artem musicam digne servire iussam auctumque liturgiae decus; novis praeconum Evangelii missionibus christianum late nomen propagatum.

Magna sunt ista quidem Decessoris in Ecclesiam promerita, quorum memoriam grate posteritas conservabit. Quoniam tamen ager Patrisfamilias semper, Deo permittente, inimici hominis malignitati patet, nunquam est futurum, ut ibi elaborandum non sit, ne zizania luxuriantia bonis frugibus officiant. Itaque, interpretantes dictum quoque Nobis, quod prophetae Deus dixerat: "Ecce constituti te hodie super gentes et super regna, ut evellas et destruas . . . et aedifices et plantes" (Ierem. i., 10), quaecumque eront mala prohibenda, bona provehenda, quantum erit in Nobis, summo usque studio curabimus, quoad Pastorum Principi rationem a Nobis administrati muneris placeat repetere.

Iam nunc igitur, Venerabiles Fratres, cum vos universos primo litteris affamur, commodum videtur Nobis nonnulla attingere capita rerum quibus praecipuas quasdas curas adhibere decrevimus: ita, maturantibus vobis vestra opera adiuvare Nostram, maturius etiam optati fructus existent.

Principio, quoniam in omni hominum societate, quavis de causa

coiverint, ad successum communis causae maxime interest socios in idem summa conspiratione conniti, omnino Nobis faciendum est, ut dissensiones atque discordiae inter catholicos, quaecumque sunt, desinant esse; novae ne posthac oriantur; sed ii iam unum idemque omnes et sentiant et agant.—Probe Dei Ecclesiaeque hostes intelligunt, nostrorum quodvis in propugnando dissidium sibi esse victoriae: quare illam habent usitatissimam rationem, ut cum catholicos homines viderint coniunctioniores, tum, callide iniicientes eis discordiarum semina, coniunctionem dirimere nitantur. Quae utinam ratio ne ita saepe ex voluntate eis evenisset, tanto cum religiosae rei detrimento! Itaque ubi potestas legitima quid certo praeceperit, nemini fas esto negligere praeceptum, propterea quia non probetur sibi: sed quod cuique videatur, id quisque subiiciat eius auctoritati, cui subest, eique, ex officii conscientia, pareat.—Item nemo privatus, vel libris diariisve vulgandis vel sermonibus publice habendis, se in Ecclesia pro magistro gerat. Norunt omnes cui sit a Deo magisterium Ecclesiae datum; huic igitur integrum ius esto pro arbitrato loqui, cum voluerit; ceterorum officium est, loquenti religiose obsequi dictoque audientes esse. In rebus autem, de quibus, salva fide et disciplina—cum Apostolicae Sedis iudicium non intercesserit—in utramque partem disputari potest, dicere quid sentiant idque defendere, sane nemini non licet. Sed ab his disputationibus omnis intemperantia sermonis absit, qua graves afferre potest offensiones caritati: suam quisque tueatur libere quidem, sed modeste sententiam; nec sibi putet fas esse, qui contrariam teneant, eos, hac ipsa tantum causa, vel suspectae fidei arguere vel non bonae disciplinae. Abstineant se etiam nostri, volumus, iis appellationibus, quae recens usurpari coeptae sunt ad catholicos a catholicis distinguendos: easque non modo devitent uti profanas vocum novitates, quae nec veritati congruunt nec aequitati; sed etiam quia inde magna inter catholicos perturbatio sequitur, magnaue confusio. Vis et natura catholicae fidei est eiusmodi, ut nihil et possit addi, nihil demi: aut omnis tenetur, aut omnis abiicitur. “Haec est fides catholica, quam nisi quisque fideliter firmiterque crediderit, salvus esse non poterit.” (Symb. Athanas.) Non igitur opus est apposis ad professionem catholicam significandam; satis habeat unusquisque ita profiteri: “Christianus mihi nomen, catholicus cognomen”; tantum studeat se re vera eum esse, qui nominatur.

Ceterum, a nostris qui se ad communem rei catholicae utilitatem contulerunt, longe aliud nunc Ecclesia postulat, quam ut diutius haereant in quaestionibus, quibus nihil proficitur; postulat, ut summo opere contendant integram conservare fidem et incolumem ab omni erroris afflatu, sequentes eum maxime, quem Christus

constituit custodem et interpretem veritatis. Sunt etiam hodie, nec ita pauci sunt, qui, ut ait Apostolus, "prurientes auribus, cum sanam doctrinam non sustineant, ad sua desideria coacervent sibi magistros, et a veritate quidem auditum avertant, ad fabulas autem convertantur." (II. Tim., iv., 3, 4.) Inflati enim elatique magna opinione mentis humanae, quae progressionibus sane incredibiles in exploratione naturae, Deo nimirum dante, fecit, nonnulli, cum prae suo iudicio auctoritatem Ecclesiae contemnerent, usque eo sua temeritate processerunt, ut ipsa Dei arcana et omnia quae Deus homini revelavit, sua intelligendi facultate metiri atque ad ingenium horum temporum accommodare non dubitarent. Itaque exstiterunt monstuosi errores Modernismi, quem recte Decessor Noster "omnium haereseon collectum," edixit esse et sollemniter condemnavit. Eam Nos igitur condemnationem, Venerabiles Fratres, quantacumque est, hic iteramus; et quoniam non usquequaque oppressa est tam pestifera lues, sed etiamnum hac illac, quamvis latenter, serpit, caveant omnes diligentissime, hortamur, a quavis huius contagione mali; de quo quidem apte affirmaveris quod Iob alia de re dixerat: "Ignis est usque ad perditionem devorans, et omnia eradicans genimina." (Iob xxxi., 12.) Nec vero tantum ab erroribus catholici homines, cupimus, abhorreant, sed ad ingenio etiam, seu spiritu, ut aiunt, Modernistarum: quo spiritu qui agitur, is quicquid sapiat vetustatem, fastidiose respuit, avide autem ubivis nova conquirat: in ratione loquendi de rebus divinis, in celebritate divine cultus, in catholicis institutis, in privata ipsa exercitatione pietatis. Ergo sanctam haberi volumus eam maiorum legem: Nihil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est; quae lex tametsi inviolate servanda est in rebus Fidei, tamen ad eius normam dirigenda sunt etiam, quae mutationem pati possunt; quamquam in his ea quoque regula plerumque valet: "Non nova, sed noviter."

Iam quia, Venerabiles Fratres, ad profitendam aperte fidem catholicam atque ad vivendum congruenter fidei, plurimum homines fraternis hortamentis mutuisque exemplis inflammari solent, ideo Nos alias atque alias excitari consociationes catholicorum equidem vehementer gaudemus. Atque illae non solum optamus ut crescant, sed volumus Nostro etiam patrocinio studioque semper floreat: floreant autem, modo praescriptionibus quas haec Apostolica Sedes iam dedit vel datura eis est, constanter fideliterque obtemperant. Quotquot igitur, earum participes societatum, pro Deo Ecclesiaeque contendunt, ne sinant unquam sibi excidere quod Sapientia clamat: "Vir obediens loquetur victoriam" (Prov. xxi., 28); nisi enim Deo paruerint per obsequium in Ecclesiae ducem, nec divinam sibi conciliabunt opem, et frustra contendunt.

Ad haec omnia vero—ut eum, quem exspectamus, exitum ha-

beant—nostis, Venerabiles Fratres, ilorum necessariam esse prudentem sedulamque operam, quos Christus Dominus operarios in innessem suam misit, id est clericorum.—Quare intelligitis praecipuam vestram curam in hoc debere versari, ut et qui apud vos de sacro ordine iam sunt, in eis consentaneam sanctimoniam foveatis, et qui sunt alumni sacrorum, eos optimis institutis praeceptisque ad munus tam sanctum rite conformetis. Id vos quam diligentissime facere velitis—tametsi vestra diligentia hortatione non indiget—hortamur atque etiam obsecramus. Res enim eiusmodi agitur, ut nulla sit maioris momenti ad Ecclesiae bonum: qua de re, cum Decessores Nostri fel. rec. Leo XIII. et Pius X. egerint data opera. Nos hic plura dicere non habemus. Tantum rogamus, ut illa Pontificum sapientissimorum acta, praesertim Piana “Exhortatio ad Clerum,” suadentibus atque instantibus vobis, ne unquam obruantur oblivione, sed studiosissime observentur.

Unum tamen est, quod praeteriri silentio non debet: quotquot enim sunt sacerdotes, omnes, uti filios Nobis penitus dilectos, volumus admonitos, quam plane opus sit, cum ad propriam ipsorum salutem, tum ad sacri ministerii fructum, eos quidem suo quemque Episcopo coniunctissimos esse, atque obsequentissimos. Profecto ab illa elatione animi et contumacia, quae horum est temporum, non omnes, ut supra deploravimus, vacant administri sacrorum: neque enim raro contingit Pastoribus Ecclesiae, ut dolorem et impugnationes inde inveniant, unde solatium et adiumentum iure exspectarint. Iam vero qui tam misere officium deserunt, etiam atque etiam recogitent, divinam esse eorum auctoritatem, quos “Spiritus Sanctus posuit Episcopos regere Ecclesiam Dei” (Act xx., 28), ac si, ut vidimus, Deo resistunt, quicumque potestati cuius legitima resistunt, multo magis impie eos facere qui Episcopis, quos Deus suae potestatis sigillo consecraverit, parere abnuant. “Cum caritas,” ita Ignatius Martyr, “non sinat me tacere de vobis, propterea anteverti vos admonere, ut unanimi sitis in sententia Dei. Etenim Iesus Christus, inseparabilis nostra vita, sententia Patris est, ut et Episcopi, per tractus terrae constituti, in sententia Patris sunt. Unde decet vos in Episcopi sententiam concurrere.” (In Epist. ad Ephes., III.) Quemadmodum autem Martyr illustris, ita omnes, quotquot fuerunt, Patres et Doctores Ecclesiae locuti sunt.—Ad haec, nimis grave propter difficultates quoque temporum sacri Pastores ferunt onus; graviore etiam in sollicitudine sunt de gregis concrediti salute: “Ipsi enim pervigilant, quasi rationem pro animabus vestris reddituri.” (Hebr. xiii., 17.) Nonne crudeles dicendi sunt, qui eis, obsequium debitum recusando, id oneris, id sollicitudinis augent? “Hoc enim non

expedit vobis" (Ibid. 17), diceret istis Apostolus: idque propterea quia "Ecclesia est plebs sacerdoti adunata, et pastori suo grex adhaerens" (S. Cypr. "Florentio cui et Puppiano," p. 66, al. 69); ex quo sequitur, cum Ecclesia non esse, qui cum Episcopo non sit.

Et nunc, Venerabiles Fratres, in harum exitu litterarum, sponte redit animus ad illud, unde initium scribendi fecimus; atque huius calamitosissimi belli finem, tum societati hominum, tum Ecclesiae, iterum omnibus precibus imploramus; hominum quidem societati, ut, reconciliata cum fuerit pax, in omni civili et humano cultu vere progrediatur: Ecclesiae autem Iesu Christi, ut, nullis iam impedimentis retardata, pergat in quavis ora ac parte terrarum opem et salutem hominibus afferre.—Ecclesia sane iam multo diutius non ea, qua opus habet, plena libertate fruitur; scilicet ex quo Caput eius Pontifex Romanus illo coepit carere praesidio, quod, divinae providentiae, nutu, labentibus saeculis nactus erat ad eandem tuendam libertatem. Hoc autem sublato praesidio, non levis catholicorum turbatio, quod necesse erat fieri, secuta est: quicumque enim Romani Pontificis se filios profitentur, omnes, et qui prope sunt et qui procul, iure optimo exigunt ut nequeat dubitari, quin communis ipsorum Parens in administratione Apostolici muneris vere sit et prorsus appareat ab omni humana potestate liber. Itaque magnopere exoptantes ut pacem quamprimum gentes inter se componant, exoptamus etiam ut Ecclesiae Caput in hac desinat absona conditione versari, quae ipsi tranquillitati populorum, non uno nomine, vehementer nocet. Hac igitur super re, quas Decessores Nostri pluries expostulationes fecerunt, non quidem humanis rationibus, sed officii sanctitate adducti, ut videlicet iura ac dignitatem Sedis Apostolicae defenderent, easdem Nos iisdem de causis hic renovamus.

Restat, Venerabiles Fratres, ut, quoniam Principum eorumque omnium, qui possunt vel atrocitati vel incommoditati rerum, quas memoravimus, finem imponere, in manu Dei sunt voluntates, ad Deum suppliciter attollamus vocem, atque, universi generis humani nomine, clamemus: "Da pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris." Qui de se dixit: "Ego Dominus . . . faciens pacem." (Isai. xiv., 6-7.) Ipse tempestatum fluctus, quibus et civilis et religiosa societas iactatur, nostris conversus precibus ad benignitatem, sedare celeriter velit. Adsit nobis propitia Virgo beatissima, quae ipsum genuit Principem pacis; ac Nostrae humilitatem Personae, Pontificale ministerium Nostrum, Ecclesiam atque adeo omnium animas hominum, divino Filii sui sanguine redemptas, in maternam suam fidem tutelamque recipiat.

Auspicem caelestium munerum ac testem benevolentiae Nostrae,

vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, vestroque Clero et populo apostolicam benedictionem amantissime impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum, die festo Sanctorum omnium,
I. Novembris MCMXIV., Pontificatus Nostri anno primo.

BENEDICTVS PP. XV.

ENCYCLICAL OF HIS HOLINESS BENEDICT XV.,
BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND OTHER
ORDINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE
APOSTOLIC SEE.*Venerable Brethren, health and the apostolic benediction:*

WHEN by the inscrutable design of Divine Providence, without any merit on our part, we were raised to the chair of the Blessed Prince of the Apostles, considering as addressed to ourselves in the same voice in which Our Lord spoke to St. Peter the words, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep" (St. John xxi., 15-17), we immediately turned our eyes, with the deepest feeling of charity, to the flock entrusted to our care—an immense flock, in truth, because under one aspect or another it embraces all men. For all for whom Jesus Christ offered His blood as a price were freed by Him from the slavery of sin; no one is excluded from the benefits of this redemption. Wherefore the Divine Pastor states that whilst a part of the human race is already within the fold of His Church, He will lovingly compel the others to come in: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring and they shall hear My voice" (St. John x., 16). We shall not conceal from you, venerable brethern, that the first sentiment we experienced in our soul, and which was assuredly excited there by the Divine goodness, was a certain incredible impulse of zeal and love for the salvation of all men, and in accepting the pontificate we formed the same desire that Jesus Christ expressed when He was about to be crucified: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me." (St. John xvii., 11.)

Now when from the height of this apostolic dignity we can, as if at one glance, contemplate the course of human events, and when we see before us the miserable condition of civil society we are affected with acute sorrow. And how could we, as the common father of all men, not be sorely troubled at the sight of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world—the most terrible and most painful spectacle perhaps that has ever been presented in the course of history? Those days which Christ predicted seem in fact to have come: "You shall hear . . . of wars and rumors of wars. . . . For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom." (Matt. xxiv., 6-7.) The fearful apparition of war is prominent

everywhere and nothing else engages men's attention. Great and flourishing nations are on the battlefields. Can we wonder that as they are well supplied with those horrible means of destruction which the military art has invented, they fight against one another with awful butchery? There is no limit to the ruin and slaughter; every day the earth is drenched with fresh blood and is covered with the wounded and the dead. And who would say that such men, armed one against the other, come from the same progenitor, that they are all possessed of the same nature and that all belong to the same human society? Who would take them to be brothers, the sons of one Father who is in heaven? Whilst on every side furious battles are being fought with vast forces, nations, families and individuals are oppressed by sorrow; day by day the number of widows and orphans increases immensely. Commerce languishes owing to the interruption of communications, the fields are empty, the arts are neglected, the rich are in poverty, the poor in squalor and all are in grief.

Moved by such grave evils, at the very first step as it were of the sovereign pontificate, we considered it our duty to recall the last words of our predecessor, a Pontiff of illustrious and holy memory, and to commence our apostolic ministry by repeating them, and so we warmly beseech rulers and governments to consider the tears and the blood already shed and to hasten to restore to the people the precious blessings of peace. May the merciful God grant that, as on the appearance of the Divine Redeemer upon the earth, so at the beginning of our duty as His Vicar the angels' voices may proclaim "Peace on earth to men of good will" (Luke ii., 14), and we pray that they may listen who have in their hands the destinies of States. Assuredly there are other ways and other methods by which justice can be done to injured rights. Let the belligerents, laying down their arms, have recourse to these, animated by good faith and intention. It is through love of them and of all nations and not from any motive of our own that we speak. Let them not, then, permit our friendly and paternal voice to be raised in vain.

But it is not merely the sanguinary war which darkens passions and troubles and embitters our spirit. There is another furious war which eats at the entrails of modern society—a war which terrifies every person of good sense, because whilst it has accumulated and will accumulate ruin amongst the nations, it contains in itself the seeds of the present disastrous struggle. From the moment when the rules and practices of Christian wisdom ceased to be observed in States—rules and practices which alone guarantee the stability and peace of institutions—these States necessarily began to tremble at their foundations, and there followed such a change in ideas and

customs that, if God does not soon intervene, it appears as if the dissolution of human society is at hand. The disorders that have arisen are the want of mutual love amongst men, contempt for authority, injustice in the relations between the different classes of society and material welfare made the only object of man's activity (as if there were not other and much more desirable blessings to be gained). These, in our opinion, are the four causes why human society is so greatly disturbed. It is necessary, then, that energy be exercised generally for the purpose of removing such disorders and restoring Christian principles, if the object is to put an end to discord and compose differences.

Jesus Christ came down from heaven in order to restore amongst men the reign of peace which had been troubled by the envy of Satan, and He desired to establish it on no other foundation than that of love. Hence the frequent use of these words: "A new commandment I give unto you: that you love one another" (John xiii., 34); "This is My commandment that you love one another" (John xv., 12); "These things I command you, that you love one another" (John xv., 17), as if all His mission and His work were restricted to making men love one another. And what powerful arguments did He not adopt for this purpose? He bids us all look up to heaven, "For One is your Father who is in heaven" (Matt. xxiii., 9). He teaches all without distinction of nation or tongue the same formula of prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven" (Matt. vi., 9). Nay, He assures us that this Heavenly Father in conferring benefits of nature does not even make distinction of merits: "Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and the bad and raineth upon the just and the unjust" (Matt. v., 45). He declares, moreover, that we are all brothers, "And all you are brethren" (Matt. xxiii., 8), and His own brethren, "That He might be the first-born amongst many brethren" (Romans viii., 29). Then—a consideration which ought to stimulate us to fraternal love towards even those whom our native pride despises—He wishes that the dignity of His person should be recognized in the humblest. "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me" (Matt. xxv., 40). And when about to leave this life He earnestly prayed the Father that all those who believed in Him should be one by the bond of charity, "As Thou Father in Me and I in Thee" (John xxvii., 21). Finally, He hung on the Cross and shed His blood for us all so that fashioned and formed in the one body we should love one another with that love which one member in the same body bears towards another.

But far otherwise do men act to-day. Never perhaps was human brotherhood more spoken of than at present; it is even pretended,

though the words of the Gospel and the work of Christ and His Church are forgotten, that this fraternal zeal is one of the most precious features of modern civilization. But the truth is that never was human fraternity so little practiced as it is to-day. Race hatred is most bitter. Nations are divided more by rancor than by natural boundaries. In one and the same country and within the walls of the same city different classes of the citizens hate one another, and amongst individuals everything is governed by selfishness as by a supreme law.

You see, venerable brethren, how necessary it is to make every effort so that the charity of Christ may prevail amongst men. This will certainly be our aim always as the special object of our pontificate. Let this also, we exhort you, be your work. We shall not grow weary of urging upon men to give effect to the teaching of the Apostle St. John, "Love one another" (I. St. John iii., 23). The pious institutions which abound in our time are certainly excellent and commendable, but they are only really advantageous when they tend in some way to foment in the hearts the love of God and of the neighbor; otherwise they have no value, because "He that loveth not abideth not in death" (I. John iii., 14).

We have stated that another cause of the general perturbation consists in this, that the authority of those who are in power is no longer respected. From the time when all human power sought to emancipate itself from God, the Creator and Father of the Universe, and to attribute its origin to man's free will, the bonds between superiors and inferiors have become so weak that they seem almost to have disappeared. An immoderate spirit of independence, combined with pride, has spread everywhere, invading even the family, whose authority so clearly arises from nature, and, what is more deplorable, it does not even stop at the steps of the sanctuary. Hence the contempt for laws, the insubordination of the masses, the saucy criticism of the commands of authority, the numerous ways discovered for eluding discipline and the frightful crimes of those who profess anarchy and do not hesitate to destroy the lives and properties of others.

In face of this criminal mode of thinking and acting by which the constitution of human society is perverted we, raised up by God to guard truth, cannot but lift our voice and remind the people of that doctrine which no human decree can change, "There is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God" (Romans xiii., 1). God, therefore, is the author of all power exercised on earth, whether it be sovereign power or subordinate authority. From this St. Paul derives the duty of obeying—not indeed in any way whatsoever, but at the dictate of conscience—the commands of those

who are invested with power, except in the case in which opposition is offered to the divine laws, "Wherefore be subject of necessity not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake" (Romans xiii., 5). And in conformity with this precept of St. Paul, the Prince of the Apostles also teaches, "Be ye subject therefore to every human creature for God's sake, whether it be to the king as excelling or to governors as sent by him" (I. St. Peter ii., 13-14). From this premiss the same Apostle of the Gentiles infers that he who rebels against legitimate human power rebels against God and earns eternal punishment: "Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation" (Romans xiii., 2).

Let princes and rulers of the people remember this and consider whether it is a wise and salutary design for public powers and States to divorce them from the holy religion of Christ which is such a sterling support of authority. Let them reflect well whether it is a wise policy to separate the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Church from public instruction. Sad experience shows that where religion has been banished there human authority is despised. In fact, there happens to society what occurred to our first father when he failed in his duty. As in his case, scarcely had the will rebelled against God when his passions broke loose and disdained the authority of the will, so when those who rule over the people despise divine authority the people, in their turn, mock at human authority. There remains no doubt the single expedient of having recourse to violence to put down rebellion, but of what use is it? The body, but not the mind, is repressed by violence.

The dual element of cohesion of every social body, namely, the union of the members amongst themselves by mutual charity and the union of the members themselves with the head by subjection to authority; being removed or weakened, what wonder, venerable brethren, that modern society presents itself to us as divided into two great armed forces that contend against one another fiercely and strenuously? Face to face with those to whom either fortune or their own activity has brought an abundance of wealth stand the proletaires and the workers, inflamed with hatred and jealousy because, although they share the same nature, they are not in the same condition. Infatuated as they are by the fallacies of agitators, to whose guidance they are ordinarily most docile, who could persuade them that it does not follow because men are equal by nature that all ought to occupy the same grade in society, but that every one holds that position which his qualifications, if circumstances permit, have procured for him? Wherefore when the needy struggle against those who are well to do, as if the latter had taken

possession of property that belonged to others, they not only offend against justice and charity, but even against reason, because they also, if they desired, could by means of honorable labor succeed in improving their condition. What consequences, not less inconvenient for individuals than for the community, this class hatred begets it is needless to say. We all see and deplore the frequency of strikes, by which the course of civic and public life is wont to be arrested even in the most necessary functions, also the threatening crowds and tumults in which not unfrequently recourse is had to arms and human blood is shed.

We do not desire to repeat here the arguments which prove to demonstration the errors of the Socialists and others of that type. Our predecessor Leo XIII. treated of them most learnedly in memorable Encyclicals, and do you, venerable brethren, see, with your habitual care, that these authoritative teachings are not forgotten and that in Catholic associations, in congresses, in sermons and in the Catholic press efforts are always made to illustrate them wisely and inculcate them according to need. But in a particular manner—we do not hesitate to repeat this—with all the force of the arguments which the Gospel and human nature and public and private interests supply—let us be zealous in exhorting all men to love one another in a brotherly spirit, in virtue of the divine law of charity. Human fraternity, indeed, will not remove the diversities of conditions and therefore of classes. This is not possible, just as it is not possible that in an organic body all the members should have one and the same function and the same dignity. But it will cause those in the highest places to incline toward the humblest and to treat them not only according to justice, as is necessary, but kindly, with affability and tolerance, and will cause the humblest to regard the highest with sympathy for their prosperity and with confidence in their support, in the same way as in one family the younger brothers rely on the help and defense of the elder ones.

But, venerable brethren, the evils we have been deploring have a deeper root, and unless all the strength of the well-disposed is used to extirpate it, it is vain to hope for the attainment of the object of our desires, that is to say, stable and enduring peace in human relations. What this root is the Apostle teaches: "For the desire of money is the root of all evils" (I. Timothy vi., 10). And, in fact, if we duly consider the matter, we find that from this root spring all the evils from which society suffers at present. When by means of perverse schools in which the heart of the young is fashioned like wax, and also by means of writings which daily or at intervals mould the minds of the inexperienced masses, and by other means by which public opinion is directed—when, we say,

the destructive error is thus made to penetrate into people's minds that man should not hope for a state of eternal happiness; that here and here alone one can be happy in the possession of the riches, of the honors and of the pleasures of this life, it is not surprising that human beings, naturally made for happiness, cast aside with the same violence with which they are attracted to the acquisition of these enjoyments every obstacle which restrains or hinders them. Since, however, these enjoyments are not equally divided amongst all, and it is the duty of social authority to prevent individual liberty from exceeding bounds and extending to what belongs to others, there arises hatred against the public powers and jealousy on the part of the unfortunate against those whom fortune favors; hence, in fine, the struggle between the various classes of citizens, some seeking to obtain at any cost and snatch to themselves what they are in need of, and others striving to preserve and increase what they have.

Christ, Our Lord, foreseeing this state of things, carefully explained in His most divine Sermon on the Mount, the beatitudes of man on earth and, so to speak, laid the foundations of a Christian philosophy. These maxims have appeared even to adversaries of the faith as conveying singular wisdom and the most perfect doctrine on religion and morals, and all certainly agree that before Christ, Who is truth itself, no one ever taught anything similar in this matter, or anything of such weight and importance or so permeated by sentiments of charity.

Now, the whole secret of this philosophy consists in this, that the so-called good things of mortal life, though they have the appearance of being such, are not really so, and therefore it is not through their enjoyment that man can live happily. For on God's authority we know, so far are wealth, glory, pleasure from bringing happiness to man, that if he wishes to be truly happy he must avoid them all for the love of God: "Blessed are ye poor. . . . Blessed are ye that weep now. . . . Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you, when they shall separate you, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil" (St. Luke vi., 20-22). That is to say, through the sorrows, cares and miseries of this life, if we support them patiently, as we ought to do, we obtain access for ourselves to those perfect and everlasting good things "which God hath prepared for them that love Him" (I. Cor. ii., 9). But this important doctrine of the faith is neglected by a great number and is altogether forgotten by many. It is necessary, venerable brethren, to revive it amongst all men; in no other way will men and human society have peace. We therefore exhort those who are afflicted by cares of any kind not to fix their gaze on the earth, on which they are

pilgrims, but to lift it up to heaven, whither they are going: "For we have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come" (Hebrews xiii., 14). And amidst the adversities by which God tries their constancy in His service let them often reflect what a reward is reserved for them if they come victorious out of the conflict: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory" (II. Cor. iv., 17). Finally, to endeavor with all possible activity and energy to make faith in the supernatural revive amongst men, and at the same time the appreciation, desire and hope of things eternal—this, venerable brethren, should be your first object, and also that of the other clergy and of all our spiritual children who, bound together in various associations, strive to promote the glory of God and the real welfare of society. For, in proportion as this faith increases amongst men their immoderate desire of pursuing vain earthly enjoyments will decrease, charity will revive and tumults and social conflicts will gradually subside.

And now, if we turn our thoughts from civil society to the Church's own affairs, there is certainly some ground why our mind, troubled by the great calamities of the day, should be, at least to some extent, comforted. For besides the manifest proofs which present themselves of the divine power and indefectibility of the Church, no little consolation is given to us by the splendid fruit of his active zeal left by our predecessor Pius X., after having added to the lustre of the Apostolic See by the example of a holy life. For, thanks to his work, we see the religious spirit stirred up everywhere amongst ecclesiastics, piety excited amongst the Christian people, Catholic action and discipline promoted in Catholic societies, here episcopal sees established and here their number increased, arrangements made for the education of young clerics in accordance with the strict requirements of canon law and as needed owing to the nature of the times, all danger of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences, musical art made to serve worthily the majesty of sacred functions, the decorum of worshipers increased and Christianity widely propagated by the new missions of heralds of the Gospel.

These are indeed great merits of our predecessor in regard to the Church, and posterity will gratefully bear them in mind. Since, however, the field of the good man of the house is always, God permitting, exposed to the wicked arts of the enemy, the fear lest an abundance of cockle may injure the good fruit should never prevent work being done there. Therefore, taking as addressed to ourselves what God said to the prophet, "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and to pull

down . . . and to build and to plant" (Jeremias i., 10), so far as lies in our power, we shall take the greatest care until it please the Pastor of pastors to demand from us an account of the exercise of the ministry entrusted to us to avert whatever is evil and to promote what is good.

In addressing to you, venerable brethren, this first Encyclical letter we think it well to touch on certain of the chief subjects to which we have decided to devote our special attention and through your efforts to help our work by your zeal the desired fruit will be secured earlier.

First of all, since in every human society, for whatever purpose formed, it is of the utmost importance that the members should work strenuously together to attain the same object, we must exert ourselves by all means at our disposal to put an end to dissension and discord, of whatever kind, amongst Catholics, to guard against the growth of fresh difference between them and to induce them to think and act unitedly. The enemies of God and the Church clearly understand that any dissension between Catholics in defending the faith means victory for them. Hence it is a frequent practice of theirs when they see Catholics closely united to throw the seeds of discord between them astutely and try to destroy this unity. Would that their design had not so often succeeded to the great detriment of religion. Accordingly, when there is no doubt that legitimate authority has given an order, let no one consider he is at liberty to disregard it on the ground that he does not approve of it, but let every one submit his opinion to the authority of him to whom he is subject and obey him through consciousness of duty. Again, let no private person, either by the publication of books or journals or by delivering discourses publicly, assume the position of a master in the Church. All know to whom God has given the teaching office in the Church: let him have the unrestricted right to speak as he thinks fitting when he wishes; it is the duty of others to tender him devout homage when he speaks and to obey his words.

Concerning matters in which, since the Holy See has not pronounced judgment, saving faith and discipline, discussion may take place pro and contra, it is certainly lawful for everybody to say what he thinks and to uphold his opinion. But in such discussions let all intemperate language which may be seriously hurtful to charity be eschewed; let every one indeed maintain his own view freely, but let him do so modestly, and let him not imagine he is justified in casting suspicion on the faith or discipline of those who hold a contrary opinion simply because they differ from him.

We desire also that our people should refrain from the use of those appellatives which have recently been introduced to distinguish

Catholics from Catholics, and that they avoid them not only as profane novelties of words which are in conformity neither with truth nor justice, but also because they give rise to serious agitation and great confusion amongst Catholics. The nature and bearing of the Catholic faith are such that nothing can be added to it and nothing taken away; it must be either held in its entirety or entirely rejected. "This is the Catholic faith which unless one firmly and faithfully believes he cannot be saved" (Athanasian Creed). There is no need, therefore, to add epithets to the profession of Catholicism; it is enough for every one to say, "Christian is my name and Catholic my surname." Only let him strive to be really what he calls himself.

Modernism, from those of our people who devote themselves to the general promotion of the Catholic cause the Church now requires something far different from persistence in dealing with questions from the discussion of which no advantage is derived; she demands that they should most earnestly endeavor to preserve the faith whole and free from every breath of error, following especially the guidance of him whom Christ has constituted the guardian and interpreter of the truth. Even at the present day there are those—and they are not a few—who, as the Apostle says, "do not endure sound doctrine, but, according to their own desires, heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and turn away their hearing from the truth, but are turned unto fables." For, inflated and carried away by the great opinion they have formed of the human mind, which, thank God, has made astonishing progress in the study of nature, some, trusting in their own judgment, have spurned the authority of the Church and in their temerity have gone so far as not to hesitate to measure with their intelligence and to adapt to the mode of thinking of these times the very mysteries of God and God's whole revelation to men. Therefore, there have arisen the monstrous errors of Modernism, which our predecessor rightly termed "the synthesis of all heresies" and solemnly condemned. This condemnation, venerable brethren, we here renew in its full extent, and since the contagion, which is so pestiferous, has not been entirely removed and even yet creeps about here and there secretly, we exhort all to guard with great care against the danger of being infected by it. To it may fittingly be applied the words Job used of another matter: "It is a fire that devoureth even to destruction and rooteth up all things that spring" (Job xxxi., 12). And we desire that Catholics should not only keep clear of the errors, but also of the tendency and what is called the spirit of the Modernists. Whoever is affected by this spirit rejects disdainfully whatever savors of antiquity, but eagerly searches for novelties everywhere—in the manner of speaking of divine things, in the celebration of divine

worship, in the Catholic institutions and in the private exercise of piety. Therefore we desire that that law of our ancestors should be held sacred: "Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum est" ("Let there be no innovation but in the sense of tradition"), which law, whilst, on the one hand, it is to be observed inviolably in matters of faith, should, on the other hand, serve as a standard in all things that are subject to change, although in these this rule also generally holds: "Non nova sed noviter" ("No novelties, but in a new manner").

But since, venerable brethren, men are greatly stimulated to an open profession of the Catholic faith and to lead a life in harmony with it by fraternal exhortations and mutual good example, we rejoice exceedingly that new Catholic associations are continually being formed. We wish not only that the number should increase, but that they should continue to flourish under our protection and favor; they will unquestionably flourish if they constantly and faithfully obey the directions which have been or will be given to them by this Apostolic See. Let all the members of these societies who work for God and the Church never forget the saying of wisdom: "An obedient man shall speak of victory" (Proverbs xxi., 28), for if they do not obey God by being obedient to the head of the Church, they will not obtain the divine assistance and will labor in vain.

But that all these things may have the desired result you know, venerable brethren, that the prudent and assiduous work of those whom Christ Our Lord sent as workmen into His harvest, that is, of the clergy, is necessary. You, therefore, understand that your principal care ought to be to promote amongst the clergy you already have sanctity befitting their sacred vocation and to train your ecclesiastical students worthily for so holy an office by the best education and discipline. We exhort and beseech you—although we know your diligence does not need a stimulus—to do this most zealously. Nothing could be of greater importance to the welfare of the Church than this matter, but our predecessors, Leo XIII. and Pius X., of happy memory, having dealt with the subject, we need not dwell upon it here. We only ask that the documents in question of those wise Pontiffs, especially the "Exhortatio ad Clerum" of Pius X., should never, thanks to your advice and influence, be forgotten, but should be scrupulously followed.

There is one thing, however, which we must not pass over in silence; we wish to remind all Catholic priests, as sons who are most dear to us, how absolutely necessary it is both for their own personal benefit and for the efficacy of their ministry that

they should be closely united to their respective Bishops and obedient to them. Assuredly, as we have said above with regret, not all the ministers of the altar are free from the pride and spirit of insubordination which are characteristic of these times, and it happens not unfrequently that pastors of the Church meet with trouble and rebellion where they had a right to expect consolation and help. Now, let those who so wretchedly fail in their duty bear in mind and reflect that the authority of the Bishops whom "the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God" (Acts xx., 28) is divine, and if, as we have seen, they who resist any legitimate power resist God, much more impiously do they act who refuses to obey the Bishops whom God has consecrated by the seal of His power. "As charity," says Ignatius Martyr, "does not permit me to be silent concerning you, I have resolved to exhort you to be unanimous in the thought of God. For if Jesus Christ, with whom our life is inseparably bound, is the thought of the Father, so the Bishops in the regions where they are established are in the thought of the Father. Hence it is right that you should concur in the thought of the Bishops" (In Epist. ad Ephes, iii). And all the fathers and doctors of the Church have spoken in the same way as the illustrious martyr. Add to this that whilst the burden of the Bishops is already too grave, owing to the difficulties of the times, their anxiety regarding the salvation of the flock entrusted to them is graver still: "For they watch as being to render an account of your souls." (Hebrews xiii., 17.) Must they not be called cruel who by refusing the obedience that is due increase their burden and anxiety? "For this is not expedient for you" (Ibid., 17), the Apostle would say to them, and that because "the Church is a people united to a priest and a flock bound to their pastor" (St. Cypr. Florentio cui et Puppiano, ep. 68, al. 69). Hence it follows that he who is not with his Bishop is not with the Church.

And now, venerable brethren, in concluding this letter our mind turns of itself to the point from which we started, and we again with all our fervor pray for the end of this calamitous war, in the interests of human society and of the Church in the interests of society, in order that, peace being secured, real progress may be made in every branch of culture, and in the interests of the Church of Jesus Christ, in order that, being restrained by no obstacles she may be able to bear help and salvation to men in every part of the earth. For a long time now, it is true, the Church has not enjoyed the complete liberty of which she has need; that is, since her head, the Sovereign Pontiff, has been deprived of the protection which by the will of Divine Providence he obtained

in the course of ages to safeguard that liberty. The result of depriving him of that protection was, as was inevitable, serious anxiety amongst Catholics, for all who profess to be sons of the Roman Pontiff—those who are at a distance as well as those who are near—have a perfect and undeniable right to demand that their common father should be really and entirely free in the exercise of his apostolic ministry. Therefore, whilst most wishful that peace should be restored amongst the nations as soon as possible, we also desire that the abnormal condition in which the head of the Church finds himself and which in many respects is highly injurious to the peace of peoples, should cease. We accordingly renew on the same grounds the protests on this subject which our predecessors made on several occasions, moved not by human considerations, but by the sacred sense of duty—the duty, namely, of defending the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See.

Finally, venerable brethren, as the decisions of princes and all those who can put an end to the atrocities and troubles to which we have referred are in the hands of God we raise our voice in supplication to the Lord and cry out in the name of the whole human race, "Grant peace, O Lord, in our days." May He who said of Himself, "I, the Lord . . . make peace" (Isaias xlv., 6-7), inclined to mercy by our prayers, quickly still the tempestuous waves by which society, civil and religious, is agitated. May the Blessed Virgin, of whom was born the Prince of Peace Himself, kindly come to our aid and receive under her maternal care and protection our humble person, our pontifical ministry, the Church, and also the souls of all men redeemed by the divine blood of her Son.

As a pledge of heavenly favors and in testimony of our good will we lovingly impart the apostolic benediction to you, venerable brethren, and to your clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 1st November, 1914, the feast of All Saints, in the first year of our pontificate.

BENEDICT XV., POPE.

Book Reviews

RECENT FICTION. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This publishing house has done so much and is doing so much to counteract the effect of the popular fiction of recent times, which is getting farther away from sound faith and morals each succeeding year, that their efforts should be brought to the attention of the Catholic public as frequently as possible.

Catholic parents and others who have charge of children and young men and women must exercise a strict supervision over their reading if they hope at all to be faithful to their trust. It is almost impossible to exercise this supervision by reading the fiction of the day and separating the good from the bad. It is turned out so rapidly that no one can keep up with it, and even the best of it is so indifferent, if not positively bad, that one is tempted to condemn it all unheard. Rarely does one meet a novel now which teaches the existence of God, eternal life, future rewards and punishments, respect and obedience for parents and all lawful superiors, faithfulness to the marriage obligation, and the hundred and one other simple fundamental truths that every decent Christian is supposed to believe and practice. On the contrary, these things are ignored or mocked, and those who live in direct opposition to them are the heroes and heroines of modern times. One of our most popular, respectable and widely circulated magazines adorned the front page of its latest Christmas number with a highly colored picture of a boy who gets a copy of the "Lives of the Saints" in his stocking. The look of disgust on that boy's face does credit to the mechanical skill of the artist, but is a disgrace to the author and publisher. No doubt these will say that the picture is not to be taken too seriously, and that it will seem harmless to any one with a sense of the humorous. But its true significance cannot be brushed aside so easily. It is an index to the irreverence of the day and a sneer at even the suggestion that a modern boy should read anything so tame and commonplace as the "Lives of the Saints."

The lesson will not be lost. Against such a tendency—this is a mild word—the very best antidote is Catholic fiction. This does not

necessarily mean books that are professedly Catholic, but books that are certainly sound in faith and morals. Surely this is not asking too much.

Fortunately we have a corps of Catholic fiction writers at the present time who need no apologist. They are bright, educated, skillful artists, and their work is fully up to the standard of secular writers in every respect and far beyond it in the most important essentials—faith and morals. They should be encouraged, they should be read, and for that reason the announcements of a recent group of their works is subjoined:

THE IVY HEDGE. By *Maurice Francis Egan*. 12mo., cloth, colored jacket, net, \$1.35.

There is no Catholic writer of latter days in this country better and more favorably known than Maurice Francis Egan, now United States Minister to Denmark. From simple beginnings, nearly forty years ago, as the editor of an illustrated Catholic newspaper, he perseveringly made his way up until he became the Professor of English Literature in one large Catholic University and Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy in the Catholic University of Washington.

Dr. Egan's latest work, "The Ivy Hedge," is a novel of American life, and every page breathes of the soil. It is a genuine Catholic novel, teaching truths by example and not by preaching, and holding the interest of the reader from the first chapter to the last. If the aphorisms alone of the book were collected they would themselves make a delightful volume. Apart from the plot, the character drawing is masterly and true to life; and there are many strong scenes introduced, and some humorous ones, notably the description of the dinner at Trevanion's home, when he has become rich. Dr. Egan and the public are to be congratulated on this book.

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FINE CLAY. A NOVEL. By *Isabel C. Clarke*, author of "The Secret Citadel," "By the Blue River," etc. 8vo., cloth, net, \$1.35.

Here is a novel which should be read by every Catholic who cares in the least for fine literature and the finer loyalties of life. Miss Clarke writes throughout with delicacy and ease; she manifests a perfect mastery of distinguished diction, and whilst she never forces the note of her fervor or indulges in deliberate rhetoric, her pages are musical

with sincerely felt enthusiasm and glow with a very definite beauty. The writer is not afraid of the braveries of life, and it is pleasant to scale with her the heights of human character and to feel the rarefied air and tonic breezes of lofty ideals. The tale holds the ardor of perfect love, **unrestrained, complete** and strong; it reveals the treachery of passion and falsehood, and yet it finds no need for a word that jars or for a single expletive. "Fine Clay" may confidently and justly be recommended to every lover of fiction, and Catholics should see that the book is widely read and crowned by them with the highest honor that the unbodied academy of popular appreciation can bestow.

THE PROPHET'S WIFE. A Novel. By *Anna C. Browne*. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

In this delightful story of domestic life, Mrs. Browne has gained for herself an enviable place as a novelist. "The Prophet's Wife" is a story with a thread of mystery running through it, and yet is nothing sensational, in the general acceptance of the term. The characters that figure in it are comparatively new to fiction—an upright Judge, with none of the petty ambitions too often seen in men of that position; a loving, devoted wife, happy in the affections of her son and daughter; a young man, ambitious beyond measure, whom the reader must become better acquainted with to know; a daughter, a pure, unselfish girl, whose sole aim in life is to gain happiness for those she loves, and Dr. Joe, a unique personality. The story is one of great interest, for the mystery, while hinted at almost in the beginning of the book, is not fully solved till the end.

SHIPMATES. By *Mary T. Waggaman*. 16mo., cloth, 60 cents.

There are good stories and better ones, but one of the best is this of Mrs. Waggaman. It has no deep, complicated plot; all is simple but unusually good; the descriptions are clear, spirited and impressive; the pathos is genuine, not the sickly, sentimental stuff so often substituted for the real article, and beyond all else it is thoroughly and fervently Catholic without an effort to be so. The interest of the story begins with the opening chapter and continues without flagging to the last.

Pip, a boy of twelve, is lying at death's door, without hope of relief, in close, unwholesome city quarters. His sister, Milly, a teacher, whose life is devoted to him, is at her wit's end to save him, when Judy, great-hearted, faithful Judy, maid-of-all-work, comes to the rescue, holding out the money she has hoarded for years with which to bury her, and will not listen to Milly's refusal to accept it. A shack at a wild, unfrequented spot on the coast is rented, and there the family, four in all, including Tot, the little sister, and Judy, take up their quarters. The only market is two miles distant, but they must eat, so Judy trudges all the way for their scanty needs. In seeking a way to have their marketing brought nearer their door, Judy bargains with a young man to bring what they want several times a week in his boat. In this way an acquaintance springs up with Roving Rob. How the excursions in his little boat bring back the roses to Pip's cheeks, who Roving Rob proves to be, and many other matters that cannot fail to hold the attention of the reader may be found in the pages of this fascinating little book.

FIVE BIRDS IN A NEST. BY *Henriette Eugenie Delamare*. 16mo., cloth, 60 cents.

The scene of this story is in a little village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is the story of five children, and incidentally introduces many of the customs of the place. In the opening we are introduced to Father Janvier, or *Bonhomme Janvier*, as he is called, who in that part of France takes the place of our Santa Claus. The joy of the children at his coming, their delight at the presents he brings, are described with a spirit that evinces in every word the sympathies of the author with the daily pursuits, plans and plays of the little ones. It is a book that will prove welcome wherever it goes, and is sure to interest the young folks for whom it is written.

CATHOLIC MORAL TEACHING AND ITS ANTAGONISTS. BY *Joseph Mansbach, D. D.*, Professor at the University of Munster. Translated from the sixth German edition by A. M. Buchanan, M. A. (London). 8vo., pp. 504. New York: Joseph Wagner.

Under the general title of "Ecclesia Militans," Mr. Wagner is

bringing out a notable and valuable group of books. Already Dr. Seisenberger's excellent "Handbook for the Study of the Bible and Bible Literature" has appeared; that was followed by Dr. Donat's striking work on the "Freedom of Science"; and now we have this very timely volume of apologetics.

Each number of the group supplies a distinct need, and this is especially true of the present number. At all times the conflict which began between Christ and His enemies when He was on earth goes on between His Church and her enemies. The very same charges which were brought against Him are brought against her, and many persons believe them for various reasons, as many believed them when they were first made. They take various forms—these attacks—but they are most frequently concentrated against the moral code of the Church. Just as in His day His enemies accused Him of associating with sinners, and therefore, by inference, of being like to them and condoning their offenses, and therefore, by inference again, of setting up a false moral, so they accuse His Church of teaching men a code of morals that is opposed to the divine law, and which, instead of making them better, makes them worse. Such a line of reasons makes out a very bad case for the Church indeed, as it made out a bad case for her Divine Founder and led to His temporary undoing, and frightens many into the belief that the Catholic Church is a menace to society and to the State.

It was to meet a condition like this that the various chapters of this book first appeared as a publication of the "Görres Gesellschaft," an association of learned men in Germany, whose chief aim is to preserve and advance the Christian-Catholic spirit in profane science and education. The work has increased in size and scope since that time. Intended at first as a defense against certain attacks on Catholic Moral Teaching, in popular literature as well as in scientific treatises, it has gradually become an exhaustive statement and vindication of the principles of Catholic morality.

The author says: "In dealing with these principles I followed a method which, while firmly rooted in ecclesiastical teaching and tradition, nevertheless tries to keep in view the demands of modern religious and scientific life."

It can be seen at a glance that the book is just as timely and

important for this country as it was for Germany. The influence of Protestant thought and sentiment in both countries is much the same. The accusations, partly ignorant, partly malicious, and very often mercenary against the practice of confession, against casuistry in morals, etc., find a ready lodging place in the minds of the opponents of the Church, irrespective of country and time. A treatise, then, on conscience and its relation to God and to Church authority, sin and salvation, the moral law and its relation to liberty, justification, interior and exterior action of grace, ecclesiastical and worldly life, is most important. If we add to these the important questions of public morality, of obedience to State and Church, of Catholic organization and permissible union of action with other creeds, of economic independence and unity, we shall see how exhaustively the author treats the subject.

Indeed, to say that the man fits the work is in this case no mere formal or complimentary phrase. His style is clear, his method exhaustive, his logic convincing. His manner is more that of a judge than a controversialist, and therefore his conclusions are more apt to be accepted by well-disposed opponents.

The writer has earned the gratitude of Catholics in general, but especially of priests, seminarians and laymen of the professional and higher walks of life who are frequently brought face to face with these attacks on Catholic morality and cannot easily lay their hands on the answer.

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Undertaken with the approval of the Cardinal Archbishop and the English Hierarchy. The New Testament, Vol. III., St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches. Part V., The Epistles of the Captivity: The Ephesians and Colossians. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Philemon and Philipians. By Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. Demy. 8vo., pp. 42. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Before considering this new contribution to the Westminster Version, it may be well to recall what it does and does not claim to be. The original editorial announcement says:

"It is proposed to issue this work continuously in separate *fasciculi* of the same format, which, of course, will vary in number of pages and price, but which will be so arranged as to be capable of being (in regard to the New Testament) ultimately bound in four volumes, thus:

"Vol. I.—St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke.

"Vol. II.—St. John, the Acts of the Apostles.

"Vol. III.—The Epistles of St. Paul.

"Vol. IV.—The other Canonical Epistles: the Apocalypse.

"The Old Testament will be taken in hand later.

"The object of this new translation is twofold. First, to reproduce in English exactly what the Sacred Authors wrote with due regard to idiomatic differences of language; secondly, to produce the Sacred Writings, as far as external appearance goes, in a manner more worthy of their character. Accordingly these objects demand not only recourse to the best attainable original texts, but such apparatus of notes and explanations as will enable the reader to enter into the whole atmosphere and occasion of the several Scriptures. And, moreover, such care in editing that the natural divisions of thought shall be typographically expressed, and all obscurities due to arbitrary divisions and faulty arrangement removed.

"It should be clearly understood that this new Translation does not aim or claim to be a substitute for the old and familiar 'Douay' version, which, being based upon the Vulgate, must still be used when the Epistles and Gospels are read in church, until the final revision of the Vulgate makes a new version imperative.

"A beginning of the enterprise has been made with the Epistles of St. Paul, because by universal admission they stand most in need of being translated afresh. Most of the other Epistles are already in hand, but the future progress of the version will depend to some extent upon the reception of this, the first installment."

With this announcement before us, we must acknowledge that the editors are doing their work admirably. We have begun with it because whatever unfavorable criticism we have seen, and it was very little, has been based principally on a mistaken notion of the plan and purpose. The new version is delightful reading, and the notes are very clear.

SHORT SERMONS ON THE GOSPELS. By *Rev. F. Peppert*. The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children. For use in school and church. By *Rev. M. Parks*. Short Sermons for the Children's Mass. By *Rev. Frederick Reuter*. Conferences for Boys. By *Rev. Reynold Kuehn*. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

The first volume of this group contains a short sermon for each

Sunday of the ecclesiastical year. They are not homilies. The writer does not attempt to give a full examination of the Epistle or Gospel of any Sunday, but he takes a sentence from one or the other and preaches on that. Sometimes he does not follow his text, but after announcing it, departs from it altogether. For instance, on the first Sunday of Advent we have an instruction on the excellence or necessity of meditation; on the third Sunday of Advent, the author speaks of the method of meditation, and on the fourth Sunday of Advent he tells us what subjects to select for meditation, although his text is, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths."

These sermons are good in the general sense that they are about good things, and they are orthodox.

Father Parks' explanations of the Sunday Gospels for children are excellent in every way. They show careful reading and study; they are full, clear, accurate and informing. They are really arranged for school or Sunday school work, and they can be used by an intelligent school teacher.

Each discourse is divided into Preparation, Explanation, Questions for Repetition, Points of Instruction and Conclusion or Lesson.

There is, moreover, a logical sequence which is strictly followed, and the complexion between the Sundays, of the various seasons, and between elements in the life of Christ is clearly indicated.

It is a very good book.

Father Reuter tells us that his Short Sermons for the Children's Mass are the result of many years in the ministry and careful preparation. They cover the ecclesiastical year, they are brief and earnest, and they are made up almost altogether of examples. They are very good and can be used by any one who wants help in this field.

"Conferences for Boys" is a collection of instructions for the members of a boys' sodality, but they may be addressed to other boys with profit. They deal with such subjects as Confession, Communion, Vocation, the Commandments and the Lives of Saints

especially suitable as models for boys. The author shows a full knowledge of boys and their needs, and his Conferences show a zeal for their welfare which is most edifying and worthy of imitation.

THE PARABLES OF THE GOSPEL: An Exegetical and Practical Explanation. By *Leopold Fonck, S. J.* President and Lecturer of the Biblical Institute, Consultor of the Biblical Commission in Rome. Translated from the third German edition by E. Leahy, author of "The Passion," from the French of P. Ollivier, O. P., and "St. Melania," from the Italian of Cardinal Rampolla. Edited by George O'Neill, S. J., M. A., Professor of the English Language in the National University of Ireland. Lexicon 8mo., 329 pages, bound in cloth; net, \$3.50; postage extra. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This is one of the really very important publications of the year. It was already well known in the German, and appreciated as an exhaustive study of this branch of the Sacred Scriptures, but it was a closed book to the majority of English readers until the present translation was printed.

The standing of the learned author was a guarantee of excellence even before the work appeared, for he was chosen by the late Pope Pius X. to take first place in the Biblical Institute now domiciled in Rome. The guarantee was made good, for the editor of the English edition says of it: "It is a monumental result of unwavering zeal, unresting energy and admirable gifts. It presents us with a complete and masterly explanation of all the parabolic discourses of Christ under all their aspects—historic, literary, mystic, moral, controversial."

An eminent German Biblical scholar said of the book when it first appeared:

"The explanations of words and things and the expositions may almost be cited as models; in all the author is powerfully aided by his exact, profound, first-hand knowledge of Palestine in its aspects and people, its manners and customs, its physical conditions. . . . A special merit of the learned writer is the energy he displays in assailing the false type of modern Biblical criticism, which has made some notable displays in mishandling the parables." After preliminary chapters on "What is a Parable?" "The Object of Our Lord's Parables," "Fundamental Principles for the Interpretation of the Parables," "The Kingdom of God in Parables" and "The Doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven in the Parables," the book is divided into parts treating of the "Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven,"

"Parables Concerning the Members of the Kingdom of God Individually and Their Responsibilities" and "Parables of the Head of the Kingdom of Heaven and His Relation to its Members."

Each parable is first given in Greek, Latin and English, and then the explanation. The bibliography is unusually full, and we may truthfully say in the words of the distinguished reviewers already quoted: "Fonck's solid work supplies a real want, and is to be most earnestly commended both to the student of theology and to the priest engaged in active work."

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM. From the German of *Rev. A. Hubert Bamberg*. Edited, with a Preface, by *Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J.* Volume I.: Faith; ready October 15, 1914. Volume II.: The Commandments; ready February 1, 1915. Volume III.: The Sacraments; ready May 1, 1915. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Father Thurston says of this book in the Preface:

"The Catechetical Discourses of Father Bamberg possess something of the touch of genius. It will be readily understood that I do not mean that they are necessarily brilliant in style or that they present any remarkable novelty in substance or treatment. None the less, it seems to me that they are quite admirable as essays in popular instruction, and that the straightforward simplicity, which is their most conspicuous quality, is exalted by something in the personality of the author and lifted above the level of the trite or the commonplace.

"The discourses, we are given to understand, were originally taken down by a stenographer in shorthand, and, in spite of the author's revisions and the inevitable drawbacks of a translation, they retain much of the spirit and the familiar tone characteristic of such impromptu utterances.

"The art of the teacher is most effectively displayed when his exposition appears to be the easiest thing in the world. Simplicity of language, lucidity of thought, homely illustration, all play their part, but there is nothing which does not seem to be within the reach of the humblest and least gifted. *Ars est celare artem—it is art to hide one's artfulness*, but genius has no need to dissemble, and it is in the spontaneity of this *nuda simplicitas* that the inspiration of the born teacher stands revealed."

There may be question as to the value of books of sermons which

frequently come from the press, and one is often tempted to think that most of them do not accomplish much of practical value. But **these sermons are exceptional.** They convey instruction of a most necessary kind. Taken as a whole, they present a practically complete picture of **Christian doctrine and practice**, so far as it is important that the laity should possess what we may call a working knowledge of Catholic principles. No one who has acquainted himself with the contents of these volumes will be ignorant of what it behooves him most to know, either for the salvation of his own soul or to give a reasonable account of the faith which is in him when he is brought into contact with his non-Catholic neighbors.

ODDSFISH! By *Robert Hugh Benson*. \$1.35 net. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Many of the friends and admirers of the late Monsignor Benson will be glad that in his last story—presuming this is the last—he has returned to that field which is always thrillingly interesting, is practically exhaustless, and from which he gathered his best fruit. There may be a difference of opinion as to which of this gifted author's books excels in language, in technique, in philosophy or in theology, but not a few persons think that none of his stories can compare with those which deal with the persecution of Catholics in England.

The author was singularly at home in this field. He knew England, he knew its history. Catholic as well as Protestant, he knew its people and particularly well he knew the upper classes, and he had the ability to make his reader know all these things. Here, then, was his special field. What wonder that with his talents he excelled in it?

The present story, which is historical, deals with the time of Charles II. The hero is a young Catholic gentleman in the secret service of the King.

His adventures are many and startling. Suspected, hunted, driven, he passes through many trials and many dangers. In the course of his coming and going he meets the King, his court, his friends, his **enemies**, and **witnesses** the martyrdom of two heroic companies of priests.

The story would not be a true story if it told us of so much of the affairs of men without speaking of their loves as well as their hates. Therefore, a love story. The final result of such a reading must be inevitably a quickening of faith.

RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS. By *Rev. Michael Barrett, O. S. B.*, author of "Up in Ardmuirland," etc. With many illustrations. 8vo., cloth, in box, net, \$2. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The announcement of this book says:

"The romance of travel is here set forth in a most attractive form in this new volume of Father Barrett's. It is entirely unlike the usual book of travels, which in most cases might be more aptly called a guide-book. But here we find not only vivid descriptions of countries and their scenery, but pen-pictures of the people, their ideas, their manners and their way of living spread before us in good, plain language, which, in these days of slipshod English, it is a charm to meet. Then, too, the information Father Barrett imparts is not given with the air of a conscious pedant or bored traveler, but with a fresh candor that is rendered all the more delightful by the narration of diverting incidents of the trip. 'Rambles in Catholic Lands' has the charm that is lacking in most works of this nature—it is naturally written and the English is pure."

We are glad to be able to subscribe to all of this. In addition, it may be said that the book is charmingly made. The illustrations, which are numerous, are especially pleasing. It is better, perhaps, to add that the travels are confined almost altogether to Germany and Switzerland.

THE HOLY BIBLE. 12mo. Translated from the Latin Vulgate and diligently compared with other editions in divers languages (Douay, A. D. 1609; Rheims, A. D. 1582). Published as revised and annotated by authority. Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. This edition contains Bishop Challoner's notes, newly compiled indices, tables and verified references; also Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Study of the Holy Scriptures, and a new series of maps. New York: Benziger Brothers.

While we can always readily refute the charges that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the Bible and does not want it to come into the hands of the laity, we cannot deny that we have been a little slow in putting it into every-day, readable shape. Of course, we all know the ponderous tone, heavy inside and outside, that protected

itself against our profane childish hands by its very weight while it dwelt on the centre table from generation to generation and wrapped itself in the dust of ages. We can also remember the smaller book which invited us to open and read and then mocked us in a type so small as to defy the art of the most skillful optician. And we all have longed for the small book with the large type, which for a long time seemed impossible. But here it is—inviting to the hand, to the eye, to the mind; mapped, indexed, correct, complete.

ANCIENT, SUBTERRANEAN AND MODERN ROME: In Word and Picture. By *Rev. Dr. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B.* Part VII. 938 text illustrations, 40 full-page inserts, 3 plans of Rome in colors; published bi-monthly, in 18 parts. New York: Benziger Brothers.

As this work progresses, its beauties seem to grow. Each additional number increases the appetite for more, and only after several numbers have appeared does one realize what it means to have a pictorial history of Rome in its entirety, instead of depending on several more or less complete treatises on the various phases of the immortal city. Here we have all that is best in type and picture concerning Rome, ancient, modern, subterranean, pagan and Christian. It will make a magnificent volume when complete, and those who receive the numbers as they come from the press will be more apt to study them to advantage and digest them better than those who approach the work in completed form.

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
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ANNEX EX

